THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Dorothy Caruso and Torrance Goddard—Donn Byrne—Frances Noyes Hart
Gerald Mygatt—Frank Condon—Frederick Irving Anderson—James A. Patten

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WINGS OF SONG

The Story of Caruso—By Dorothy Caruso and Torrance Goddard

THE life of a singer should be written in music. Caruso and his art are so much one that it is often impossible to say when Caruso ends and music begins. His very name is a symbol for song, like that of the nightingale; but unlike that blithe and fortunate bird, he could not wait for moonlight and darkness, but stood ever in the midst of men, singing his way into the hearts of the world. When the song ended, something of music was gone forever and something of sadness has lingered in the hearts that loved him.

It is not, however, of Caruso the singer seen through thousands of opera glasses that I will write, but of the man who turned away while the applause still sounded in his ears to the pleasures and interests that made up his daily life. Although I looked on at his triumphs with immeasurable pride and delight, it was the life apart from the stage that I shared with him. It was during the three years of our marriage that I came to know his loyalty to his friends, his kindness to those less fortunate, his interest in the ambitions and desires of his companions, and his delight in secretly making their dreams come true.

There are others far better fitted than I to discuss the merits of his technic and his success in the creation of great operatic rôles. When people speak to me of Caruso they do not ask my opinion as a musical critic. They ask about his personality, about his interests, his life at home, how he amused himself, when and how long he practiced, what he did on the days he sang, and so on.

Behind the Scenes

I THINK such questions are natural because they are an indication of a curiosity in all of us to discover, if possible, the secret of success. We all want to find the talisman that will make us rich or beautiful or famous, according to our ambitions. It may lie in some unnoticed corner—this charm that will bring us our heart's desire. We see and applaud the success and the fame, but it is not given to many of us to tell the secret of it. In the years that I had with my husband I was privileged to come close to the spirit behind the golden voice, and it was because of this spirit that Caruso was able to bring pleasure and happiness to so many people throughout the world.

When the great golden curtains of the Metropolitan Opera House drew together and the last enthusiast had ceased to shout for Caruso; when the lights in the immense house grew dim and faded out and the heavy doors swung shut upon the glare of Broadway, there remained behind the scenes, seated among his friends, a simple and kindly man looking forward with pleasure to a good supper and home. It is of this man I will tell you.

Enrico Caruso—From Mrs. Caruso's Favorite Photograph

When I was fourteen years old my father took me to hear Aida. It was my first opera, and it was also the first time that I saw Caruso. I was impressed with the opera house and the endless rows of faces reaching to the ceiling. I followed eagerly the story of the Egyptian drama, but I was too young to appreciate the art of the singers. If I had been asked at that time what Caruso meant to me I should have replied, "A man dressed in an Egyptian costume, with a wonderful voice."

My father had very conservative ideas about the training of his three daughters. Neither I nor my older sisters were allowed the freedom that is granted, without question, to the girl of today; and even in those days we were more carefully protected than any of our friends. We were not allowed to go anywhere without a chaperon, and I remember my sisters' protests when father insisted on calling to escort them home from dances at eleven o'clock. My sister Torrance had the worst of it, for she was fond of books; so father kept her with him in the library almost until the day she married. I do not think it occurred to her to make any protest. But I did not care about books. I wanted to go out and have a good time with other young people, and I found it hard to be patient with what I considered my father's old-fashioned ideas.

Our Musical Housekeeper

WHEN Caruso became a frequent visitor at our home I was surprised and a little disappointed to find that he agreed heartily with my father. He thought that American girls had entirely too much liberty and lost much of their charm by acquiring too soon a knowledge of the world.

My mother was an invalid and lived in the country. She was not able to stand the noise and excitement of city life.

After my sisters married I tried to take charge of the house, but I was young and, I am afraid, was not inclined to take my domestic duties seriously. My father evidently thought so, too, for he began to look about for a housekeeper.

My aunt, Mrs. Walter Benjamin, was, before her marriage to my uncle, Miss Carina de Saint Seigne, of Florence. For her three daughters she employed a young woman who had recently come from Italy with the intention of singing in opera. However, she found it more lucrative to be a governess. My aunt, herself an accomplished musician, sympathized with her musical ambitions and spoke to my father about her. After some persuasion father agreed to pay for her singing lessons on the condition that she should take charge of the housekeeping in our home. My aunt did not approve of this arrangement. With a greater knowledge of the world, I think she foresaw that to bring a stranger into a family was not wise. But father saw in Miss B not only a housekeeper but also a companion for me. So it ended in Miss B's coming to our house, where she was treated as one of the family and where she lived until my father's death. Soon after she came I developed some trouble with my throat. She took me to a

PHOTO. BY G. G. CIVITILLO, PIEDIMONTE D' ALIF

The Home of Caruso's Ancestors

specialist, Doctor Marafioti, who soon cured me. He was always kind and attentive, and one day he asked me to serve punch at a tea he intended giving in honor of his friend, Enrico Caruso.

The day of the tea was bitterly cold and the snow fell steadily all day. We had difficulty in getting to the house, but once there, we were welcomed into a delightful room full of flowers and firelight and friendly faces.

About the middle of the afternoon Caruso came in. He wore an electric-blue suit, rather tight fitting. I thought "What an amazing way to dress," and the next moment Doctor Marafioti was presenting him to me. After a formal greeting Caruso moved away from the table where I was serving punch and stood by the mantel just behind me.

All afternoon he stood there not speaking a word to me, but talking to all his Italian friends in broken English. As everyone in the room was speaking Italian, I could not help feeling that he was using my language so that I might not feel an outsider, and to include me in the circle. Later, when I came to know him better, I saw that this consideration was a characteristic of his in all his dealings. He would show the same cordiality and friendliness to a timid little Italian bootblack who came to present him with a handful of wilted carnations as he showed to the manager of the Metropolitan Opera House, Mr. Gatti-Casazza, when he called upon him to discuss an operatic production.

The Meeting on the Stairs

AT THE end of the afternoon Caruso offered to drive us home. As we sat in the car he noticed at once that I was not wearing gloves. As a matter of fact, I was so excited that I had left them at Doctor Marafioti's house. He quickly stripped off his own gloves and insisted that I should put them on. When the car stopped at my father's door I drew them off and handed them to him with an embarrassed little speech of thanks. But he shook his head. "Keep them as a souvenir of Caruso," he said, smiling. So I kept them carefully put away until the time came when I no longer needed souvenirs.

In the five years that followed my first meeting with Caruso I heard a great deal about music and singers. Miss B was studying with Mrs. Edith Griswold—later Mrs. Giuseppe Gaudenzi—who, with her husband, came often to our house. Both were great favorites with us all. From their conversation I gradually learned more and more about singers, their methods, their technic, how they began, their successes and their failures. I met many Italians at that time whom I now number among my kindest and most devoted friends.

My father was very fond of music and enjoyed talking with our new Italian acquaintances. I think he enjoyed, too, the atmosphere of gayety and good humor they brought into the house—that joy of life which is so much a part of the Italian temperament.

One of the friends who came to see us was the barytone, Pasquale Amato, then singing at the Metropolitan and one of the most popular of artists. Another we saw often was Bruno Zirato, a young Italian who had only recently arrived in America and who was teaching at New York University. Later he became secretary to Caruso and a faithful friend to us both. He married Nina Morgana, who appeared often in concerts with Caruso, and is now singing with the Metropolitan Opera Company.

Among other friends was Maestro Tanara. Caruso considered him a splendid teacher and sent him many pupils. When a son was born he named him Enrico and asked Caruso to be his godfather. I was not invited to the christening, but from Miss B, who was intimate with the Tanaras, I heard about the preparations for a grand party. Nothing was spared to do honor to the occasion or to the famous godfather.

At the last moment many more guests arrived than were expected and there were not enough teaspoons. We were the nearest acquaintances and I was delighted to send over some silver spoons that belonged to my grandmother. In return for the spoons I was invited to the party.

It was a little late when I arrived. The guests had already assembled in the drawing-room. Everyone was laughing, having a good time and drinking the health of the baby. I stood at the head of the stairs, dreading to go alone among so many strangers. As I waited, uncertain whether to go down or to slip away home, a little buzzing noise started down near the front door. It grew and grew until at last it formed into words: "Caruso! Caruso! He's here!" It was like a long sigh of pleasure. It was too late for me to move, as Caruso was making his way through the crowd toward the stairs. They held him back, shaking his hands, patting his shoulders, whispering a word in his ear, while he laughed, spoke to one, gripped the hand of another until at last he was free and started up the stairs. He raised his eyes and saw me, and still looking at me but no longer laughing, he came on up the stairs toward me. It seemed ages till he reached the top where I stood and took my hand in his. We both knew at that moment that our lives would be united. The feeling was so strong that neither of us spoke, but stood silently looking at each other. Strange as it may seem, from that time until we were engaged to be married we rarely spoke to each other and we were never alone together.

At the moment, however, we continued to stare at each other, and perhaps would have come, in time, to words if Miss B had not hurried up and saved what seemed to her an awkward situation by pouring out a flood of Italian. Enrico turned to her reluctantly and replied in English. I do not think he heard what she said, for he turned and looked at me. After a while I understood that she was urging him to dine with us. He hesitated; then looking to me, still speechless and embarrassed, he said, "Shall I come?" I could only nod in reply.

My Own Special Celebrity

EVERY incident of that meeting stands out vividly in my mind, even today. Among other details I remember what I wore. How I wish that I could describe myself as being perfectly gowned on that important occasion! But, alas, I must be truthful and admit that at that period of my life I had positive and somewhat original ideas about clothes. I was the despair of my older sister. She did not have enough authority to forbid me to wear the creations I bought, but I can remember only too well her strong disapproval of a heavily jetted black gown with a fish-tail train and clinging lines. The long jet earrings I planned to wear with it added just the touch of sophistication I thought necessary to carry off the costume. I do not know how my long-suffering sister persuaded me that it was not suitable for a girl of seventeen, but I think after one wearing I decided it was too hampering and uncomfortable, and was willing to go back to pink taffeta.

On the occasion of the christening party I wore a brilliant blue satin gown trimmed with nutria and enhanced by a bright purple velvet girdle. With this creation I wore a wine-red hat!

So Caruso came to dine with an awkward and badly dressed girl whose tongue clove to the roof of her mouth when she tried to speak to him. Celebrated persons had been entertained at our house before, but to me they were of no importance. Marconi, Edison, Michael Pupin, admirals of the Navy, war correspondents, members of the President's cabinet—none of them could compare with my own special celebrity. I was determined that the evening should be a success. After I had arranged the flowers and decided on a gown to wear I wandered nervously around the house—into the kitchen, where Miss B was making strange Italian dishes, and into the drawing-room to change the position of the flower vases for the third time, up to my room to look at the yellow gloves hidden in my wedding chest and to wonder whether I should remind Caruso that he had given them to me.

My Best—But Not Good Enough

THE evening did not start well. Unfortunately the butler had left for the war the day before, and the waitress did not know how to make cocktails. I had never mixed one, but I determined to do my best. When they were passed I watched anxiously to see Caruso take the first sip. He raised the glass to his lips, and a surprised look passed over his face. After holding the glass a moment he slipped it carefully behind a photograph on the table near him. To this day I do not know how bad it was, and I never remembered to ask Enrico.

Knowing that father was fond of books, Enrico steered the conversation politely from the opera to literature. He had bought a portrait of Edgar Allan Poe that afternoon, and soon he and father were discussing that writer. I listened in astonishment while Caruso talked of Poe's life and works, his reputation abroad, and so on. We have always had a special interest in Poe in our family because, as a young man unknown and rather wild, he came to see my grandfather, Park Benjamin, then associated with Horace Greeley. Grandfather immediately recognized his ability, loaned him money and otherwise encouraged him, until the erratic young genius found his feet under him and began to publish his work. My grandfather did not live to see his protégé become famous, but it was a coincidence that, unknowingly, Caruso should have chosen to speak of him and to admire him. Later Enrico confided in me that Poe was the only American author he knew anything

PHOTO. BY A. BERT, PARIS

As Rhadames in "Aïda"

about, and that he had read up a little about him before he came for dinner.

I did not know anything about Poe except that he wrote a long poem called The Raven that I had to learn by heart when I was at school in the Sacred Heart Convent at Torresdale. So I did not contribute anything new or startling to the conversation. Anyway it probably would not have made any difference, as no one spoke to me or paid any attention to me. Caruso, although he glanced in my direction occasionally to see if I were still in the room, never addressed a word to me all evening.

I could see, however, that Enrico was rapidly becoming one of father's favorites, and I did not know whether to be glad or sorry. If a young man happened to please father—or, better yet, proved to be an intelligent listener—father would address his conversation exclusively to him while the rest of us sat silent except for a whispered word to one another now and then. After dinner father would offer the favored one a cigar and carry him off to the library, where he would study him through clouds of smoke and catechize him thoroughly on whatever subject the unfortunate young man thought he knew anything about. Meanwhile my sisters and I would wait impatiently and angrily down in the drawing-room until he could take advantage of a pause in the conversation to escape and come stumbling down the stairs, mopping his brow, or until father discovered that his knowledge was purely elementary and, looking at him in a disillusioned way, tell him that probably his daughters were in the drawing-room.

A Courtship That Was Almost Too Correct

THIS happened often to my sisters, but my visitors were either too young or too ignorant to stand the "library test," as we called it. They were usually, after the first few words, completely ignored, so that we would have to carry on a brilliant if nervous conversation to cover the silence at the head of the table.

That night Enrico wore a gray-blue Tuxedo suit with blue velvet lapels, white silk socks and black patent-leather slippers. When he arrived he had on a flowing cape and a wide-brimmed felt hat, a little on one side. I thought it a strange way to dress, never having seen anything but the conventional black and white for dinners. But I thought perhaps all tenors dressed that way, until he explained that his costume was one that had been made for him to wear as Flammen in Lodoletta, the new opera he was singing that winter. Not thinking it striking enough for his part, he had decided to wear it off the stage.

After we were married I asked him what had become of the costume, and he roared with laughter and said it was the only time he had worn it. Then he added, looking at me musingly, "You know, I think I wanted to make a good impression the first time I came to your house." He entirely succeeded, for he looked just as I believe he wanted to appear—a romantic and striking figure.

Enrico came to the house again and again, and gradually began to feel at home with us. Each time that he sang at the Metropolitan he sent us three tickets so that we might hear him sing.

My father said, "I don't see why Enrico sends three tickets. Dorothy doesn't care anything about music." Neither could father understand why we were always in the first row of the orchestra. "It is very kind of Enrico to send us these tickets," he would remark gloomily every time the tickets came, "but, as a matter of fact, I don't hear anything but the drums."

I knew the reason we sat in those seats. From the stage Enrico could see me plainly, and while he sang his beautiful arias he looked at me. We had never been alone together and Enrico had rarely spoken to me, but in the midst of the thousands of people that filled the great opera house, we felt alone and close to each other. It was as though he were singing to me over and over again all the love he had never had a chance to express.

I know now that Enrico was only following the custom of his country in neither expecting nor making any effort to see me alone. But I used to wonder sometimes why he did not call upon me in the afternoons or ask me to tea with him, as an American would have done. In Italy men have great reverence for a young girl, and Enrico would have considered it highly improper to have suggested such a thing. He was very anxious to conduct his courtship so that in every way it should be beyond criticism, but he was so correct that I might almost be forgiven if at times I failed to realize that it was a courtship. There were moments when I felt sure that I had made a mistake and that Caruso, with his experience and his friends all over the world, could not possibly be in love with the silent and stupid girl I felt myself to be in his company.

I became even more sure of this when one night my father said, "I don't see why Caruso likes to come here. He certainly is not in love with Miss B and he treats Dorothy like a child."

But one day, in spite of the careful chaperonage, we found ourselves alone. Miss B and I had been motoring with Enrico, and when we returned to the house I found awaiting me a note from a friend asking me to dine with her—to come early and not to change my gown. Enrico said, "Shall I drop you there on my way to the hotel?" Miss B had an engagement, so no objection was made.

As I stepped into the car I thought, "This is the first time that we have ever been alone together." The car started, Enrico leaned forward and taking my hands said, "Dorothy, when do you think we can be married?"

Caruso at the Time of His Marriage

Enrico's affairs in Italy were in a bad way. On account of the war he had not been able to go back and settle his estate or attend to matters that were worrying him and could be arranged only by himself. He did not want to go to my father and ask for me in marriage until at the same time he could ask when the wedding might take place. So we decided it was best to keep our engagement secret for a short time until the legal affairs in Italy had been adjusted and his villa near Florence had been put in order.

A Gift for the Delight of Others

WE HAD so much to talk about that we wanted to be alone. We finally compromised on long motor drives into the country with the chauffeur as chaperon. Even seeing me this way worried Enrico. He could not bear to deceive father, and yet in spite of cables and agents that he sent posthaste to Italy, the legal matters could not be hurried.

Everyone who came in contact with Caruso was impressed by his honesty and his simplicity. He never attributed evil to anyone. He never criticized. He praised sincerely or he kept silent. He had an extraordinary faith in human nature, and was so entirely honest himself that he could not believe anyone would be other than honest in dealing with him.

It never seemed to occur to him that his friendship was of any particular value, or that he had anything to contribute apart from his voice; and that was something for the general public.

He had a curiously humble feeling about his voice. He believed reverently and sincerely that it had been bestowed upon him by God as a gift which he was to use to give happiness and delight to men.

He said that was what his name meant: *Car' uso*—a dear use. He rarely spoke of his singing, and when he did it was in a strangely detached way, as though he were only a medium through which the music passed. I have heard him say, shaking his head sadly, "Caruso did not get into communion with his audience tonight. The voice was cold"; or, "Caruso sang well; he gave his best tonight."

I think now, in looking back at those drives together in the early spring days, that it was the happiest

(Continued on Page 157)

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As Pagliacci

As Flammen in "Lodoletta"

If They Parallel the Life Line

By GERALD MYGATT

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

THE first person who ever read Chet Barton's hand was, quite naturally, a pretty girl. Her name doesn't matter, because she and Chet never saw each other again. The pretty girl must have been all of sixteen years old, and Chet, correspondingly, about nineteen. From a professional point of view she didn't read his hand very well; but, after all, she wasn't doing the job professionally, but rather on the basis that palm reading is one of the things you can do in a corner at a dance—when there is a light in the corner and two agate-eyed chaperons across the room.

They still have chaperons, all notions to the contrary, at house parties in Williamstown.

Chet and the pretty girl were in the corner by the bookcases, where the portrait of Brother Stetson could beam out over their heads in a benevolent and fraternal manner. The pretty girl bent diligently over Chet's palm and smoothed it with cool finger tips. Chet liked the process. He had been bored a moment before and had thought furtively of sliding over to the Kap house to see if he could cut in on that yellow-haired jane from Cleveland, Dutch Conners' girl, the one who had made a snoot at him—the French call it a *moue*—in front of the Phi Doodle house only that afternoon. Now, all of a sudden, he was content. After all, he thought, it was better to stick with his own crowd. One of the seniors might be sore or something if he didn't.

The pretty girl peered into Chet's palm. "You have a good life line," she informed him presently.

"That's a help. What does it get me?"

"A long life. Now be still." The cool, light finger tips patted the big hand diligently. "You are very intense," she said, looking up at him sidewise.

"White-hot," Chet agreed, much pleased with this repartee.

"Your heart line ——"

"You said it, queen. Heart line all wool and a yard wide. It's made me what I am today, that heart line. Beautiful thing. Indicative of the man it adorns."

"Oh, shut up!" giggled the pretty girl. "Please—hold your hand still. I'm looking at your head line."

"Haven't any."

"Are you telling me or am I telling you?" she asked with ironic gentleness. "As a matter of fact, you have a very good head line."

"Obviously," he remarked.

"Only it's sort of scattery and wabbly. I think that means ——"

"Spare me what it means," said Chet.

She smiled at him and said, "All right. I'm not sure what it means, anyway. I've only had three lessons. Let's see now—your liver line comes next."

"Naughty, naughty!" warned Chet. "If you can't do this diagnosis without becoming personal ——"

"Well, your liver line is good," she defended, flushing a little.

"So's my liver," he retorted. "Excellent liver. Got past nine army doctors, my liver did. Fond of the little thing, I am. Never leaves me. Faithful unto death. All that sort of business. Reminds me of Nathan Hale, or who was it—Webster?—doesn't matter—anyway, reminds me of him. You know, liver die, sink or swim, survive or perish —— Say, snap out of it! Is my face dirty or what the hell?"

The pretty girl was staring bleakly into his eyes. Her five hitherto gentle fingers had suddenly gripped his.

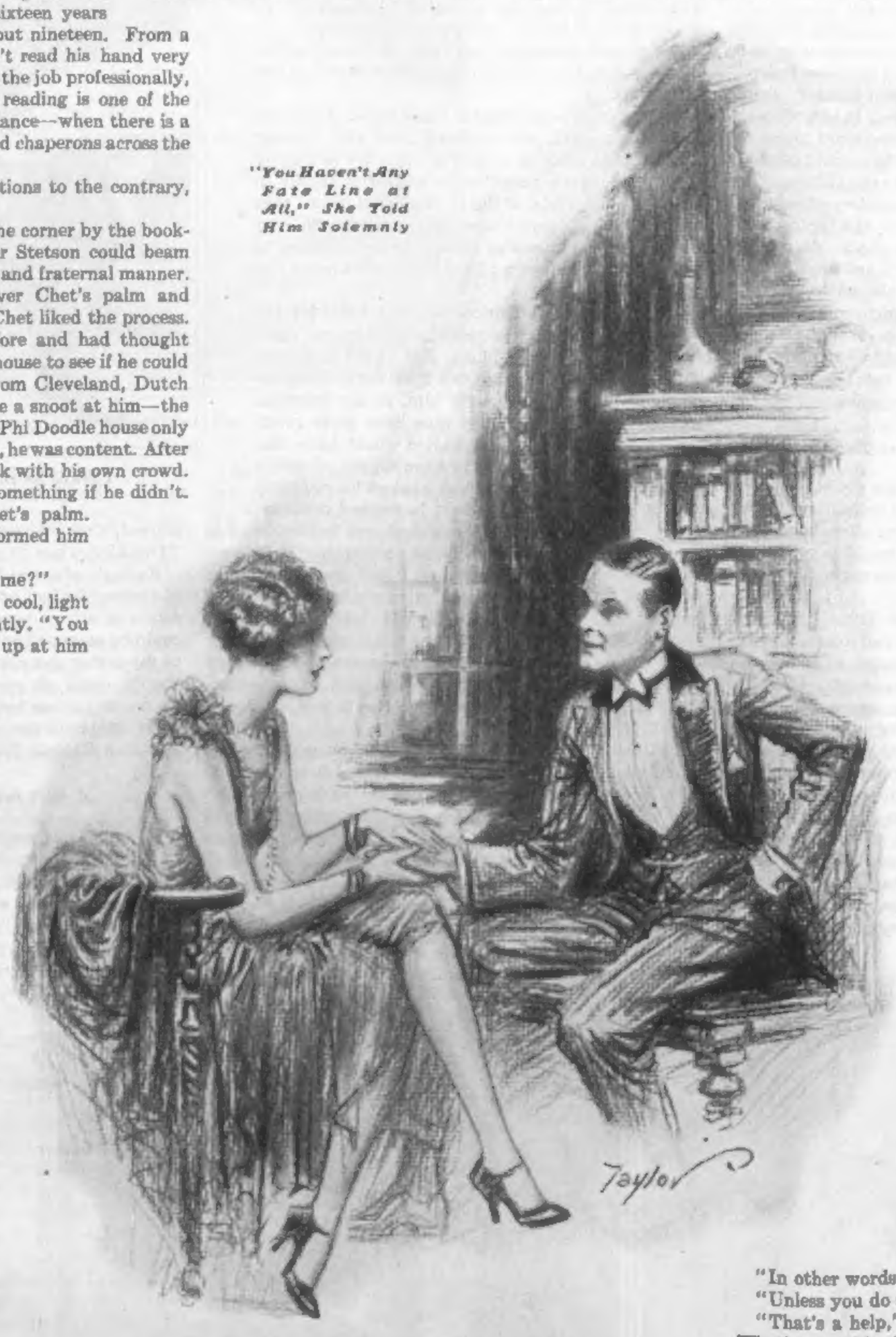
"I shaved this morning," murmured Chet glibly. "Honest, lieutenant, I shaved this morning. The reason my face looks that way ——"

"Please," whispered the girl. Still she stared at him. Then: "You haven't any fate line at all," she told him solemnly.

He cocked his head quizzically.

"What? No fate line?"

"Absolutely none."



"You Haven't Any Fate Line at All," She Told Him Solemnly

"Wait a minute, wait a minute," he parried. "Let me get this straight. Is there any reason I should have a fate line?"

"Of course, goosy. Everybody has one."

"And I haven't any—none at all?"

"You haven't any fate line," she said soberly.

He nodded at this, grinning, and queried: "Well, what of it? I haven't any money either, and as far as I can see, everybody else has a hatful. All right, no money and no fate line. Slick! If two negatives make a positive—and Professor Dutton says it's the truth—that leaves me the same as anybody else. Typical American, good fellow, generous spender, courteous to his family, nine pounds overweight, conspicuous success by everlastingly sticking at it."

"But—but—but—shall I tell you?" she stammered.

"Tell all," he directed largely.

"You'll be mad," she parried.

"Mad? Me mad? Don't be sill, girl! You interest me strangely, that's all."

She gulped. Then she said in a half-frightened voice: "It—it's in your hand. It's always in your hand—that's what Mrs. Solquist says, anyway. You can't beat your hand."

"It'd suit me if I beat the other guy's hand," said Chet. "Four deuces against a full house, for instance. Ought to make a nice pot."

"Oh, please!" she whispered, and drew away. Then: "Let's not talk about it any more. Come on, let's dance."

Chet, who had been a buck private in the ranks of the R. O. T. C., rasped: "As you were, men. We'll try that formation over again. Steady now. What were you saying, young woman? Come clean. It happens that I yearn to know what was in your mind."

"Nothing," she said.

"Liar! I dare you!"

She drew herself up. "All right. I guess—Mrs. Solquist says, I mean—it's always better for people to know."

"What?" demanded Chet. He, too, was sober by now.

"It's—it's pretty bad."

"Shoot!" he commanded, and grinned emptily.

The pretty girl peered into his hand once more, for what she had to say seemed tragic, and she wanted to make sure. Yes, it was true. Chester Barton had no proper fate line at all, but merely a vague cross-hatched tracery of indeterminate pink markings where the fate line by rights should have been.

She braced herself and said, "You'd better do something about it, I guess, because if you haven't any fate line it means you won't be successful."

"Bunk!" said Chet.

"It isn't bunk. It's been proved—well, millions of times. That's what makes me feel badly, Mr.—Mr ——"

"Mr. Addison Sims, of Seattle," said Chet, who was annoyed. "I'm glad you remember me, Miss—Miss—er ——"

The pretty girl wheeled upon him coldly and remarked, "You adolescents!" Then she seemed to grow angry. "You haven't any purpose or any goal in life. Your hand shows that. Even if you had any goal you wouldn't get there. Your fate line shows that."

"In other words," said Chet, "I'm going to be a flop."

"Unless you do something."

"That's a help," said Chet. "Unless I do something! What's something?"

"I don't know," she confessed. "Here, let me look at your hand again." She pondered over it a long time, stroking it gently with her cool finger tips, and for some reason Chet seemed to become more and more mollified. Then: "You have a chance," she announced triumphantly.

"Four out of five get it," said Chet.

"Oh, don't be tiresome!" she snapped. "Stop being a child for a minute and listen. At the base of your thumb there are three lines paralleling your life line—no, maybe there are four. I can't see."

"Use a microscope," suggested Chet icily.

"That's what they do, you idiot. How can I tell without a microscope? Anyway, the lines are there—three or four, or maybe five."

"What of it?"

"Well, they are influences."

"What of that?"

She faced him stonily. "What of that?" she repeated. "Well, I'll tell you what of that, because I just now remember what Mrs. Solquist told me. If you haven't much of a

fate line you are lost, but if you have lines of influence you may have hope. The lines of influence are people who are going to influence you. Maybe they'll help you—I guess that's it, because the rest of your hand looks all right. Anyway, you might as well know it—you'll never get anywhere by yourself, that's certain. You are destined to be a failure. But certain influences are going to help you."

"Apple sauce!" remarked Chet.

The pretty girl merely narrowed her eyes. "There's one deep influence line," she stated. "I know it's an influence line, because it parallels the life line—or runs into it, anyway—where your thumb goes into your hand, the big bump. See?"

"That's right," said Chet, gazing at the palm she peremptorily handed back to him.

"Now can't we be friends?" she asked, smiling brightly.

"Hooey!" said Chet. "How can I be friends with a dame that's wrecked my life?" Abruptly he stood up, looked down upon her with a harsh smile.

Something seemed to happen to the pretty girl's face. It no longer was pretty. "You'll never make good," she chanted. "You'll never, never make good. If you ever do get anywhere it will only be because of somebody's influence." Her lip curled. "The only way you'll make good," she continued—"the only way you'll ever do it is through pull." Her face brightened abruptly and she gazed past Chet. "Oh, hello, Joe," she remarked. "Where you been all my life?"

Chet found his way to the dining room, where there was a lifeless punch. Then he found his way downstairs to the kitchen, where in the covered alleyway that led to the lodge there were two or three brethren who, like him, had forsworn women. One of these brethren, God bless him, had possessed himself of a bottle. Chet reached for it and was welcomed.

"They give me a pain," said Chet fervently.

"Me too," chanted the chorus.

Chet began to sing, softly, with mock reverence:

"They may not gather round our shrine
Or learn our signs and gripe;
Their tongues, alas, we cannot trust;
Our faith is in their lips.
And if they ask to join us ——"

"Join us!" clamored one of the young men. "If they try to join us, gents, what I say is we go down to the Sig house. Bunch of guys there that ain't afraid of women."

"And are any of us?" queried the good brother with the bottle.

"No!" they shouted in unison. Which meant, of course—although they did not pause to think of this—that they really were.

As for Chet, when he returned to his room in Currier Hall he had forgotten the whole incident.

He had other things to think of. For one thing, the coach was having him pitch every afternoon now. He was developing a swell drop and an even better outshoot. Maybe they'd put him in the Dartmouth game—Vermont game, anyway. Well, that began to look good for a neat purple W on a nice woolly white sweater that wouldn't look so bad on the Nantucket beach in August. Of course you wore it inside out; but just the same the stitching showed through—purple stitching outlining a chunky block W. . . . That's Barton, of Williams—pitched that ten-inning game with Amherst—held 'em to two hits. Like to meet him?

It was two years after this before Chet Barton actually became Barton, of Williams, which meant that Grant Rice and Bill McGeehan and Igoe and Reed, and even Doc Barrett the pessimist, began to admit, vocally or in print, that the kid had a pretty whip. Blanked the Lions, blanked the Elis, blanked the Tigers, gave the Crimson the courtesy of two runs and a single hit. Some kid! One day, it was whispered, even Connie Mack watched him steam; but either Connie was not there or else nothing came of it. At all events, Chet was riding the crest.

Then he graduated and went to work. He received twelve dollars a week for punching a time clock at 8:30 in the morning, at twelve noon, at 12:45 post meridian and at 5:30 in the evening. What he did in the intermediate hours he could never afterward remember. At all events he didn't much relish punching the time clock, so he found himself another job—fifteen a week—keeping real-estate records. This wasn't much fun either, so Chet cast about and went into finance. For five long months he appeared daily at a Wall Street address, received instructions and then rode the Subway about the widespread city of New York. He was supposed to sell bonds. Though he was not quite sure what bonds were, he nevertheless managed to dispose of a few—a pitiful few—to the fathers of certain college classmates. Then the demand for bonds seemed to cease. Presently Chet's job ceased. He was fired, very politely, but none the less effectively.

His own father, who was a Presbyterian minister in a small town in Pennsylvania, sent Chet ten dollars, together with a mild suggestion that he either come home and go to work in the local steel mill or else make up his mind—"not that I mean to press you, Chester"—as to what he really wanted to do for a living, as to what manner of career he wished to elect. In the body of the letter Chet's father mentioned—just mentioned—the fact that in his first ten months out of college Chet had had and lost three different jobs, in three different lines of human endeavor. And Chet's father added: "I shall be exceedingly pleased, my son, when at length you find some work to which you may feel, with deep sincerity, that you can give your best, as you did to baseball and the sociological investigations of the organization you used to write of, called Theta Nu."

Naturally this letter made Chet feel pretty blue, so he accepted an invitation to a week-end party at Bedford. It was there that his palm was read for the second time.

The palm reader in this instance was a too plump woman of indeterminate age, who nailed Chet down in a corner—"Damn corners!" thought Chet—as effectively as an entomologist spikes a butterfly upon a piece of cork. About the lawn were Chinese lanterns and many couples wandering; upon the veranda were hooded electric lights and many couples dancing; in the billiard room were two punch bowls and many individuals—just now breaking

(Continued on Page 121)

"Shake," He Said, and Gripped Chet's Fingers. "We Need 'Em Like You in the Family, Boy"

American Policy in Nicaragua

A Troop of Nicaraguan Cavalry

Marines Marching Through Managua

By Henry L. Stimson

TO UNDERSTAND the history of our relations to Nicaragua, it is necessary for us first to grasp certain geographical, racial and historical conditions of that nation. We Americans, in considering a foreign political problem, are very prone to assume that the conditions which form the background of that problem are the same as our own. In the case of Nicaragua no worse error could be made.

The land area of Nicaragua is almost the same as that of the state of New York, but its population consists of less than 700,000 souls. The bulk of this population is settled in the great plain lying near the Pacific Ocean, where the most healthful climate is found and where the principal products—coffee, sugar, tobacco, corn and cattle—are raised. This western portion of the country presents a pleasing aspect to the North American visitor, with open farming land interspersed with beautiful trees and cities of considerable size and antiquity. The Atlantic Coast, on the other hand—appropriately known as the Mosquito Coast, although it received this name from that of a tribe of Indians—where the rainfall is nearly double that on the west, is covered with a dense and unhealthy jungle. The population there is comparatively scanty and the occupation of the people confined to working a few small mines, to logging mahogany and to the raising of bananas.

Three Centuries of Oppression

THERE are literally no lines of communication between these two districts, no railroads or even highways, nothing but jungle trails and tropical rivers by which to thread the difficulties of the mountainous barriers which lie between the two coasts. In the south lies Lake Nicaragua, the largest body of fresh water between Lake Superior and Lake Titicaca, in Peru. Seventy-five years ago, with its outlet into the Atlantic, the San Juan River, this lake formed part of one of the great trade routes from our eastern states to California, and Commodore Vanderbilt operated lines of steamers over its waters.

Now that is all over. Since the opening of the Panama route, first by rail and then by canal, this Nicaraguan transcontinental route has been completely abandoned. Today the lake lies practically deserted. No transcontinental commerce moves over its waters, although, next to Panama, it still marks the route which offers the easiest line for the construction of an interoceanic canal.

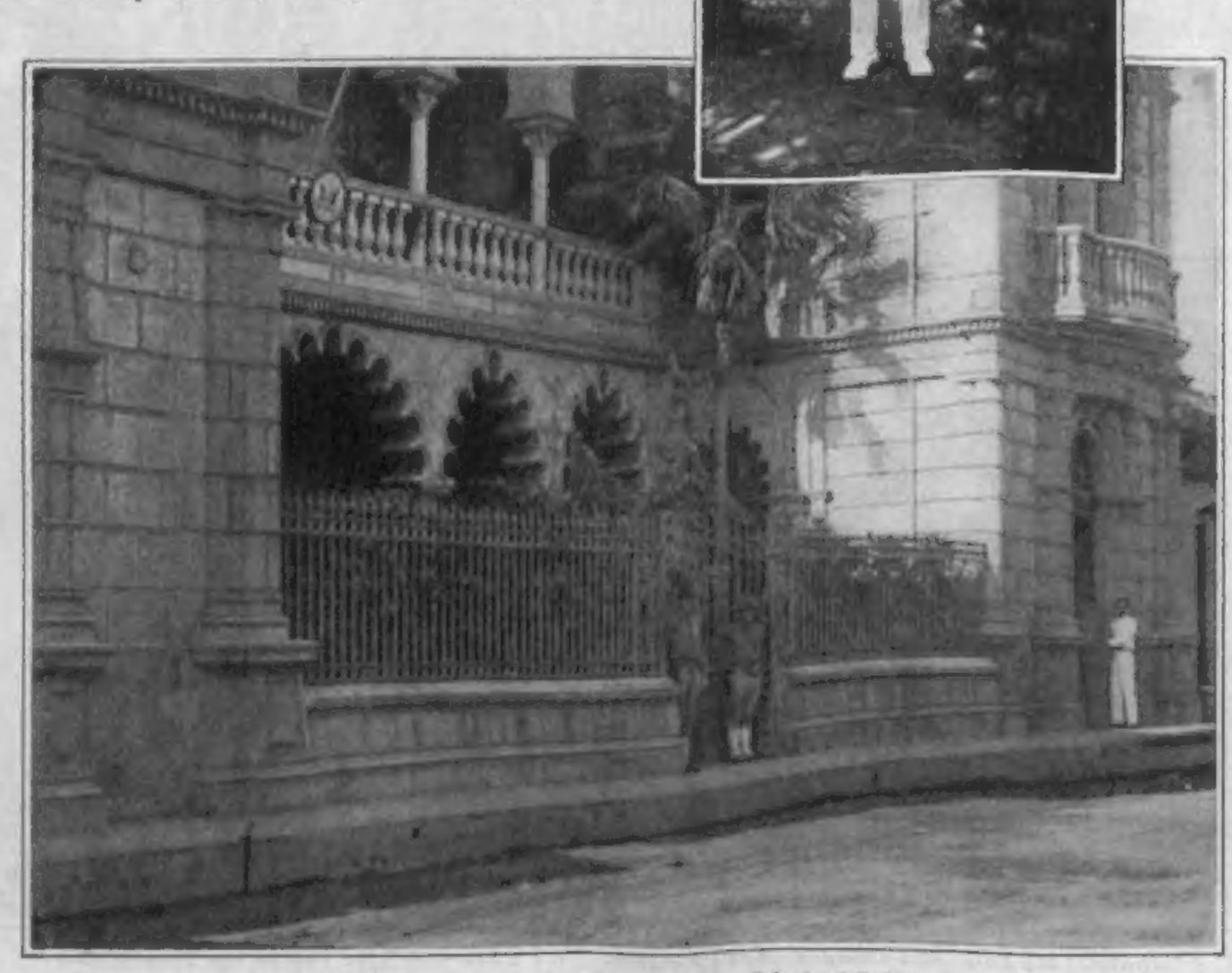
Nicaragua and its four Central American sisters—Guatemala, Salvador, Honduras and Costa Rica—were discovered, conquered and settled by Spanish adventurers early in the sixteenth century. The white conquerors, instead of driving off the Indian inhabitants, as happened in North America, enslaved them and intermarried with their women, and the present population is the result of that mingling. According to the census of 1920, the population of Nicaragua is 17 per cent white, 3 per cent pure Indian, 9 per cent negro and 71 per cent mixed—mainly Spanish and Indian. About 72 per cent of this population is illiterate. The negroes are mainly confined to the Atlantic Seaboard, having immigrated from the West Indies. Spanish law, customs, language and predilections prevail throughout the nation.

During the 300 years that these five countries were held as colonies by Spain, their population suffered much from oppression and violence.

The Indians, who continue to form the bulk of the population, were deprived of their own religious and moral customs and were given in their place a Christianity which was imposed upon them by force and of which, because of the cruelty and licentiousness of their conquerors, they saw only the worst side. The oppression and violence which characterized the communities of the isthmus during their early history long prevented their social life from acquiring stability and made brute force rather than conscience and public opinion the ruling principle in private as well as public affairs. —*The Five Republics of Central America, By Dr. Dana G. Monroe, Page 12.*

During those centuries they were also kept in commercial isolation. They were permitted to trade with no nation but Spain, and with her only under grievous and burdensome restrictions. Agriculture and industry were hampered and export made difficult or impossible by burdensome regulations and taxes. Furthermore, their chief cities and principal communities were situated on the Pacific side of the isthmus and therefore communication of any sort with Europe was slow and difficult. In 1822, when they threw off the yoke of Spain, they had had practically no intercourse with the outside world and their only government had been three centuries of despotism, broken now and then by unsuccessful revolts of the Indians against their masters.

When they became free from Spain our Government recognized them as independent nations, and a year later, in 1823, by the Monroe Doctrine, we announced to the rest of the world that they were to remain free and were not to be subject to further European colonization. Using our American Constitution as their pattern, these nations thereupon chose for themselves probably the most difficult form of independent government—that of representative republics based upon manhood suffrage.



The American Legation in Managua. In Insert—Rear Admiral Julian L. Latimer, U. S. N.

Trying at Government

UNDER these circumstances it naturally soon became evident that they were not yet fitted for the responsibilities that go with independence, and still less fitted for popular self-government. Union with Mexico was first tried and soon ended. A federated union of the five republics was then attempted and lasted only a few years. Since then, for nearly 100 years, each of the five nations has been working out its own problems of government separately, and in its efforts following out much the same course of struggle, trial and failure. Forms of self-government embodied in their constitutions soon proved unworkable to their

Marines on Guard at the Legation Door

inexperienced populations and in all the countries the result was a concentration of practically all the powers of government in presidential dictators.

An able president, in a Central American republic, exercises an absolute power for which it would be difficult to find a parallel anywhere in the civilized world. He is not restrained, like the absolute monarchs of Europe and Asia, by dynastic traditions or religious considerations, and he has little need to consider public opinion so long as he retains the good will of the army and of the office holders who owe their positions to him. He can often reelect himself for term after term and he is responsible to no one for the exercise of his authority or for the management of the public revenues. The country is so small that he can and does extend his control to matters of minor and purely local importance, even interfering with his fellow citizens' personal affairs and family relations, without regard for the most sacred rights of the individual. It is in his power to exile, imprison or put to death his enemies, and to confiscate their property, while at the same time he can enrich and advance his friends.

—*The Five Republics of Central America, By Dr. Dana G. Monroe, Page 89.*

The central cause of the breakdown of popular government in these countries lay in the failure in their hands of the system of popular election. The percentage of illiteracy among the voters in each of the countries was overwhelming, and great masses of the Indian population had for centuries occupied a position little if any better than serfs or slaves. It was easy therefore for them to be controlled by fraud or threats or force. Consequently, in each of the five nations, it developed that the results of elections were habitually controlled by those who held the machinery of government, including the army and the police.

When Elections Mean Nothing

THE constitutions adopted, though largely modeled upon our own, have departed from our system by giving to the central government very great and concentrated powers over the departments and municipalities into which the nation was divided. The heads of the departments, who correspond to the governors of our states, instead of being elected by the voters of the departments, are, in Nicaragua, and I believe in most if not all the four other nations, appointed by the president of the republic; and this is true of most of the other local officers. There is therefore very little local self-government, that great school of democracy.

Out of these conditions it was easy for the system of dictatorships to develop, and instead of the people choosing their ruler by a free election, it soon became the universal rule for the president and his associates to dictate the result of the national elections. It is the literal truth that Nicaragua has never known a free election in our sense of the term. In later years there have been slight signs of improvement. A better public opinion on the subject has developed and the means used by the government to control the result of the election have of late sometimes not been so crude and violent as in the past; but I believe it remains literally true that no Nicaraguan election has ever produced a result which was contrary to the wishes of the man or party which was in control of the government.

Under such conditions the only way left to these people to dispossess from the government a man or a party which was in control of it was by force. In default of a violent revolt on the part of the people against their government, that government remained indefinitely in power. Revolution thus became and for nearly a century has constituted a regular part of their political system.

The situation produced a vicious circle. The people, having been driven to violence in order to relieve themselves from the oppression of a dictator, have never cultivated the habit of peacefully abiding by the result of an election. They have come to realize that an election meant nothing. On the other hand, the revolutionary habit, once acquired, easily becomes habitual and inveterate, and the evils of continual revolution inevitably tended to concentrate into the hands of the government more and more arbitrary power.

In Nicaragua the evils of the situation are accentuated by the fact that the population is not homogeneous, but is divided into local and racial factions. True party government is easiest where people are homogeneous and divide politically merely upon issues of policy or principle. But in Nicaragua, although they have from the beginning had two great parties, known respectively as the Liberal and Conservative parties, these parties represent geographical and probably racial divisions and are not based upon any real differences of political principle. Thus from the foundation of the government, the city of Leon has been the head center of the Liberal Party and the city of Granada the head center of the Conservatives, and this division extends throughout the rural territory surrounding these cities. Managua, the capital, was founded later than the two others and placed between them in an attempt to occupy a neutral position.

I was told by an American scientist who has lived for many years in the country, in charge of the work of sanitation conducted there by the Rockefeller Foundation, that in his opinion this division between the two great parties took its origin historically in the racial differences of the two Indian tribes which inhabited the country before its conquest by Spain, and that there was a distinct Liberal versus Conservative watershed which could be traced running through the country. Whether this is so or not, it is certainly true that the differences between Liberals and Conservatives in Nicaragua are based largely upon local sentiment and are bitter beyond any party acrimony with which we are acquainted in the United States.

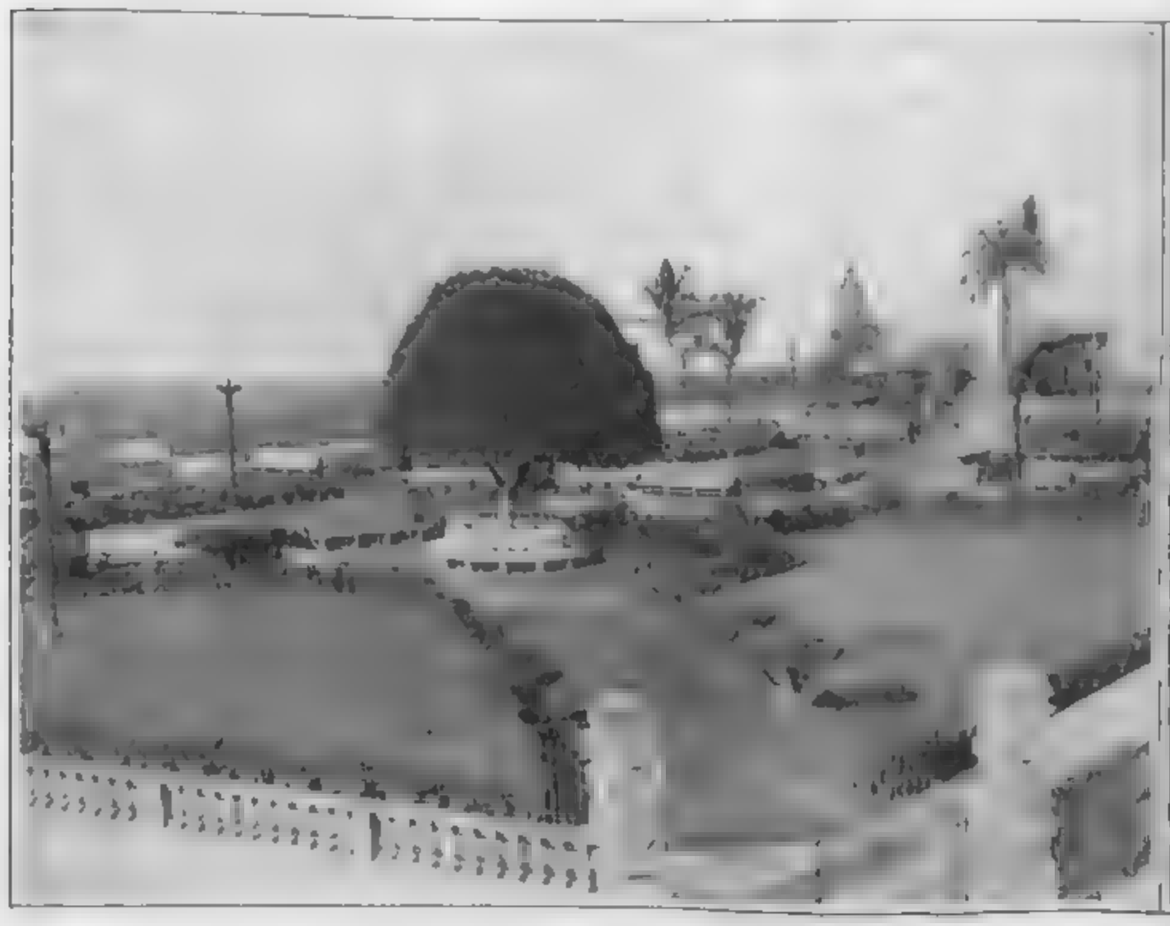
Just One Revolution After Another

IT IS exceptional and difficult for a member of one party to live and do business in even a large city controlled by the other, while in the rural districts the feeling is even more acute and demonstrative. It can be easily seen what an additional burden is placed upon the task of popular government when a nation is so divided that the people of one locality look upon those of another almost as natural enemies.

As a result of these political conditions, the history of Nicaragua during the past sixty or seventy years presents a picture of successive periods during which one or the other of the two great parties was successful in holding the reins of government. Each of these periods was terminated by a revolution which placed the other party in power, and very often during the incumbency of one of the parties attempts at revolution would occur which were suppressed.

Thus from 1863 to 1893 the Conservatives held the reins of government. They were better organized than the Liberals, their leaders being composed of a few

(Continued on Page 66)



A Park in Managua

In Insert—President Adolfo Diaz of Nicaragua

The President's House

THE DOODLE BUG

By ARTHUR TRAIN

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

"We'll—Never—be—Rich—Now!" She Faltered

TWO torches thrust in the curb in front of P. of H. Hall No. 709 cast a flickering glare over the milling crowd of citizens waiting to get in to Doc Quelch's famous free lecture and moving-picture show. The muddy village square was lined with motors from the surrounding countryside, for the oil fever had struck Pottsville and the patient's temperature was about one hundred and six degrees. It was eight o'clock, and Doc, arrayed in ten-gallon cowboy hat, frock coat and flowing red tie, was just commencing his ballyhoo on the sidewalk as Mr. Ephraim Tutt, smoking his first post-prandial stogy, descended the steps of the Phœnix House. A tall open-faced man was Doc, with an honest rusty beard, a reddish nose slightly blue on the knob, and the liver spots on his forehead rivaled in number and in glory the insignia of rank and distinction that dangled upon his abdomen and glittered in his lapel.

"Now, ladies and gents," he shouted in a voice slightly suggestive of the big tent, "before we go upstairs for the picters, I want to say one little word about oil. . . . Don't push, my friend! Everybody'll have a fair chance. . . . D'j'ever think what a part oil plays in the life of every one of us? Oil drives the farmer's plow, it carries Morgan to his office an' takes the spots out of your underclothes. We read by it, we cook by it, we warm ourselves by it! By virtoo of it we traverse the ragin' Atlantic on the mammoth liner or, in the submarine, plunge to the shadowy depths of the ocean floor. Without it Lindy would never have wung his way through the clouds to France an' to glory. Without it mechanical progress would cease and civilization come to an end. Yes, my friends, absolutely end!" Doc's voice became suddenly tinged with a sympathetic melancholy.

"Now nacherly everybody wants to control this flood of liquid gold that is spurtin' this very minute out of a thousand holes in the ground and makin' multimillionaires of poor men every day. But how, I ask you, is the poor man to know where to look for it? He is not there. He is on his little farm, earning his daily bread, as the Good Book says, by the sweat of his brow. Is he to be denied the opportunity to invest in oil land afforded to the rich through their ability to travel? I'll say he isn't!" Doc was suddenly transformed into a clarion of hope. "No, sir! You have as good a chance as Ford or Rockyfeller. All it takes is courage, faith and the willingness to risk a small sum in exchange for the chance to make a colossal fortune. The oil is there. Under the soil of the great state of Texas is an ocean of it ready to blow skyward the moment it is tapped.

"Now the gentlemen who organized the Roaring Tomcat are hard-fisted, practical oil men. They don't go it blind. Oh, no! Not them! They are wise guys. They don't spend a cent till they absolutely know where the oil is. Then and only then do they go out to raise the money to build their derricks and start in drilling. But how do they know?" He paused. "I'll tell you! They know where the oil is because they've found out that there are certain human beings endowed with the miraculous power of infallibly locating its presence by means of the divining rod, precisely as a willow stick is attracted by water. Some folks don't believe in divining rods because they don't understand the mystery behind them. We should worry! Do they understand the force that made the compass needle guide ole Columbus straight to Coney Island? Do they understand how the color photo of a beautiful lady can be sent through the air from San Francisco to New York by telephone? If they do, they've got the bulge on me. Am I right, my friends?"

"Sure! You bet!" came from several interested friends, including Toggery Bill Gookin.

"Now, folks, I'm not talking through my hat. There's no hokum about this. We aren't here to fool anybody. We're merely interested in seein' that the rich insiders shan't monopolize the knowledge which the good Lord intended should be at the service of the humblest of his creatures. My friend here, Perfessor Matthew Quinby, B.S., Ph.D., and major in the late war, who spent fifteen years out among the Hindus and the Ayrabs studying the secrets of metaphysical philosophy—or yogi, as they call it out there—is one of these gifted beings. He has his rod with him and will personally demonstrate its power. You are invited to see for yourselves. You can string a row of milk cans acrost the stage with oil in only one of 'em and water in the rest, and his little doodad will pick out the right one every time. This interesting scientific demonstration costs you not one cent. There will also be moving picters of oil fields in operation, gassers blowing off, gushers, etycetry."

He disappeared inward and like a herd of wild horses the crowd stampeded after him up the stairs.

Mr. Tutt finished his stogy and climbed slowly after them. The last time he had been in the old auditorium was when, as visiting Past Grand Patriarch of the Purple Mountains of Abyssinia, he had assisted in the elevation of Fatty Bellows to the degree of Sacred Camel of King Menelek. On that occasion he had worn a plumed chapeau, a gilt collar and an embroidered stomacher, sitting in state on a purple throne in the center of the platform now occupied by Doc Quelch and his associate, Professor Quinby, a hollow-cheeked, emotionless ghost of a man who, rod in hand, had just risen to address the assembly.

"Well, folks," he said in a sad and weary voice, "I don't take any credit to myself for what I kin do and I don't pretend to be able to tell you how I do it, but I do know that by means of this little stick of willow I can tell where the oil lies. I've worked for most of the big oil concerns in the country, including Standard Oil, Oklaho and the Texarkana Company, and I've located thirty-eight wells in the last six months. I haven't missed out once. The Texarkana people are drilling right now where I told 'em to, less than fifty feet from the Roaring Tomcat line, on which I have also located two wells. I have come here at Doctor Quelch's request to give you a demonstration. Those who wish to take part in the experiment will please rise."

It was a popular invitation and most of the audience started for the platform. Toggery Bill Gookin, impressive in a high collar, white tie and gray frock wedding garment, borrowed from stock, arose and with upraised hand stayed the onrush.

"This here stage won't hold everybody. I suggest Sheriff Moses Higgins act as chairman and appoint two associates."

The sheriff ascended amid applause. "Wa-al, I'll app'int Cy Pennypacker an' Sam Bellows," he said.

Ten five-gallon cans, nine filled with water and one with gasoline, stood on one side of the platform.

"Perfesser Quinby and I will now go out," announced Doc Quelch briskly. "The committee kin arrange the cans any way it wants. Then the sheriff kin blindfold the perfesser and he'll pass along the line with his little wiggle stick, and when he comes within the sphere of magnetic mineral influence, down she'll go! That's how Rockyfeller made his money," he added to those in the front row.

A subcommittee escorted the two oil men to the door, and after it had closed behind them, arranged the cans, which were then closed, wiped off with dry waste and a strip of canvas thrown over the lot. Professor Quinby was recalled, blindfolded by Cy Pennypacker, and led to the platform. The crowd held its breath as he waved his rod slowly over the canvas. Suddenly it was deflected violently downward as if yanked by an unseen hand. Sheriff Higgins removed the canvas, smelled of the can directly beneath and pronounced it oil.

"By golly, there must be some trick to it!" asserted Silas Higby, Grand Supreme Scribe of the Sacred Camels. "But gosh if I kin see what it is!" Neither could any of those there assembled. Thrice did the two retire, and thrice did the professor's little doodad infallibly bob down at the right spot.

"An' now," caroled Doc, coming brightly forward and continuing his part of the entertainment, "havin' demonstrated what our friend Perfesser Quinby kin do, I shall proceed to show you how and where you kin avail yourself of his services. I shall throw upon the screen not only the picters I told you about but a map of the territory in which the Roarin' Tomcat, Spouting Whale and our other properties are located. Perfesser Quinby has been all over 'em and he kin guarantee at least a dozen wells that'll show a thousand gallons a day. Am I right, perfesser?"

"That will show two thousand!" declared the professor solemnly.

"That's the holy truth!" nodded Doc. "Turn off the lights, please! Now, boys, this first picter shows the celebrated Hell Raiser took at the moment it blew off and now gushin' at the rate of ten thousand barrels a day, located closely adjacent to our properties." Click! "This is the Buckin' Bronco an'"—click—"this is the famous Mile High and this is the Great Geyser. Beauties, ain't they?

"An' now just take a look at the map. You will see that whereas we haven't started drillin' yet, the tract owned by Roaring Tomcat is next to the Texarkana property and is entirely surrounded by proved ground. The only reason you can buy it for the price today is because the oil is coming in so fast all over the lot down there that there ain't money enough to keep pace with the development. . . . Lights, please! . . . Now we're not selling our own stock. We're brokers engaged in buying and selling on commission. Either way, it makes no difference to us. We can sell a limited quantity of Roaring Tomcat at ninety-eight cents a share. Perfesser Quinby will attend to the business end, while I'll be glad to give any further information and explain the exact location of the properties on the map."

"I'll take fifty Tomcat!" called out Cy Pennypacker excitedly.

"I'll take a hundred!" "So'll I!" came from various parts of the hall.

"All right, gentlemen," bowed Doc Quelch. "Step up to Perfesser Quinby and he'll look out for you. Line forms on the right. Keep moving!"

"Poor fools!" thought Mr. Tutt sadly, as he watched the crowd pressing toward the platform. "Poor deluded fools!" he murmured aloud.

"Poor deluded nothin'!" snorted Mose Meachem, who was sitting beside him. "You don't suppose anybody's taken in by that guff, do you? We ain't such bumpkins! We go to the movies and read the magazines. We know a gold brick when we see one. Does Cy Pennypacker think he's buying into a gusher that'll squirt ten thousand barrels of oil a day, for ninety-eight cents a share? Not for a minute, he doesn't!"

"Why is he buying it then?" inquired Mr. Tutt.

"To sell to some other sucker for a dollar-fifty!" retorted Meachem. "He thinks he can get in and out at a profit before the slump, just as those fellers do on the New York Exchange. They're all up to the same racket. All the same, I'd like to know how Doodle Bug does it. I don't s'pose there's any more reason why you can't find oil that way than water. Maybe he can, at that. Anyway, I'm goin' up to talk to him."

As Mr. Meachem vacated his seat a curly-haired youth from the row behind slipped into it. "Mr. Tutt," he whispered excitedly, "there's some funny business about this. That man Quelch is either mistaken about his company owning all that property or he's got it mixed up with land somewhere else."

"Why do you think that?" asked the lawyer.

"Because my mother owns it," declared the boy. "Gee! If what he says about oil is true, we'll be millionaires!"

Mr. Tutt nearly dropped his stogy. "You say your mother owns that property?"

"Sure! She's owned it twenty years!"

"Oh, angel sent from heaven!" exclaimed Mr. Tutt devoutly. "Lead me to her!"

II

THE arrival of the two promoters for the purpose of cleaning up the Mohawk had coincided with Lawyer Tutt's annual spring fishing trip to Pottsville; but although, like himself, they were staying at the Phœnix House, their comings and goings had been so mysterious and Mr. Tutt's own hours so irregular that as yet they had not met. Even had they done so, it is unlikely that either Doc Quelch or Professor Quinby would have regarded the ramshackle old fisherman in the battered felt hat a likely prospect.

Their method was both simple and effective. Advertising themselves as brokers in oil stock, land and leases, they had instituted a "campaign of education" by circular and personal interview, distributed a few hundred shares of stock among the hard-boiled natives between Amsterdam and Utica and a week later had bought it back at a slight

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Ma Best Stopped Short as She Saw the Old Man Lift a Coat Tail in Either Hand and Begin Capering Around the Room

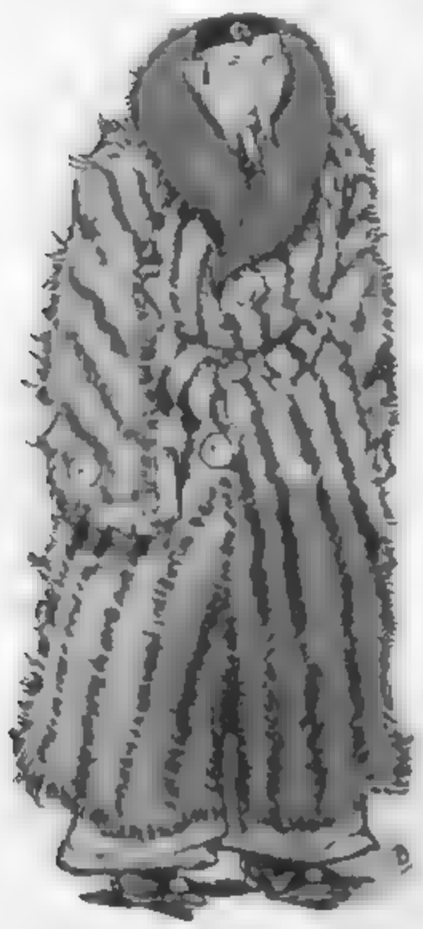
THE COLLEGE OF THE FUTURE

By Albert W. Atwood

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

AT THIS season of the year, when the colleges and universities are engaged in the herculean labors of attempting to absorb an army of youth that is fast approaching the million mark, it may be instructive even if presumptuous to speculate upon their future. The writer does not know, and is not foolish enough to pretend to know, what the college of twenty or fifty years hence will be like, for the unexpected always has a way of happening.

But there are definite tendencies in higher education. There are forces whose directions the most learned authority may mistake, but which must be noted. There are facts which stand out, experiments under way and efforts being put forth. Time may prove our reasoning false, without its having been wholly a waste of time, at that.



The Administration is Beset With Many Serious Problems

This country is just beginning to realize the extent of its educational undertaking. Recent figures purport to show that the United States has more than twice as many college students as Great Britain, France and Germany combined. In the introduction to the latest edition of Who's Who in America reference is made to "the deepening impression throughout the length and breadth of the country in favor of higher education as the determining factor in the attainment of the most desirable positions in life."

Yet in the very depth of this impression, in the acuteness of the educational crisis, in the full tide of the flood of students, lies hope. Until recently the colleges have met increasing numbers by keying their process to the average mentality, by the device of quantity production, instead of splitting up the process according to the human materials presented.

But now the point has been reached where there must be differentiation. The very size of the problem enables the colleges and universities to move forward into new ground—namely, the meeting of individual differences.

Twenty-five or thirty years ago, when automobiles were rare, applicants for drivers' licenses did not require a careful looking over. The state was willing to take a chance on their eyesight, hearing and mentality. Driving was a safe occupation for almost anyone when only a few people desired to drive.

A New Subject for Study

BUT the fitting of education to the individual goes far deeper than the mere mechanical necessity forced by increasing numbers. The one modern psychological theory that has affected education most in recent years is that of individual differences. The center of gravity in school has been shifting from subject matter to the child, from subjects to child welfare.

A hundred years ago the school life was so short that no time existed to consider the individual child. Whatever his individual capacities or peculiarities, he either learned or did not learn a few subjects. But now each child is regarded as an individual to be treated according to his deserts, not like a brick or a railroad tie.

At last this idea is penetrating the colleges, and the center of interest is swinging from the curriculum or courses to the students. Courses are much alike, but boys are not.

Now except in the case of the frankly immediate trade or vocational school, and perhaps even there, the primary purpose of a college is to train the mind. But the mind does not exist all by itself, in a vacuum, disassociated from character, health and other human attributes. As President Hopkins of Dartmouth has said: "You can't take boys at the height of the moral, emotional and physical mêlée which characterizes the latter years of adolescence and safely disregard all but their mental development."

It may be that by paying more attention to the individual the college will find that ruthless weeding out is not so necessary, even from the severely intellectual viewpoint. There may be methods of helpful correction that will save many a boy of good character and intrinsic worth from being discarded like a safety-razor blade.

William James once said that the prime function of a college education is to enable us to tell a good man when we see him. If that is so, the colleges will have to educate more for character and less for subjects, more as a stimulus and as a selective rather than as an information-cramming process.

In other words, the colleges must go—and, indeed, are going—in for what is technically known in industry as personnel or guidance work. The task is to make the opportunities now available for higher education more suited to the object in view or the need to be served.

Intangible Assets

SCHOLASTIC attainment will not be shorn of importance. It can be raised in the scale of prestige, but as one college president has said, it must be made a part of youth instead of youth being merely part of a Procrustean scholastic system. Study and life must be interwoven into a coherent whole.

Though everyone knows how demoralizing are the effects of an overemphasis upon extra-curriculum activities, it is equally well known that when these bear a proper relation to the mental work of the college, they serve to build character and develop self-reliance and initiative.

The college is concerned primarily in training and testing intellectual and perhaps technical achievement in youth. But it is not and never has been so foolish as to overlook the fact that these qualities are valuable only in connection with moral and personal traits. Until recently, however, there has been no very systematic way of measuring these more temperamental and perhaps intangible assets.

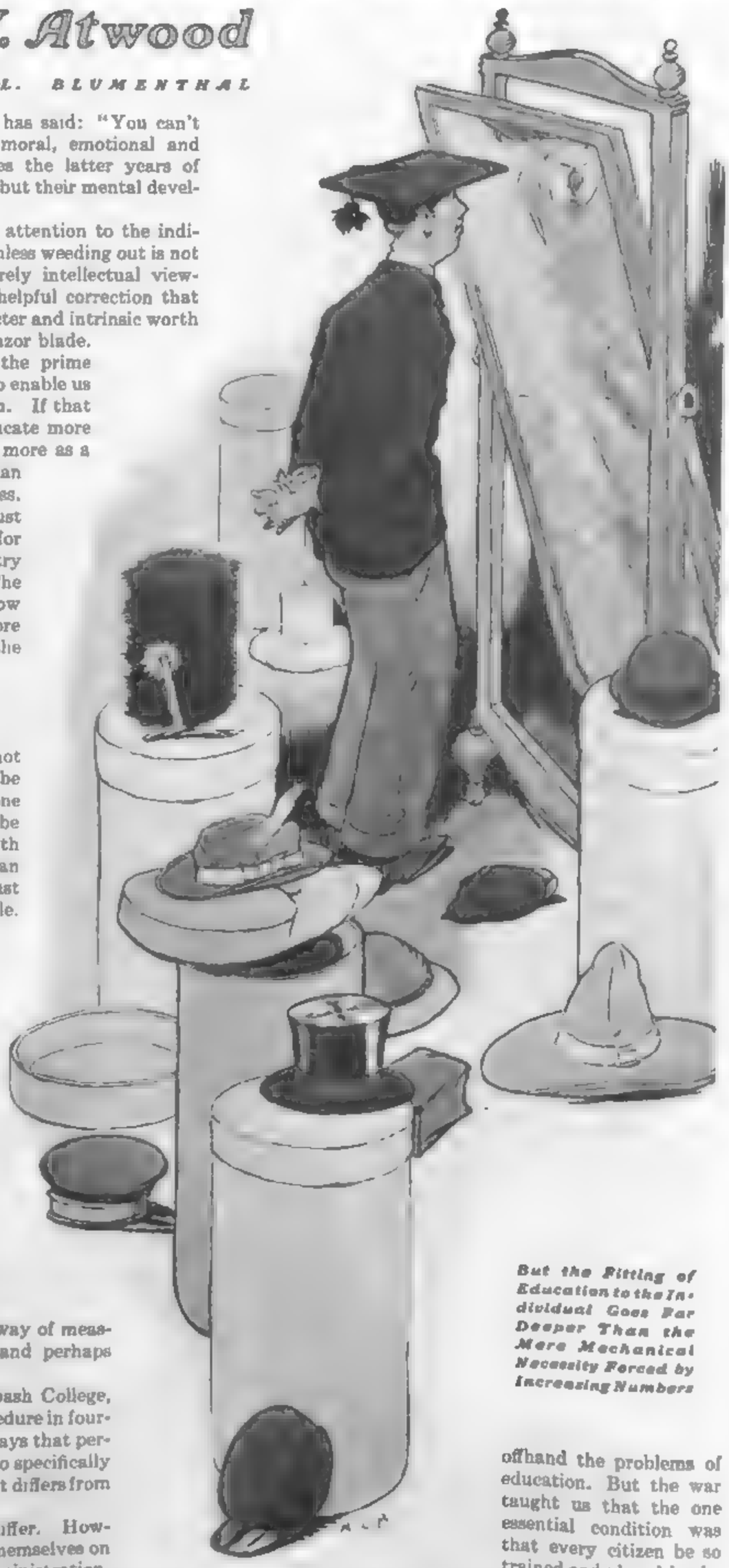
President L. B. Hopkins, of Wabash College, in a detailed study of personnel procedure in fourteen institutions of higher learning, says that personnel work means work having to do specifically with the individual, and asks how that differs from the concept of education itself.

"I do not assume that it does differ. However, other factors constantly force themselves on the minds of those responsible for administration. In industry, it would be fair to say that management must concern itself with raw materials and output, with buildings and equipment, and innumerable other items.

"So also in education, the administration is beset with many serious problems, and certain of these problems become so acute at times that there is danger that they may be met and solved without sufficient consideration for their ultimate effect upon the individual student."

But the institution exists only, or at least chiefly, to serve the student. Thus, upon every problem of education there must be brought to bear the personnel viewpoint—that is, the individual viewpoint.

This does not mean that the undergraduate is to become "a laboratory guinea pig for inexpert experts in mental hygiene and intelligence tests." It does not mean that any big paper program or any simple bag of tricks will solve offhand the problems of education. But the war taught us that the one essential condition was that every citizen be so trained and placed in the team that he contributed his utmost to the common cause. This lesson has not been forgotten in days of peace.



But the Fitting of Education to the Individual Goes Far Deeper Than the Mere Mechanical Necessity Forced by Increasing Numbers

"Everyone had to settle for himself the very insistent question: What can I do best to help?" says Dr. C. R. Mann, director of the American Council on Education. "By this intimate and dynamic process of individual training on the job, so many people became vitally aware of the problem that there is now well-nigh universal recognition of its importance in discovering abilities and fostering normal continuous individual growth.

"Parents no longer meekly accept a school's judgment that Johnnie is hopeless because he has failed in traditional school courses. Parents know that their Johnnie has some latent capacities for usefulness. They insist that schools help Johnnie discover his specific abilities and provide opportunities for their development."

College faculties are full of learned scholars who regard the appointment of a director of personnel in about the same light as they would look upon a professorship in virtue. There have always been a few teachers with the gift and taste for advising and counseling students. Formalize the thing, it is said, and the spirit dies.

But I suspect that the flood tide of newer methods is sweeping down upon these doubters, or, to reverse the figure of speech, it is sweeping up from below — if from no other direction, from the schools themselves. At the meetings of the National Association of Secondary School Principals, 1917-1926, twenty-two papers were read on the subject of guidance and character education, thirteen on extra-curriculum activities and ten on ability grouping.

Gradually, under the pressure of increasing numbers, the colleges and universities are adopting systems of faculty advisers for all students, especially underclassmen, and are appointing many additional deans, particularly for freshmen. But the trouble is that there are not enough persons on any one faculty who make good advisers and undergraduate deans. The ability for such work is rare, and when possessed, is too often found in a man already overloaded with work, both inside and outside the classroom.

Perhaps this service will pass increasingly into the hands of trained specialists who do not have to carry a heavy teaching load as well. Whatever scholastic doubters may say, the student himself values advice and counsel, provided the information given him is real, authentic and dependable, and the man giving it commands his respect.

Surely the college will have to know more about the individual student if it is to do a better job. At present a professor may lecture to from ten to a thousand students without knowing much or anything about their physical and moral traits or about their previous history and family background, except what he learns during the term.

Much information regarding the applicants' precollege life and environment is gathered by those in charge of admissions, but it does not seem to be made available to the teachers, and if it were, "many teachers wouldn't use it, either to know the students better or to improve their teaching methods."

"I found in one college what seemed to me an ideal coördination of health service, including mental hygiene, with the administrative machinery for checking up on poor scholarship," says President L. B. Hopkins, in a report to the American Council on Education. "The head of the health group is also a member of the scholarship committee, and as soon as it is discovered that a student is headed toward scholastic difficulty, his whole health record is analyzed.

"If it appears that the cause of poor scholastic work is due to some unusual mental strain or physical disability, the scholarship group turns the case over to the health department. They, in turn, report back to the scholarship group concerning their progress with the case."

A Weapon for the Colleges

"IN THE same college, however, there is a large group of men who act as faculty advisers and who have constant, intimate contact with the students, who never know except by chance whether or not the students whom they are advising are under the care of the health department. Furthermore, these advisers seldom know of the cases before the scholarship group until action has been taken, nor do the advisers refer cases of poor health either to the physician or psychiatrist.

"In this institution there is no provision anywhere for vocational counseling nor for that type of personal contact which provides for a discussion of personal matters not specifically related to studies.

"In another institution they are doing a wonderful piece of work in making vocational information available and in assisting the student to analyze his own capacities and interests and thus to reach a decision as to the types of work he may look forward to after graduation. At the same time, under an entirely different group, mental-hygiene service is being provided for on a large scale. There is, however, no provision for the coördination of these two efforts, nor are either of these efforts at all related to the work of the faculty advisers.

"In most institutions records are collected by each of the separate groups having to do with admissions, health, vocations, classroom marks, and so on. It is only occasionally that a central record carries a synopsis of this information concerning the individual."

Fortunately the college has a new tool or weapon to aid it in its work — namely, the intelligence or psychological test, which was first heard of on a large scale during the war. These tests may be used by the college in three ways: To assist in the selection of applicants, in fitting the individual to the work offered by the college, and in helping to discover what vocation he should follow after he graduates.

One need not be at all enthusiastic in regard to intelligence tests to recognize in them a valuable supplement and check upon other and older forms of human measurement. As now constructed, the intelligence test should not be relied upon exclusively. Most educators feel that it is less valuable as a means of predicting even strictly intellectual success in college than the total high-school record. But the question of who shall be admitted to college is of real national importance, and common sense indicates that in most cases all possible tests should be used — school record, examinations, known character, and psychological tests.

If examinations alone are used many a deserving boy who is as yet undeveloped and who later might prove a brilliant student is excluded. Examinations alone take no account of latent abilities and intrinsic character. To admit a boy solely on the basis of a piecemeal examination of detailed subject matter puts a premium on artificial coaching. Yet if examinations play no part in selection of applicants the college cannot have a very distinctive character, unless, indeed, it requires an unusual number of high-school credits in one or two subjects, such as Latin, thus restricting its clientele to one limited mental type.

In a bulletin of the University Professors' Association there is reference to considering such "intangible" qualities as leadership, personality and initiative. Intellectual achievement and promise must be taken as the primary basis for selection, say the professors, but the requirement or examination should be "flexible and intelligent enough to permit the acceptance of students not well prepared in formal studies, but who have shown unusual achievement in face of difficulties, or an excellent record in some subjects for which they have real gifts, as a counterbalance to others."

This is a long step forward, for it admits that character is what counts. Why not be more outspoken about it and say what everyone knows: That many a high-school student with only a moderate intellectual record later becomes a brilliant scholar in college because he happens to possess "regularity, persistency, trustworthiness, a sense of accuracy, respect for authority and attention."

These are some of the qualities which Professor W. M. Proctor, of Stanford University, refers to in an assertion, based on records, that character is of prime importance in predicting intellectual success in college. In any case the Association of University Professors suggests psychological tests as a supplement and check upon the whole process, and at Harvard it is stated that the whole admissions and selection effort is to get an impression of the individual as he stands rather than of the piecemeal instruction he has been through.

In a confidential letter written by a university dean the prediction is made that the "greatest challenge presented to our schools and colleges for the next twenty years" will be a better method of advising students in regard to their

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Such Men Quickly Run Down, Their Jokes Become Stale With Familiarity

BIG TIME

By Frederick Irving Anderson

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE E. WOLFE

He Came to One of His Vibrant Pauses Again, Eying Her for the Effect of His Words. There Seemed to be None

ESTRELLE was in the act of receiving a visit of ceremony from M. Brody, of Paris, Inc., the celebrated dressmaker, when Cuyler Braxton came in. Like all women who have just discovered themselves to be in love, she was conscious of a warm flush of delight at sight of him; and her eyes, deeply lustrous at all times, glowed with a sparkling fire that was instantly quenched. She was pleasantly aware of this involuntary revelation and thankful for the dim lights and blue haze that suffused her shop. Also she had a swift conviction that she was looking her best this morning; only yesterday she had avoided young Braxton in the Avenue because she felt she was not quite up to the mark—a very rare occurrence with Estrelle. And thirdly, to make her cup of opportune happiness overflow, Braxton arrived just as the distinguished-looking M. Brody was bending over her extended hand—Brody was lingering over the favor, drawing out the agony, as only a professional Frenchman can.

M. Brody was extremely tall and square, and extravagantly bewhiskered, as it seems all successful men dressmakers must be, at least in Paris. He had a vibrating asleep-in-the-deep bass voice that caused his women customers to shiver with a delicious apprehension when he was according them a fitting. The great of this earth gravitate toward one another like apples in a tub; so Brody, the *doyen* of the French costumers, was making haste to indicate to Estrelle, his peer, that he had been drawn irresistibly toward her instantly on landing from the Rochambeau this morning.

"I do myself the 'onaire to make my compliments at your feet the same instant I set foot to shore," said Monsieur Brody in carefully fitted English.

One sensed, without the necessity of looking, the suppressed excitement among the women of the house of Estrelle, Inc., roused not only by his name and fame but also by his heroic proportions, his hirsute splendor and his bucko bass voice—the lowest notes went so deep one could almost count the beats. When he finally relinquished Estrelle's Grecian finger tips and stood erect, it was to be seen he wore his beard cut off spade fashion, at his second shirt stud, and in his lapel appeared the tiny button of some distinguished decoration. Since he had done her the honor of addressing her in her own tongue, she returned the grace by using his; and thus they sparred through several interchanges, to the utter confusion of eavesdroppers.

Cuyler Braxton, from a safe embrasure, did his best to discountenance the dignified Estrelle by signs of exaggerated curiosity, but she was apparently unaware of his presence. Addressing himself, with the air of a salesman, to Mrs. Wight, Estrelle's chief engineer, he asked, "Who is that big fellow with madame?"

"Yes, isn't he!" gushed Mrs. Wight. "It is Brody, the French dressmaker, just through customs with thirty-seven trunks."

Braxton was just discovering he was suffering from a strange affliction of the heart. But instead of indulging himself in the malady, he was concealing it even from himself. He was just beginning his career under his own power. He had served four years as one of the bright young internes on the staff of the district attorney, prosecuting thieves and murderers; and now he had gone over to the defense, having learned all the strategy of the attack.

Calls of ceremony are brief, because there are only certain set phrases that can be used. Shortly the listeners heard the rumble of M. Brody's adieu. Braxton emerged. Estrelle made a great pretense of nothings.

"Something of importance brings you here?" she asked with a brittle brightness of expression.

"You will pardon my interruption during your hours of creation," he said, "but I have a commission to tender; a good one, if you can accept it. Will you take luncheon with me?"

"It is so immediate?" She examined some things to go out.

He lowered his voice. "A trousseau," he said.

Her heart stopped momentarily. Physiologists say this is impossible, but it constantly happens to persons in love.

"I'll tell you all about it at luncheon. May I come for you at one?" he said.

At one they drove to Marguery's, whose chef wears the cross with palms for his fish sauce. It chanced that M. Brody was there, through some queer instinct that sends these people to just the right places for all occasions. Estrelle flushed becomingly when the great dressmaker arose and bowed over her hand. As she swept on and by he bowed again in resignation; then, turning, he bowed to the gentleman with the air of a fencer putting himself at the pleasure of an adversary.

"That beard is inflammable," said Braxton, when they sat down. "What do you suppose he does with it at night?"

"Women are coming to demand their men dressmakers to be more and more masculine," explained Estrelle, her eyes straying to the broad back of the great Brody. "Who is the bride?"

"Bride?" said Cuyler Braxton, puzzled.

"Yes, for the trousseau."

"Oh!" He laughed. "It's for a murderess."

"A murderess!" she cried, recoiling.

"Hush!" he cautioned. He summoned the hovering waiter, gave their order. "She is a client of mine," he

explained, watching her closely. "She will go before a jury. There are certain aspects of—shall we say—appeal, I will want you to help me build up in her." Bemused by his character, he added, "To bring out the personality somewhat obscured by the exterior."

He examined his surroundings under his eyelids.

"It is to be one of those long-drawn-out affairs, full of fever and struggle; the explosion always just about to happen but never quite coming off; with reporters and sob sisters and flash lights and locked-up jurymen. You know—the usual," he said, his face alight with the picture. "I haven't quite decided on my construction yet, but I will want to break it up in, say three acts, with a very definite motif for each act. The general background is to be youth and, of course, the air of innocence. But not to underline the ingénue effect too much."

Their waiter was proffering the relishes for her choosing on a tray of crowded silver as big as a table top. She indicated with the tip of a fork a suspicion of caviar on an ivory heart of lettuce, a burned biscuit, an anchovy for salt, a pimento for hot and an olive for sour.

"Is it a play you are staging?" she said, watching the graceful transfer of relishes.

"That is the idea, of course," said he. He indicated his choice—all salt and sour. The waiter departed.

"Has the crime been committed?" she asked, a little bewildered.

"Oh, yes, all the preliminaries are arranged." He smiled.

"The murderess is apprehended?"

"No. I have her in my custody. I won't surrender her until you have a chance to look her over. We might even manage a try-on or two."

A newsboy dashed by the door. And even in here, where every effort is made to exclude the clamor of the profane world, his eerie cry of grisly jubilance penetrated, rising on the air as he came near and dying off like a dread fire siren as he fled. Everybody sat up. Even the waiters turned their heads to follow the sound. As it died away it was succeeded in this closely velveted interior by a sudden rush of sibilant whispers. The whole town was on edge. It had been presented with another ghastly murder at its breakfast table, another big-time crime.

Newspaper-circulation figures had been mounting like a fever thermometer since dawn. Tons of newsprint had been released from storage by speculators who hoard the precious rolls for just such an event. There is nothing to compare to the ravening hunger of the public for a new crime that is, if it is a crime that clicks as they say of a play that bursts into overnight success on Broadway. And just as plays that click are preciously few, so the supply of murder—the big-time murder that reaches the point of drama that captures the public mind—never equals the demand.

The great play counterfeits the great emotions; the great murder trial presents the actuality, long drawn out, before our very eyes. It is a slow-motion analysis of the tigerish impulses of poor humanity. And so at the first clang of the police alarm all those forces of publicity that exploit such a spectacle prepare for action. First it will have the mystery to feed on. Then the solution. Then the study of the motive—what makes people do these things—why? Then expiation.

Now, less than six hours after the discovery of the murder of Hector Verblennes, under circumstances that indubitably pointed to a long-run sensation, special news syndicates were forming, photographic picture corporations had filed papers, and psychologists, visiting noblemen, great detectives, prize-fight champions, chorus girls—everybody, anybody whose name had been before the public long enough to make them drawing cards—were being induced by glamour of great returns, to sign contracts to write—or at least sign—exclusive interviews for the hectic days and weeks and months to come.

The newsboy was coming back. "Hoy, ahoy! Murder! Extra!" came the cry, pianissimo, going to forte, fortissimo. Braxton nodded to his waiter, and the creature, at the bidding, darted off like an unhooded falcon, returning instantly with a whole armful. There was a general movement toward the table. These people, superfluously haughty outside, within the seclusion of their haunts can display impetuous curiosity. They crowded about to find out what was new, the waiters forming the outer edge. Nothing was new. The latest edition was merely a rearrangement of type. When the public is in this frame of mind it will buy fresh extras hour after hour and read the same thing over and over again—it is only required to change the make-up.

M. Brody, pushing his way like a swimmer treading water, said, "Pardon, madame, but is it some grand catastroph' what arrives?"

"A new *cause célèbre*—what we call a big-time murder," explained Estrelle, hardly knowing how to convey the intelligence to an alien just landed. But she recollected that the French do the same thing. They want the same tremendous shock, only they make it appear they have more subtlety about it. The momentary flurry subsided. They were alone again. She took up her bouillon cup by its two ears and peered over the top of it at Cuyler Braxton.

"Hector Verblennes!" she whispered, trembling.

Braxton put on the brakes, not by cautioning her with words but by creating the diversion of food—he dabbled in his jellied consommé. He was an experienced diner-out. Most of his thrills came at luncheon. But he never neglected to eat.

Hector Verblennes had begun life as a great musical coach, which in music is much like saying, in finance, that So-and-So began life as a bank president. There are few great coaches, and they have something more than years of endeavor behind them.

Hector Verblennes, coming to town unknown, went to the old Mouquin's one night when he knew that Di Passo, in charge of the auditions of the opera, was to be there, and sat at the next table. He said, so as to be overheard, "I can play better than Conraad Bos." The story ran that Di Passo cried out in rage, "You will have to prove that to me, my friend." To which Verblennes replied hotly that

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And Thirdly, to Make Her Cup of Oppertune Happiness Overflow, Braxton Arrived Just as the Distinguished-Looking M. Brody Was Bending Over Her Extended Hand

FLOATERS

By FRANK CONDON

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

Nobody Would Play Golf With a Floater Except John Dabney Bean

IT IS now known definitely that John Dabney Bean, the floater fanatic, did not commit suicide, as stated at the time in the newspapers by Mrs. Mason. John D. Bean is alive and well, and is either married or something of the same general nature. It is further known that Mrs. Mason was repelled by John Bean, regarded him as a harmless nut and always expected that sooner or later he'd do something silly; so when the newspaper lads walked into the Mason home on East Hopper Street and asked Mrs. Mason what, in her opinion, had become of J. D. Bean, the floater addict and manufacturer, she responded, leaning upon her daughter's arm:

"Dabney Bean has passed on. He is no more. My theory is that he went somewhere quietly and either blew off the top of his head with a shotgun or flung himself under a train. And if you don't believe it, just read his last message on earth."

She passed out the last message and eager hands seized it. The newspapers came out saying that Dabney Bean had putted his last putt on earthly greens, accompanied by photographs of Mr. Bean in a crowd of uniformed golfers at the country club, with the arrow pointing at the wrong man—a dentist.

I have always insisted that John Bean was merely misunderstood in an age of sinker balls, and was not eccentric or mentally clouded. In any community, if sufficient people gather together and concertedly misunderstand a man, the man becomes a lunatic and is eventually forbidden to sign legal papers or handle matches. When I first encountered the gentleman he was a member of the Vista Del Mar Country and Golf Club, an enthusiastic smacker of the pill, who enjoyed the friendship of everybody in the organization—that is, he would have enjoyed the friendship if he had not been so insistent upon the subject of floaters. He had a small factory in Burbank producing floaters, and naturally it tinged his arguments.

No man can be regarded as absolutely normal if he persists in playing golf with a floater, and he becomes a pest if he howls everlastingly and tries to make people join him in his eccentricity. Aside from this one matter of being wholly button-loose about floaters, John Dabney Bean was a commonplace fellow, slightly bald, a thin, nervous type, with a pair of bright blue eyes that sparkled and snapped, especially when he fell to discourse upon his sole obsession. When he talked—and he was a conversational prodigal—one of his upper teeth moved to and fro, giving him an alarming aspect until one knew him. His business affairs were in order, the chain groceries made money and the floater factory continued to function, piling up stocks against a better day.

There were four hundred members in the Vista Del Mar Club when Dabney began his campaign for the lighter ball; and as is quite generally the case they played their game with the standard and universal sinker. This is a ball that weighs exactly 1.62 ounces and in diameter is 1.62 inches. It sinks in water, and because of its greater weight and reduced resistance to air, it can be driven from thirty to ninety yards farther than the floater. The latter weighs about 1.40 ounces and is 1.70 inches in diameter, and naturally a floater floats, which is a useful accomplishment in a rainy country.

Of the four hundred players at Vista Del Mar one gentleman only played with the light ball and made long speeches to prove that true golf could be played with nothing else. He contended that the game had degenerated and would grow steadily worse; that it now consisted merely of a drive, a pitch and a putt, and that the fine and artistic character of the pastime, nurtured in the far days of the gutty ball, had departed. He saw nothing but disaster for the future, and in the meantime nobody would agree with him, to his great distress of mind. Nobody would play golf with a floater except John Dabney Bean, and eventually nobody in his native state would play golf with him at all because he refused to stop gassing about the light ball and the impending ruination of the game.

In the meantime Mr. Bean's other affairs were steadily growing worse, and Mrs. Mason felt less bitter about the protracted engagement between Dabney and young Anna Mason. They had been engaged for six years; and, as Mrs. Mason said, any man who will fool around with a nice girl for six years and be engaged without advancing to the next natural step has something wrong with him.

Anna Mason, an exceptionally nice little creature, with pale blue eyes and her mother's chin, never discussed the matter at all. She was fond of Dabney in a quiet way, and believed that all men were subject to periods of mild insanity, and that it made little difference what sort a lady married. Over at the country club Mr. Bean made his impassioned pleas to the members, showing them with actual figures that the floater was the ball that had given golf its ancient and honorable luster; that mere distance was nothing at all if skill were lacking; and that the sinker ball would eventually destroy America and make it a vassal state. They held him up to scorn in the locker room.

"This is all getting very tiresome," they told him harshly. "You and your floater ball make us weary and we wish you would go away and leave us alone."

Dabney resigned from the Vista Del Mar Country Club, and wrote a bitter letter of resignation, which they still have in a wooden frame over the fireplace.

He began a series of preliminary disappearances which astonished the townsfolk. He sold out his interest in the chain groceries, retaining only the floater plant in Burbank from sentiment, and moved to Portland, Oregon, where he joined a newly started golf club and attacked the innocent members. A new club, he reasoned, would contain players unversed in the conventions and unsteeped in the orthodoxy of the game, who might be converted to the right ball before it was too late. Again he failed. The Portland enterprise was without result; and after fighting the sinker for five months he again resigned and went to Denver, where he repeated the process. This migratory life continued for a year or more. Mr. Bean moved about the United States like an uneasy cassowary, joining club after club and pleading with stern-faced golfers to abstain from the wicked lure of the sinker ball if they would save their souls. It was all in vain.

He presently appeared again, suddenly, in Vista Del Mar at eight o'clock of a Wednesday evening and rang the front doorbell of the Mason home. Mrs. Mason was alone in the sitting room listening to a radio lecture on the seventy-five best ways to cook artichokes.

"Good evening," said Dabney, as though he had seen the lady that morning. "Is Anna in?"

"Where have you been?" demanded the indignant mother.

"Away," he replied, smiling. "Is she in?"

"She is not. She went to the movies with Wally McDonald."

"Oh," said Dabney. "I'll leave a note for her."

This was the famous document afterward referred to by Mrs. Mason as his final earthly utterance. Dubiously she permitted him to enter the hall and hang up his hat, which he did with an air of abstraction.

"Where were you all this time?" she asked again, as any mother might.

"I was in Omaha," said Dabney. "It rained quite a bit."

Without a great deal of further conversation he sat down with a geography upon his knee and dashed off the note to Anna, which seemed strange at the time; for, as Mrs. Mason pointed out, he could have told her what to say to her daughter, she being the mother. The note was brief, and so was Dabney's visit.

"See that she gets it," said he, rising and licking the flap of the envelope.

With that he took his hat and went out the front door, and nobody in Vista Del Mar has seen him from that night

There Was a Strange and Beautiful Girl Bending Over Him Anxiously

to this. He vanished permanently, and the stories began. Everybody said, "What in heaven's name could you expect from a man who plays golf with a floater?" And the consensus of opinion was that Mr. Bean was no longer a citizen.

Anna Mason returned from the movies at ten o'clock and her mother handed her the note. It was seen at once that Mrs. Mason had had no trouble in steaming open the missive and reading it prior to her daughter's arrival.

"He certainly acted funny," commented Mrs. Mason.

Anna said nothing but silently read the statement, which was as follows, a copy now being on record in the office of the chief of police:

Dear Anna: I am going far away and you will never see me again. You will be happier if you don't. If things had turned out different we might have got along all right, for you are a good girl, with a fine character. If you want to marry anybody, that will be all right with me, because I am going far and will not see you again.

Your old friend, DABNEY.

"You see," said Anna's mother, "he's made away with himself. Shall we notify the police?"

"No," said Anna; and in the morning Mrs. Mason notified the police, and the reporters drove over to the Mason house in their sedans and wrote up the tragic episode, with such headings as Quaint Local Eccentric Probably Demised.

As a matter of cold fact, the speculations were not so far wrong, for it is now known by Henry McCarthy, chief of the local police, that Dabney Bean intended to do away with himself quietly and without giving trouble. Though he discussed the subject of self-destruction with nobody in Vista Del Mar, everyone seemed to know that Dabney was through with the hollow mockeries of life in a floaterless world. Being a considerate man, and a kindly man, even in his state of temporary despair, he determined to do nothing rash in Vista Del Mar, where people knew him.

"I will cast no disgrace upon the town," he said to himself; and this thought enlarged itself, to include eventually the entire state, and finally the nation.

This shows that Mr. Bean was in reality a kindly soul at heart and bore ill will against nobody, despite the fact that the world scorned him and flouted his floater. He might have run amuck in his home town, as a man will when he feels that the world is conspiring against him, and it was the attitude of the golf-playing fraternity that was driving Dabney Bean to the desperate measures he had in mind the night he wrote the note to Anna Mason.

"This is a pretty nice country," he said, "and I will not do what I have in mind in this country, which has always treated me pretty good except about floaters."

He was next observed by a chance acquaintance in San Francisco, standing on the Orient and Pacific Pier beside a shipment of condensed milk and carrying a small traveling bag and his usual golf equipment, which consisted of a cowhide container with a self-locking top, and fifteen clubs, commencing with a driver and running down the line to a Birmingham putter, which is illegal in England, the same as murder, and not of much use anywhere.

"Hello, Dabney," said the man. "Still playing with a floater?"

"I am," answered Bean bitterly.

"Where are you going with all those bags?"

"On a long trip."

"To a land where they play with a floater, eh?" asked the man, chuckling.

Mr. Bean made no response to this gibe, but walked on board the steamer Central Asia, which was tugging at her leash and which presently sailed with a few passengers and some knocked-down radio sets for a firm in Calcutta.

The end was now very near for one deluded victim of a temporary hallucination. When a man is going to jump into the Pacific Ocean it makes little difference which section of the ocean he selects. It was Dabney's intent to step quietly overboard upon a starless night, creating no commotion on board the Central Asia, passing on to the next world without annoying anyone in this. He spent some time composing a final note, which he meant to pin to his pillow. It said:

Dear Steward: In a country of seventeen thousand golf clubs and seven million golf players I have no desire to carry on when everybody plays with a sinker and nobody has the intelligence to see that you cannot play golf at all, real golf, unless you play with a floater. You can keep my watch.

Yours, DABNEY BEAN.

The Central Asia steamed south and Mr. Bean lay in a deck chair, covered with a red blanket, staring moodily at the sky. Time after time he arose and examined the surface of the ocean, noting the general monotony of the view.

"I can jump overboard any time now," he reflected; but he did not do so. He seemed to be waiting for the right night, and in the meantime the weather grew warm

"Do it Again, Mister." Bean Obliged, Hitting Ball After Ball Into the Inky Night

and warmer still, and the ship plowed along into the far waters of the world.

There presently appeared on deck a stoutish gentleman with very plump legs who walked a great deal and ignored everybody.

"That man," remarked Dabney, "is a golfer."

This opinion was caused by the man's costume, which was the standard uniform of the guild, and for a time Dabney's eyes brightened and he forgot that he was through with the world and its tribulations. He addressed himself to the stranger as he leaned against the port rail.

"Yes, sir," the man admitted, "we are having a pleasant trip."

"You a golfer?" Dabney asked.

The man nodded.

"And a good one.

I am on my way to participate in the Royal Indian Tournament at Calcutta."

"I could tell a golfer anywhere," remarked Mr. Bean. "I'm one myself."

"American?"

"Yes."

There followed the usual conversation that occurs when divot diggers meet, and Dabney learned that the gentleman's name was Sanderson Bundy, and that he came from Scotland, where he had learned the game at his father's knee.

"And," asked Mr. Bean with a hopeful smile, "do you play golf with a floater?"

"I do not," said Bundy. "Do you?"

"Oh, yes, indeed," answered Dabney, and he launched at once into his regular lecture.

Mr. Bundy stared at him in astonishment and growing irritability. He turned his back and strode off, saying as he departed, "I have enough trouble without listening to anybody talk about floaters."

"All right," said Dabney.

It was the conversation that proved to be the last straw. The grim resolve in his mind took definite shape and he retired to his cabin to make a few final preparations and write a letter to the captain.

At nine o'clock that night Mr. Bean summoned his room steward, a mild-mannered man, and asked if he would help carry a chest out on deck. The steward said he would be glad to help, and his wonder increased a moment later when Dabney removed the lid from the chest and disclosed a beautiful mess of white golf balls.

"What are them?" asked the fellow.

"Floaters," said Dabney—"my last. Nobody will play with them, so I have to. I'll show you."

He placed a small rubber tee on deck and adjusted a ball, and taking his beloved mashie from the bag he assumed the correct stance and whaled one into the vasty deep.

"Now that's pretty slick," said the steward admiringly. "Do it again, mister."

Bean obliged, hitting ball after ball into the inky night. A small group, composed of coal passers, deck hands and others, gathered round, and in the faint lamp light they watched a man, who was at the end of his earthly rope, while he drove floaters into the Pacific. Some of them made small bets, and the room steward wondered audibly that a person could be so profligate with valuable property.

"Them's all new balls, ain't they?" he asked.

"They are of use to nobody but me," replied Mr. Bean in a mournful voice. "And now, if you please, I would like to be alone." The group politely broke up and departed, and Dabney Bean seized the chest of floaters

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"It Won't Make Any Difference to You Where You are," He Said Gruffly. "You Can Bet on That"

THE BUBBLE REPUTATION

By Robert S. Winsmore

ILLUSTRATED BY C. H. TAFFS

DAVIS KNEELAND asked me to dinner, saying there would be no women and some decent bridge. Kneeland is a weighty banker who lives heartily in a great old house in Gramercy Park. His kitchen and cellar are those of irrecoverable yesterdays, and one does not sanely avoid them.

Anthony Parrish, the surgeon, was already there when I arrived; and presently came Judson Westbay, who is a little man and a lawyer; and that burly Stephen Croll, who was lately the vivid district attorney of New York. Thus we were five grayheads of long acquaintance; and we dined happily, with much warming talk of what used to be. But there was no bridge. Instead, we sat long over the coffee and else putting together a story. It was a surprising story, and it did not end well; and when it was complete we said good night to Davis Kneeland and went away. It was not late, but it seemed fitting to do that.

Croll started the thing with a question popped at Judson Westbay. Croll is now and then a tigerish person, and his way is not always pleasant. There was a moment when the talk had died, and he turned to Westbay suddenly.

"You saw the Leon Herbert story in the afternoon papers, Jud?" he asked crisply. "Will that stir up anything for you?"

"He Sat There and Took All I Gave Him and Went on Saying No"

Westbay stared in surprise, saying, "Why, not a thing! Why should it?"

Croll's big shoulders went up, and his eyes sneered. "One of Philip Glenn's executors, weren't you? You must have found Herbert's tracks there. Or had Glenn wiped them all out?"

"Leon Herbert?" rumbled Kneeland. "The bucket-shop fellow? What had Phil Glenn to do with him?"

Westbay answered, looking at Croll, "Nothing, so far as I know. What do you mean, Steve?"

"It doesn't matter," said Croll curtly. He scowled and added, "Glenn's dead. Let him rest."

Tony Parrish began sputtering then. Tony had been closer to Phil Glenn than any of us. "I don't like the way you say that," he rapped at Croll. "Who's this Herbert?"

Croll said uncivilly, "Oh, let it drop," and reached for the cigars.

Tony's eyes narrowed, and Westbay cut in to prevent war. "Herbert ran a bucket shop in Wall Street, Tony," he explained. "I can't tell you much about him. He got away with a lot of money four or five years ago. The newspapers say he's been living high in Mexico since then. This morning he turned up here again—walked into police headquarters and gave himself up. That's all I know."

"Well," said Tony sharply to Croll, "what makes you think Phil Glenn was mixed up with a man of that sort?"

Croll snapped, "Think? I know. It was Glenn who touched off the Herbert explosion; and Glenn was the man who deliberately tied my hands and let the crook get away with something like a million."

Tony's face cleared. "And let the crook get away," he repeated, as if he could understand that. "You mean that Phil sympathized ——"

Croll barked irritably, "Sympathized hell! Glenn never had sympathy for anybody but himself."

We all gave something to a patter of protest at that. Tony Parrish said coldly, "You don't know what you're talking about." Kneeland put in, "You're wrong there, Stephen. You didn't know him."

Croll grunted and shook his head positively. "I'm not wrong," he said. "I knew him better than you did. Glenn had you all fooled, Davy. You thought him a great man, but he wasn't. He was sly and clever and cautious, that's all. What you thought was ability was half luck and half pose. He knew enough to keep his mouth shut and look wise and keep hold of bigger men's coat tails."

Parrish said "Nonsense!" angrily, and I thought Croll might well have stopped there. But he was nursing indignation and he went on:

"You fellows all said: 'Here's a man of fine parts, this Philip Glenn. His money proves it, and he knows everybody worth knowing. So we'll have him to dinner and put him on our board of directors.' And his yes-yes table manners, both uptown and down, were so agreeable that you fell into the habit of admiring him. But for what? What did Glenn ever do that counted? What did he start, or what did he build, or what job did he carry through?"

Westbay grinned across the table at Kneeland and said, "If Your Honor pleases, the Glenn estate ran close to six million. That was one thing built by the defendant."

Croll showed rising heat. "Yes—and how? By loafing along on booms that other men sweated to keep going. First in steel and then in motors, but with never an ounce of effort in either. What would you call Glenn—a capitalist?"

"Certainly," said Westbay. "A capitalist."

"He was a gentleman capitalist," Croll scoffed. "He was like a gentleman farmer, taking prizes for things turned out for him by Nature and other men's brains. You know that, Davy. He chucked his money in where other men told him to and let it swell. What more did he do?"

"Well ——" Kneeland began.

But Croll carried on: "I'm not quarreling with his success. He was entitled to that, as any clever man would be; and he was clever—in his sly way. It's the man's reputation that nettles me. Conservative, careful, alert, wise, high-minded, soul of honor—and he wasn't any one of them! See here! I'll give you a picture of Glenn. I've never told this before. Perhaps I shouldn't tell it now. But I'll show you why I think of the man as I do Tony wouldn't let me get away without explaining that anyhow."

"No," said Tony frigidly, "I wouldn't."

"Well, then, how many of you remember the Leon Herbert affair? It isn't more than five years old. The newspapers made a lot of it at the time, including plenty of criticism of me. Don't tell me you missed that!"

Westbay said, "I remember. They yelled quite a bit."

"Quite a bit," Croll agreed; "and I couldn't yell back not very loudly. You'll see why.

"This Leon Herbert was once a light of your noble profession, Tony. He dropped the M. D. when they ran him out of a town in Indiana for one thing or another, and he never picked it up again. But he was a bright, industrious lad, and he got on well enough without it. He climbed to the top of another profession. In time he owned the finest bucket shop in Wall Street.

"It wasn't supposed to be a bucket shop, you know. In that respect it was quite up to date. With the laws what they are nowadays, your modern bucket shop dresses up to look like a legitimate brokerage house. More than that, it goes through the whole Wall Street ritual to cover up the fact that it is betting against its customers instead of carrying stocks for them, as they suppose. Leon called his layout L. J. Herbert & Co. Nobody in the Street had finer offices or gave better service, and to the naked eye everything was sweet and regular and clean."

"They weren't members of the Stock Exchange," explained Kneeland.

"Of course not, but that made no difference to their customers. Herbert didn't belong to any of the exchanges, but he did business on all of them through brokers who were members—business in stocks and cotton and grain and everything the public likes to gamble in. He had his tickers and wires and all the other paraphernalia. He did a lot of dignified advertising, sent out high-class market letters and played the whole game just as every live reputable brokerage firm does. Oh, it looked very straight and respectable, this L. J. Herbert & Co. And, incidentally, they had good bookkeepers."

Kneeland nodded his confirmation. "I remember they were very active at one time," he said.

"They were," Croll declared. "They did a whaling big business. They had more customers and handled more orders day after day than most Stock Exchange firms. In fact, Leon was the envy of a good many of them—those who weren't getting any orders from him—and you may be sure he was watched pretty closely. You can't do business in competition with Stock Exchange members at their own commission rates and right there in their own street unless you're a member yourself. If you do there's something wrong somewhere, and the Stock Exchange knows it. So does every man who has any sense. Keep that in mind. It applies to Glenn.

"Herbert himself was a nervy rascal. He had class too. He was well educated and keen and impressive. I've never met a smoother crook. And he played his game high flashed around in three or four pink-and-purple motors, ran a yacht, had a show place up in Westchester, with horses and dogs and all that. It was good advertising for him, you see, as well as good fun. All of you must have bumped into Leon now and then. A thin, stooped chap he was, with a long nose and a mop of yellow hair. He was always dressed up like a French duke in a musical show, and he cut quite a figure uptown. He didn't forget to play close to the political crowd either. No wise crook ever forgets to do that

"I knew, just as everybody of experience knew, that Leon was getting away with things somehow. The credit agencies and business bureaus were watching him like hawks. But there were no complaints. None of his customers squealed about money. There was plenty of reason for suspicion, but no ground for action by anybody. Even the Stock Exchange didn't seem able to find a good excuse to keep him from having tickers or from having his orders handled by its own members.

"But the end had to come, and it came after they'd been having a fine bull market there in Wall Street for a year and more. Bull markets, Tony, aren't good for bucket shops. The customers win in bull markets, and when they want to cash in their winnings, your bucket shop folds up and the bank roll disappears. That's what happened to Leon's.

"One night a girl in an apartment over in the West Sixties staged what looked like a try at suicide. The doctors and the police got to her without any delay, and after the poison had been pumped out she landed in Bellevue. They found she hadn't taken enough of the stuff to do her any real harm, so there was a little more pumping, and it turned out that she was Leon Herbert's girl or one of them. She said she wanted to kill herself because Leon was going away somewhere and wasn't going to take her with him.

"The detectives saw there was more to the story than that, and they worked on her until they got it all. The girl finally told them that Herbert was in a panic over his business affairs He had been worrying and drinking hard for weeks, and now one of his customers had called on him for a lot of money—a lot more than he could pay without being worse than broke. So he wasn't going to pay it. Neither was he going to pay anything else. Instead, he was going to clean up everything in sight and make a get-away.

"Leon had been fool enough to tell the girl all this—of course he was drunk when he did it—and she was fool enough to let the police worm it out of her. I think they did it by telling her how delighted Leon was when he heard she was dying. That put her in a rage and she spilled everything.

"Ten minutes after the police got the story, the girl saw she'd been tricked and she denied all she'd said.

"Well, they brought the thing to me the next morning and my outfit went to work on it. We knew we hadn't any time to lose and we bored straight into the Herbert office. We went after the name of that customer who was demanding his money, and we got it. His name was Philip Glenn."

Croll paused and looked around, but there was no stir. We were interested, but unstartled. Davis Kneeland chuckled, "Glenn, eh? How much?"

"Four hundred thousand and more," said Croll; and then Davy's "What?" was explosive.

"Yes," Croll said. "The Herbert firm's books showed that 4000 shares of Amalgamated Motors Common were being carried for Glenn against a debit of about $50,000. The stock was then selling above $110 a share on the exchange, so the 4000 were worth, say, $450,000. And Glenn had ordered the firm to sell the stock and send him a check for whatever would be due him. That would have been around $400,000. You can see why Leon was arranging to vamose.

"At first I couldn't believe it. I thought we must have turned up the wrong name. I couldn't believe that a man such as Philip Glenn was supposed to be could have a commitment of that size with a concern like Herbert & Co. But our information was straight enough, and we had no line on anyone else who might have made a demand on Herbert that hadn't been met. What I had to have was a customer whose claims had been refused or put off without good reason. So I sent for Glenn.

"I knew him slightly, and I asked him to come to my office. He was grouchy about it, but he came that afternoon; and I could see that he suspected why I wanted him. I told him I understood he had an account with Herbert & Co. and was asking for a settlement that he wasn't getting. He was all ice in a second, and told me that his financial affairs were his own concern and weren't any of my damn business."

Tony Parrish interrupted with a stiff: "That doesn't sound like Phil Glenn."

"This wasn't your Phil Glenn, Tony," said Croll. "This was a suddenly frightened man. I saw it in his eyes, and it puzzled me. I didn't see why he should be frightened. But I told him what I knew and what I suspected, and I said, 'I'm sure you are dealing with a bucket shop, Mr. Glenn, and you're probably in for a big loss anyhow. But this crook will get away, and there won't be a cent left behind for you or anybody else unless you act now.'

"'What do you expect me to do?' he asked me; and I told him I wanted him to make a complaint that would let me arrest and hold Leon Herbert and have him indicted

"Like a shot he said, 'I won't do it. I don't admit that Herbert or his firm owes me anything, and I won't discuss the matter any further with you.' And when I asked him why, he said, 'I won't answer that either.'

"That made me see red, and I said, 'Then I'll make you discuss it with a grand jury!'

"'Before you do that,' said Glenn, 'make sure that Herbert hasn't got a release for whatever it is you think he owes me.'

"'I think he owes you something like $400,000,' I told him, 'and I don't believe you are giving that much money away.'

"'You can believe what you please,' he said, 'but if you carry out your threat I'll make a fool of you before that jury.' And he started for the door.

"'See here!' I said. 'Before you go, you'd better tell me why a man of your position should be deliberately helping a crook to get away with a lot of money that he has stolen from two or three hundred little men and women who can't afford to lose it. I'm interested in that, and so will the public be. If you don't tell me I'll keep men on your trail until I find the answer. And when I've found it I'll spread it.'

"That stopped him. He came back and said, 'I'll compromise with you. If you'll give me your word of honor as a man that you won't use me or my name, or involve me in any way in this affair, I'll tell you whatever I know that may help you. I'll go that far, and you can take it or leave it. But I will not make a complaint or a claim against Herbert for you to act on That's final.'

"Well, I decided that was the best thing to do. There wasn't time to do anything else. So I said, 'All right, Glenn, I'll promise not to use your name without your consent. But that won't stop me from trying to get you to do your duty.'

"So Glenn sat down and gave me the story. More than two years before this, he said, a sweet-faced young devil named McNaughton had come to him, properly introduced, and begged for some of his business in stocks. McNaughton was working for L. J. Herbert & Co. as a customers' man. A customers' man, you know, is a stockbroker's business getter. It's his job to get people to gamble. McNaughton said it would be a fine feather in his cap to get an account from such a big man as Philip Glenn. He also had a lot to say about the advantages of dealing with such a solid and respectable brokerage house as Herbert & Co. And Glenn—the level-headed, experienced Philip Glenn, mind you—swallowed that dry.

"At that time, as he told me, Glenn wasn't doing anything in stocks. He was sitting back with practically all his capital tied up in low-priced motor-company shares. Amalgamated Motors was his favorite. He had more of that than of any of the others. He had made his plunge, you see, and was waiting for the rise that hadn't yet started—the

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"What Did Glenn Ever Do That Counted? What Did He Start, or What Did He Build, or What Job Did He Carry Through?"

CRUSADE

By DONN BYRNE

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

"Oh, Father of All," She Said, "If He Were of Any Worth I Would Give Him to You. But From Me it Would be a Gift Which Insults. I Sell Him for a Copper Piaster"

V

IF HE had had the choice, young Miles thought, he would not have chosen for chieftain this red-faced, blustering, drinking man. But after being with him on the long march through France to the harbor of Hyères, and on the long voyage to Jaffa, he was forced to admit that Ulick de Lacy was a fine soldier. He drank too much, but never until he saw his men disposed for the night, all present and correct and sentries set. And in the morning he was there to see that everything was in order. The Irish clansmen adored him. As it was, the man was born a century too late. When Strongbow came to Ireland, he would have been in his element, a roistering raider living on the Irish country, as now his intent was to live on Palestine. There were pilgrims to be accompanied and protected to the Holy Places from Jaffa, at so much a head, like sheep.

Already in Europe there was deep feeling against the Templars, and many an abbot of other orders and many a foreign baron and princeling would as little put himself under their protection as under the protection of Satan's self. Moreover, their rule for pilgrims was too strict. So twenty bands like De Lacy's were functioning and thriving in the Holy Land. Also, many a potentate whose lease of territory was from De Bouillon's time needed either help in holding it or in getting into possession. There was big money to be made there too. Moreover, De Lacy had a kinsman who was Prior of the Temple in Syrian Tripoli, so that here he had an advantage over the other free lances in Palestine. He was glad to have young Miles O'Neill along, for he pitied a little and admired a great deal the young knight. O'Neill was impeccably bred, whereas, though De Lacy's sire was beyond reproach, his dam, as he himself confessed, was a bit of a mystery. He had also the rough man's awe before education. O'Neill could read and write. He was never tired of talking about his young lieutenant.

"This Holy Land was just made for us, my boy," he would thunder. "You've got breeding and brains, and I've got ambition and a few other things—a few other things." He would bring his hand, heavy as a mallet, on young Miles' shoulder. "Leave it to me. Not for nothing have I a strain of traveling peddler in me." Poor, big-hearted, wrong-headed De Lacy!

When all arrangements for their patrol were made and the route laid out—Jaffa to Lydda, past Ramah, and from Lydda the long thirty miles to Jerusalem—De Lacy began to show a genius for organization that made young Miles O'Neill laugh. He bought forty donkeys and put them in charge of a Maronite Christian, with instructions to say they were his own and to demand a certain sum for their hire. The pilgrims, who had heard that everything was cheap in the Holy Land, wept in impotent anger, but De Lacy was sympathetic. Their gratitude was boundless when the big Norman, with loud shouts and crackings of his whip, obtained some small reduction. It spoiled for them the pleasant ride through the plains of thyme and hyssop, through the fields of cotton and past the orchards of fig and apricot trees.

At Lydda the same comedy of hiring camels was enacted, and thence onward the march was painful and dangerous, gray mountains with vast bowlders which a child's hand might send down on the caravan. Here it was O'Neill's work to ride ahead with a picked party of mountainy Irish and see that no Arab party was lurking amid the great stones. Miles was always glad to get ahead, for the pilgrims bored him. They came to Palestine with tales of marvels in their ears; of monsters in the desert half goat and half man; of the phœnix with its tail barred gold, silver and diamond; of fowls with wool instead of feathers; of trees that yielded honey, meal and poison—in fine, they believed every foolish tale that a wandering palmer or unfrocked Minorite had ever told to get a lodging for the night. They believed that on the other side of the Dead Sea was the country of Genghis Khan.

De Lacy, though not quite allowing them to believe everything, hinted at stories he could tell of Transjordania. De Lacy had arrangements with merchants of relics, who sold beads and crosses to his caravan, made of the olive trees of Mount Olivet, so they claimed, or of terebinth the tree under which the Virgin rested when she was carrying Christ to be presented in the Temple; small round stones called Cornioli, to expel poison; the eagle's stone, called Aquilina, which insures the easy birth of children; also, Girdles of Mary, made of Bethlehem shells, whose virtues are sworn to be miraculous and many. There was no alley down which the big wheezing Leinsterman would not chase a zechin of gold.

Also, did a foreign baron find the pilgrimage begin to pall on him, he could always have a night's gaming. This was De Lacy's passion. When he won, he won; when he lost, he was a fool. He would follow bad luck as though it were his best friend. After a spell of it, the donkey hire at Jaffa would rise to unheard-of prices. But the big man had virtues outstanding his mean traits. When a pilgrim was under his protection his life was as safe as it could humanly be assured. There were ugly stories in the Holy Land of patrol leaders whose caravans had been robbed by Arabians with whom an arrangement had been made, or by Arabians who were not Arabians at all, but ruffians in Arab dress. De Lacy was not of those against whom a scandal of this kind could be told.

But the escorting of pilgrims was but a pretext in De Lacy's mind for remaining in the Holy Land. He wanted greater prizes—light wars and ransoms. His opportunity came when a claimant to the manor of Bethlehem came out of Poland, a third cousin of the holder. It was a curious and unsound claim. The *seigneurie* had been conferred on a Polish noble by the third Baldwin for his bravery in the retreat from Damascus. The Polander had married a Moslem neighbor's daughter after her formal baptism. His son was lax in mind, as half-breeds are, and, when he succeeded his father, married a Moslem, in this generation without the formality of baptism. In the third generation the *seigneurie* was once more Mohammedan,

although the holder was a subject of the King of Jerusalem. But the King of Jerusalem was now the Emperor of Germany, having married John de Brienne's daughter, and the emperor was under interdict from the Pope. The Arabian Sultan of Syria and Palestine was Cohreddin, who was all for peace, and to whom the arrangement of a *seigneur* of Bethlehem who had professed Islam was welcome.

When the cousin out of Poland, Andreas Lallemant, appeared to state his case, there was none before whom he could lay it. His contention was that his ancestor had been granted the fief for Christian valor. The present holder was a Moslem. Therefore the holder's claim was null, and he, next of kin in a direct line, should have it. The Patriarch of Jerusalem was as much for peace as the sultan. Besides, Bethlehem was not important strategically. So long as Christians visited the church in peace he did not care who held ownership. Andreas appealed to the Grand Master of the Templars. The Grand Master was sympathetic, but what could the Templars do? It was a question for the emperor. But the emperor was notedly pro-Saracen. The Grand Master was afraid that any action taken must be by Andreas' self. Had he any friends in the Holy Land? Did he know any of the free knights who could give him advice? Sir Fynes Sambourne? Sir John Ixley? Sir Ulick de Lacy, the cousin of the Prior of Tripoli? A fine knight, the latter—the Grand Master smiled—a burly, hot-headed man.

De Lacy listened to the Polish nobleman with a judicial quiet. "You wish to get this renegade cousin of yours out? You wish my advice? Kick him out!"

"But how?"

"Have you any money?" He had a thousand zechins. "It's little! It's little!" De Lacy pondered. "But when you are Lord of Bethlehem and Warden of the Manger, you will not forget the guileless old soldiers who have helped you get your rights. Pass it over."

"But ——"

"Pass it over! I have taken a vast liking to you and I cannot bear to see you wronged. I have probably been described to you as a cold, inactive man, but my heart boils to think that a slippered Saracen bastard should shuffle it in the halls where your sainted great-uncle's heels have rung. No! Not nine hundred! The whole thousand, if you please!" He went and saw it weighed. "And now ——"

"And now?" The Polander did not seem quite happy.

"And now go and have your claim indited in flowery language and a fine clerkly hand, and send it in ten days—not sooner, mark you—to your cousin in Bethlehem. Tell him to give up the fief or that you and your friends will take it from him!"

"What will he do?" asked Andreas.

"Laugh his head off," chuckled De Lacy.

There was a good deal of the prophet in the wheezing Leinsterman. The Mohammedan cousin, taking the claim for what it was—worthless—and taking the threat of armed force as one of the braggart vows common in Palestine at the time, kicked the Pole's messenger out. He had him tied facing his donkey's rump and hunted out of the small town for presumption. The wretched herald was hardly out of sight of the Bethlehemites when De Lacy struck. He had enlisted a hundred English bowmen and a half dozen Teutonic knights to support him and his Irish command. Within half an hour Bethlehem was De Lacy's, at the cost of ten men. He rounded up the renegade Lallemant, a quiet, pale young Saracen, and his children and womenfolk.

"So you have accepted Islam," laughed De Lacy. "We will now see what your Saracen friends will do for you. Your wife is a daughter of the Emir Yussuf's. I think there's about seven thousand gold pieces in this lot. I promised you solid money, young O'Neill."

"De Lacy"—O'Neill looked keenly at him—"you are my officer, and when you fight, I fight. I'm not sure Lemon-face"—he nodded at the Polish knight—"has any title here. But I know this: All you've contracted to do is to make this poor devil give up possession. If you hold the family now to ransom, you are doing an unwise thing."

"Getting seven thousand pieces of gold is not unwise."

"De Lacy, we may swing for it"

"As if all of us, my boy, didn't risk our necks every week here!" De Lacy chuckled. "Not our necks, I'll grant, but our skins for a few lousy pilgrims' sous. I'll risk my neck cheerfully for seven thousand gold zechins."

The women were terrified, huddling together, but the children had ceased sobbing since Miles began to speak. The young Saracen's face might have been carved out of burned earth, so little interest did it show. The mouth still held the slight smile of scorn.

"It will be unlucky money," Miles urged, knowing De Lacy's weak spot. "You would lose it the first big game you went into. Oh, Ulick of my heart"—he changed into Gaelic speech—"is it in your mind to give up this place to that scabby Dantsic rat?"

"It is not in my mind," De Lacy laughed.

"Then, for God's sake, give the man on the wrong side of the bargain his luck money and let him go."

"He'll be back in a week with his wife's people."

"They'll be here anyway."

"All right, let them go." Miles began to explain in Arabic they were free. "But look you, young O'Neill, don't give them the best the stable has, or you'll talk to me."

The sallow Polander raised shrill protest when he saw the prisoners depart. "Are you for letting them go?"

"What else?" said De Lacy dangerously.

"But couldn't we keep his wife? As a hostage?"

"Ha! He takes us for women dealers, this one!" De Lacy cursed him terribly. "And now, you! In a week there'll be fighting here—savage, wolves' fighting. You must go at once to the emperor at Brundusium, and tell him what you have done. Barbarossa has the right to certify you in your holding. But before you go you must get your writer to give me and my lieutenant here, Miles O'Neill, authority to hold this place for you. And you will say that we do it only out of Christian zeal, and urged to it by you."

"You do it for nothing?"

"Not a brown penny in it for us."

"Then I shall write it at once, and start at once."

"Won't you wait for the fighting?" asked De Lacy.

"I think it most important to put the case before the emperor as quickly as possible."

"If he goes to Barbarossa," De Lacy told Miles, "we shall never see him again. No, never again."

"Because of what, De Lacy?"

"Because"—De Lacy roared his most shattering laugh—"because old Red Whiskers will hang him!"

VI

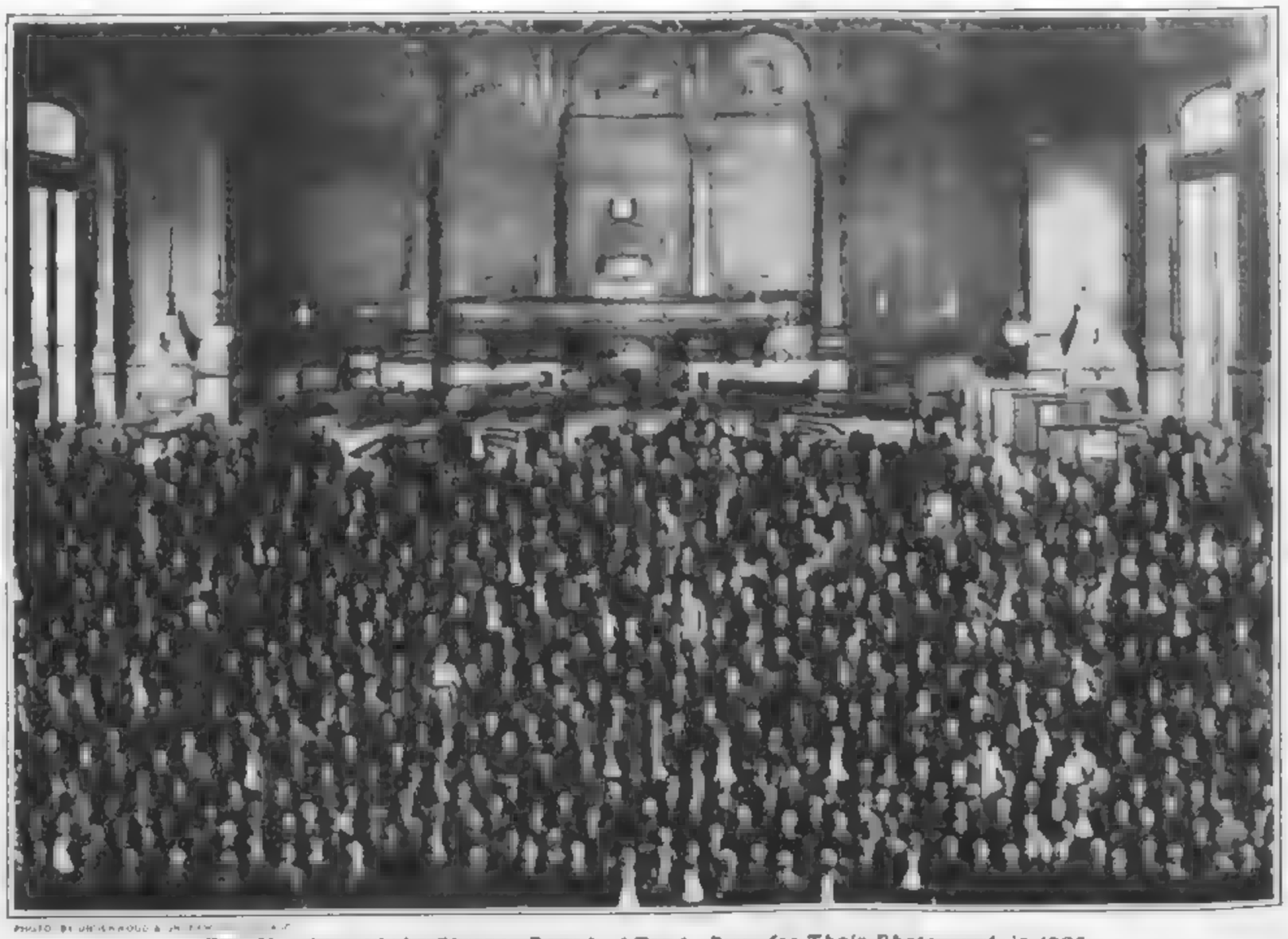
DE LACY was silent as he went his rounds. De Lacy drank no wine. In his moonlike red face his eyes became pin pricks. He whistled tunelessly as he examined

(Continued on Page 72)

The Sallow Polander Raised Shrill Protest When He Saw the Prisoners Depart. "Are You for Letting Them Go?" "What Else?" Said De Lacy Dangerously

IN THE WHEAT PIT

By James A. Patten
In Collaboration With Boyden Sparkes



The Members of the Chicago Board of Trade Pose for Their Photograph in 1905

THE first time I ever made any big money was in a corn deal. It was the year Baring Brothers, the great London banking house, was on the verge of failure. There had been a drought, and the corn crop was withering. Brother George and I were long corn. We had about 1,500,000 bushels. We had not been able to buy more because we did not have the capital. With the corn in the fields burning up for lack of moisture, the price had been fifty-five cents a bushel. Then it began to rain and everyone was talking as if the rain was going to save the crop.

"You can't bring a dead horse to life," I said to the boys. I had been out to look at the fields and I knew the corn was past saving. Nevertheless, the rain caused the price to break down to forty-six cents, and on top of that came the menace of a failure of Baring Brothers. They had gone too heavily into Argentine railways, and the world was full of rumors of their impending collapse. London then was the center of the financial machinery of the world, and as Baring Brothers had been one of the strongest banking houses in Great Britain, there was no telling how far-reaching might be the effects of their closing. We knew that trouble in London meant trouble in New York, and trouble there might have meant disaster in Chicago. Brother George and I had plenty to worry about. Earlier in that deal I had made long trips through the Corn Belt, going by train into the heart of the producing region, hiring a rig and then driving many miles through the fields. I was satisfied that no power could save the biggest portion of the crop, but the London situation made us feel insecure.

The Annual Gamble With the Weather

I USED to go nearly every day in Chicago to see H. R. Simons, who was called the watchdog of the First National Bank, to get his opinion of the situation. He was a shrewd banker, and I had great confidence in his financial judgment. Finally he said to me:

"They are working hard on the Baring Brothers matter in London. My opinion is that there will be no failure. The financial institutions there won't allow it. The disaster would be too great. They will pull Baring Brothers through." And they did. The Argentine then was not a large producer of corn, and the drought here was a serious matter for Europe. Corn went to seventy cents and, as the market advanced, Brother George and I let go of what we had. Our judgment was sound because our information was correct.

People generally entertain a great many wrong ideas about the grain markets, and, in fact, about all commodity markets. If a trader was anxious to learn what Pardridge was going to do, what Armour's position was, how Old Hutch was trading, it was not because those men controlled the market, but because, especially in the case of Armour, they were supposed to have sound information upon which to form their judgments.

Often, with all the facts concerning the market, a man would do well to postpone making up his mind until certain mysteries incased in the tough green sheathings of the ears of corn have been made clear. There are a few dramatic days in every crop year when the farmers are tortured with suspense. A hot wind at certain times may burn up a crop in three days' time. Such a calamity may occur if a wind that is too hot blows on the delicate life-giving pollen of the tassels. When that happens the corn fails to fertilize, and that wealth-creating miracle of reproduction toward the fulfillment of which all of the farm energy of plowing, planting and cultivating has been directed for months fails to occur. There stand the stalks, but only a few of them have nourished seed. The yield is low; farmers' sons have to postpone their departure to school; the old car must be made to run another year, and sometimes the penalty is far worse. In years when the maturing of the crop is delayed, frost may blight the corn. All you have to know about a frost, to reckon the damage, is the temperature. People do not always remember that corn is a tropical plant. The nights as well as the days must be hot for its satisfactory development.

One of the fundamental traits of my character is a habit of relying on my own judgment once it is formed. If all the traders in the wheat pit were selling wheat when I believed there was going to be a shortage, I would buy, and not be changed by their clamor. This does not mean I have ever been afraid to alter an opinion once formed. There have been times when, discovering I was wrong, I have run like a scared cat. But if I have valued my own opinion, it has been because of the trouble to which I have gone, as a rule, before forming it.

W. H. Bartlett. At Left—Charles L. Hutchinson

There is still talk on the edges of the wheat pit of the year of the black rust. That time there had been a lot of gossip around the exchange about black rust in the Northwest, but there was no definite information, so that finally I determined to find out for myself.

I got on a train for Fargo, North Dakota, and there I hired an automobile and rode fifty or sixty miles along a road that ran through an endless field of wheat. Here and there on the rolling landscape were the clusters of houses and barns that sheltered the attendants of that growing grain. Those farm families may not have thought so then and they may not think so now, but I was equally with them an attendant of all that plant life so vital to the welfare of mankind. Were it not for the men who run the railroads, who operate the elevators, who navigate the ships, who supply the credit by which that means of sustaining human life goes from farm to market, those wheat fields might as well be left to grow weeds.

Black-Rust Year

I JOURNEYED by automobile from Fargo to Grand Forks, and the black rust was awful. I could not understand why the reports had been so vague. The fields appeared dirty from the road. It seemed as if black soot had been sprinkled over them. When the spores of this parasite get into the heads of the wheat it is seriously damaged.

I took a night train out of Dakota for Minneapolis and talked with one of the important grain dealers there.

"Got any word about black rust?" I asked him. There is always a great deal of human satisfaction in putting the other fellow in a position where he can't discount the importance of your news by saying he has known it all along. "Have you heard whether it's bad?"

"Oh," he replied, as if to dismiss the subject, "we have had a little complaint."

"A little complaint, hey?" I exclaimed. "Well, I just want to tell you that you are sitting over dynamite. I tell you the wheat has gone. You had better tell your station men to leave their elevators and get out into the fields to make an examination." Then I started for Chicago, having previously sent an order to buy wheat.

Well, the telegrams commenced to come into the board from all sections of the Northwest telling of the ruin that had been visited on the crops. The market went on fire. The shorts, covering, sent the price up where it belonged in view of the coming scarcity. The traders literally had to fight their way in and out of the pit. Anyone watching that scene from the galleries must have felt that they were seeing a lot of madmen. Hundreds of perspiring figures clustered in a wooden bowl, yelling themselves hoarse and signaling with frantic hands. There the hand outflung is an invitation to buyers; when the gesture is toward the man who makes it, it is an invitation to sellers.

Ever since that black-rust year there have been recurrences of black-rust scares. It takes peculiar weather to bring it out, but the infection is capable of spreading very fast, for it travels on the wind. It develops in hot, sultry weather when there is plenty of moisture, and if it comes at a time when the wheat is heading out, it works havoc with the crops.

Two or three years after that time which we traders still call the black-rust year there was another bad scare. We could not tell from the reports we had what the situation was, and so I went into the Northwest to make a personal inspection. I got off the train at Watertown about six o'clock in the evening. As the days were long I knew I had two hours of daylight left, and decided to go into the fields at once.

I happened to meet the fellow who had sent us the black-rust report that had brought me up there, so I said to him:

"You take me to the field where you saw that infection."

We drove out into the country and presently came to a field where he said dramatically:

"There!"

I climbed out of the car and went into the field. "Why," I said, after making an examination, "this is not black rust."

There were a few spots on the stems, but the heads were clean. When those black spots attack the heads it saps the vitality right out of the grain, but a few black spots on the straw after it is glazed do not hurt it any. I wired Chicago that night, and the next morning the market went right down.

When I have made those trips through the fields of grain I have not gone as an expert. I do not regard myself as an expert. Any good farmer knows as much about growing crops. Some of them know more, but the farmer is occupied with one farm, and I think, instead, of tens of thousands of farms. There is no mystery about it. Just common horse sense is all there is to it. Only you want to be sure you have common sense. It is by no means as common as it should be.

The Home of the Chicago Board of Trade

Quenching Their Fiery Zeal

THE rewards for common sense are large in any field. What money I have derived from speculation has been a reward for common sense. It may be that the reward was too large, but what I know of the law of supply and demand impels me to believe that this is not so. At any rate I have had for many years a keen sense of the responsibility that goes with the possession of wealth. I have given freely of time and money to many civic projects. For two years I was mayor of Evanston, where I live. I suppose I shall be recalled for many years as the mayor who squirted water from the fire hose on the Dowieites.

It was natural for me to move to Evanston to live when I began to raise a family. I had retained pleasant memories of its wide avenues, like spacious green corridors, from the days of my youth when I was a student at Northwestern University Preparatory School. So in 1901 I became the mayor of Evanston and retained that office for one term.

I ran for mayor in a fit of pique against the incumbent, Tom Bates. Nobody asked me to run. I just calmly decided the matter for myself. I think it was a statement issued by Bates that settled the matter for me. As a member of the city council I had commented on his procedure as a candidate, and Bates retaliated by saying publicly, "If Patten is the boss of the council, why not elect the boss mayor and be done with it?" I ran and they did. So when the Dowie trouble developed I had to deal with it.

The white-bearded John Alexander Dowie's followers were holding nightly meetings in the streets of Evanston. His preachments concerned faith cures, condemned the use of tobacco, the flesh of swine, and certain other customs of American humanity. I had no quarrel with all that, but in those meetings in the streets of Evanston the Dowie disciples were making attacks on the creed and practices of another church. Voliva, who now rules Zion, Illinois, was conducting those meetings.

Because they were held in the streets the meetings were a nuisance, and then some of the men of the town came to me and said that there would certainly be trouble if the meetings continued. Some of the symptoms of trouble were alarming anyway, so I gave orders that the street meetings had to cease. Voliva and his crowd went ahead with their plans for another meeting, so I went ahead with mine. I gave orders to the chief of police to have all his men on duty and I instructed the chief of the fire department to have a couple of lines of hose hooked up ready for use.

That night the Dowie followers gathered as usual, but there were several thousand other people present who had come with the intention of attending not a religious meeting but a riot. Voliva was on a soap box or some other kind of stand. The women were grouped around the speaker and on the outside were the men. The men had locked arms so that no outsider could break through.

Franklin P. Frazier

The speaking began. I gave orders to the police chief to haul the speaker off his perch, but as soon as that was done another of the Dowie followers mounted the rostrum and began to speak. I guess we must have hauled down four or five of them when I got up on the box and ordered the crowd to disperse. Reading the riot act seemed to have no effect, so I told the firemen to turn on the water. Then the crowd scattered, but a lot of them got wet.

Some of the speakers had been taken to the police station, and when I got there Voliva accosted me, saying, "Are you the mayor?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, what are you going to do with us?"

Settled, or Unsettled, Out of Court

"LOOK out of the window," I said. There were thousands of people swirling around. "Think you're safe? Those boys'll mob you if you go out there now."

"What about the men downstairs?"

"I'll let you all go as soon as this crowd is cleared away, if you will agree to hold your meetings hereafter in a hall. But you can't abuse people on our streets."

He promised and that ended it, or nearly so. In a day or so a messenger came up to me on the Board of Trade and told me some men were inquiring for me in the corridor.

I went out and one of them, a Dowieite, came up and said, "You're the mayor of Evanston."

"Yes," said I.

"Well, I had a daughter at that meeting in Evanston and she got all wet when the fire hose was turned on the gathering. I want to know who is going to pay for her dress."

"I can tell you one thing," I said to him "I am not."

He began to bluster and I took him by the arm, leading him to a window.

"Down there, four blocks," I said, "is the courthouse. If you want to collect from me for your daughter's dress, go there and sue me. And if you don't think you can find the courthouse, I'll show you the way."

That was the end of that incident; but today in Zion, a few miles to the north of Evanston, on the lake shore, Mr. Voliva is a much, much sterner mayor than ever I was. I never held political office after that, although I was invited to run for Congress. It did not appeal to me, though, because I should have had to neglect my business.

One year when I got a lot of May corn the weather had been so wet the farmers

(Continued on Page 169)

The Board of Trade Caught in an Active Moment, 1907

THE BELLAMY TRIAL

"When She Got Out at the Orchards Corner She Started Off Almost at a Run"

By Frances Noyes Hart

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

IV

"WELL, this is the time you beat me to it," commented the reporter approvingly, taking his accustomed seat beside the red-headed girl. "That's the hat I like too. Want a pencil?"

"I always want a pencil," said the red-headed girl. "And I beat everybody to it. I'd rather get here at six o'clock than go through that howling mob of maniacs one single time more. Besides, I've given up sleeping, so I might as well be here. Besides, I thought that if I got here early you might tell me whether it was Mr. Ives or Mr. Farwell who did it."

"Who did what?"

"Who killed Mrs. Bellamy."

"Oh, Lord!" groaned the reporter. "Why is it that every mortal soul at a murder trial spends his life trying to pin the crime on to anyone in the world but the people being tried for it? Talk about juries!"

"I'm not talking about juries," said the red-headed girl firmly. "I'm talking about Mr. Farwell and Mr. Ives. Don't you think that it was funny that Mr. Farwell was there that day?"

"Oh, comical as all get out! Still and all, I believe that he was there precisely when he said he was. That poor devil was telling the truth."

"How do you know?" inquired the red-headed girl respectfully.

"Oh, you get hunches at this game when you've been at it long enough."

"That must be nice. Did you get a hunch about Mr. Ives?"

"About Pat Ives? I haven't heard him yet."

"What did it mean, his not being at that poker game?"

"Well, it might have meant anything in the world—or nothing. The only thing that's perfectly clear is that it meant that last night was undoubtedly one of wassail and carouse for Uncle Dudley Lambert."

"Why?"

"My dear child, didn't you see the look of unholy glee that flooded the old gentleman's countenance when he realized that young Mr. Ives hadn't a shadow of an alibi for that eventful evening?"

"Well, but why?"

"Because the only thing that Uncle Dudley would as soon do as save his angel goddaughter from the halter is to drape one around Pat Ives' neck. He's hated Pat ever since he dared to subject his precious Sue to a life of good healthy hardship in New York; he's never forgiven him for estranging her from her father; and since he found out that he betrayed her with the Bellamy girl, he's been simply imbecile with rage. And now through some heaven-sent fluke he's enabled to put his life in jeopardy. He's almost out of his head. He'd better go a bit warily, however. If I can read the human countenance—and it may interest you to know that I can—Mrs. Patrick Ives is not entirely in favor of sending her unworthy spouse to the gallows. She had a monitory look in her eye that bodes ill for Uncle Dudley if she ever realizes what he's doing."

The red-headed girl heaved an unhappy sigh. "Well, I don't believe that anyone did it," she remarked speciously. "Not anyone here, I mean. Burglars, probably, or one of those funny organizations, or ——"

"Silence, silence! The court!"

Mr. Farr had a new purple necktie, somber and impressive; Mr. Lambert was a trifle more frivolous, though the polka dots were discreet; Mrs. Ives wore the same tweed suit, the same copper-colored hat. Heavens, it might as well be a uniform!

"Call Miss Cordier."

"Miss Melanie Cordier!"

The slim elegance of the figure in the severely simple black coat and black *cloche* hat was especially startling when one remembered that Miss Melanie Cordier was the waitress in the Ives household. It was a trifle more comprehensible when one remembered that she was as Gallic as her name implied. With her creamy skin, her long black eyes and smooth black curves of hair, her lacquer-red mouth exactly matching the lacquer-red camellia on her lapel, Miss Cordier bore a striking resemblance to a fashion magazine's cover design. She mounted the witness box with profound composure and seated herself, elaborately at ease.

"Miss Cordier, what was your occupation on the nineteenth of June, 1926?"

"I was waitress in the employment of Mrs. Patrick Ives." There was only the faintest trace of accent in the clear syllables—a slight softening of consonants and broadening of vowels, becoming enough variations on an Anglo-Saxon theme.

"How long had you been in her employ?"

"A year and nine month—ten month. I could not be quite sure."

"How did you happen to go to Mrs. Ives?"

"It was through Mrs. Bellamy that I go."

"Mrs. Stephen Bellamy?"

"Yes, sir, through Mrs. Stephen Bellamy."

"Will you tell us just how that happened, Miss Cordier?"

"Assuredly. My little younger sister had been sent by an agency three or four years ago to Mrs. Bellamy directly

when she land in this country. She was quite inexperience, you understand, and could not command a position such as one trained could demand; but Mrs. Bellamy was good to her and she work hard, and after a while she marries a young man who drives for the grocer and they ——."

"Yes, quite so, Miss Cordier. My question was, how did Mrs. Bellamy happen to send you to Mrs. Ives?"

"Yes, that is what I explain." Miss Cordier, exquisitely unruffled, pursued the even tenor of her way. "Sometime when my sister was there with Mrs. Bellamy I would go out to show her what she should do. For me, I have been a waitress for eight years and am well experience. Well, then I see Mrs. Bellamy and tell her that if sometime she knows of a excellent position in that Rosemont, I would take it so that sometime I could see my little sister who is marrying that young man from the grocer's. And about two years ago, maybe, she write to me to say that her friend Mrs. Patrick Ives she is looking for a extremely superior waitress. So that is how I go to Mrs. Ives."

"Are you still in the employ of Mrs. Ives?"

"No. On June twentieth I resign, since I am not quite content with something that have happen."

"Did this occurrence have anything to do with the death of Mrs. Bellamy?"

"That I do not say. But I was not content."

"Miss Cordier, have you seen this book before? I call your attention to its title—Stone on Commercial Paper, Volume III."

Miss Cordier's black eyes swept it perfunctorily. "Yes, that book I know."

"When did you last see it?"

"The night of June nineteenth, about nine o'clock."

"Where?"

"In the study of Mr. Ives."

"What particularly brought it to your attention, Miss Cordier?"

"Because I take it out of the corner by the desk to look inside it."

"For what purpose?"

"Because I want to see whether a note I put there that afternoon still was there."

"And was that note still there, Miss Cordier?"

"No, monsieur, that note, it was gone."

The prosecutor tossed the impressive volume carelessly onto the clerk's desk. "I offer this volume in evidence, Your Honor."

"Any objections?" Judge Carver turned an inquiring eye on the bulky figure of Dudley Lambert hovering uncertainly over the buckram-clad repository of correspondence.

Mr. Lambert, shifting from one foot to the other, eyed the volume as though he were endeavoring to decide whether it were an infernal machine or a jewel casket, and with one final convulsive effort arrived at a conclusion: "No objection."

"Miss Cordier, to whom was the note that you placed in the book addressed?"

"It was addressed to Mr. Patrick Ives."

"Was it written by you?"

"Ah, no, no, monsieur."

"Do you know by whom it was written?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"By whom?"

"By Mrs. Stephen Bellamy."

"And how did it happen that you were in possession of a note from Mrs. Bellamy to Mr. Ives?"

"It was the habit of Mrs. Bellamy to mail to me letters that she desire to have reach Mr. Ives, without anyone should know. Outside there would be my name on the envelope; inside there would be a more small envelope with the name of Mr. Ives on it. That one I would put in the book."

"You had been doing this for some time?"

"For some time, yes—six months—maybe eight."

"How many notes had you placed there, to the best of your recollection?"

"Ah, that I am not quite sure—ten—twelve—twenty—who knows? At first once a month, maybe; that last month, two and three each week."

"At what time did you put the note there?"

"Maybe fifteen minutes before seven, maybe twenty. After half-past six, I know, and not yet seven."

"Was that your usual habit?"

"Oh, no, monsieur; it was my habit to put them there in the night, when I make dark the house. Half-past six, that was a very bad time, because quite easily someone might see."

"Then why did you choose that time, Miss Cordier?"

"Oh, but I do not choose. You see, it was like this: That night, when MacDonald, the chauffeur, bring in the letters a little bit after six, this one it was there for me, in a envelope that was write on it Urgent. On the little envelope inside it say Urgent—Very Urgent in letters with lines under them most black, and so I know that there is great haste that Mr. Patrick Ives he should get that letter quick. So I start to go to the study, but there in the hall is all those people who have come from the club, and Mrs. Ives she send me quick to get some *canapés*, and Mr. Dallas he come with me to show me what he want for the cocktails—limes and honey and all those thing, you know." She looked appealingly at the prosecutor from the long black eyes and for a moment his tense countenance relaxed into a grim smile.

"You were about to tell us why you placed the note there at that time."

"Yes; that is what I tell. Well, I wait and I wait for those people to go home, and still they do not go, but I dare not go in so long as across the hall from the study they all stay in that living room. But after a while I

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"She Stand There Looking Up at My Window, and I See Her Clear Like it is Day"

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PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 1, 1927

Confusion Worse Confounded

THE ability of the American people to govern themselves is undergoing one of the severest tests since the founding of the Republic, and the outcome can hardly be other than order or chaos. We refer to a solution of the problem of traffic, especially to that of accidents on streets and highways, resulting, as they do, in the death each year of more than twenty thousand persons and injury to a far larger number.

These two related problems, of traffic and accident, are of extraordinary complexity. They must be approached from one of two points of view—or perhaps from both—the human and the mechanical. In either case the first thought is that existing streets and highways were not, for the most part, built or intended for the individually driven trackless motor car; or, to put the idea the other way around, the automobile is not fitted for the congested street or highway, lacking, as it does, the safety of two confining rails.

Those who view the problem mechanically insist that in the future the streets and highways must be built with a view to the protection of human life, and not merely, as Mr. Hoover has put it, to provide a temporary means of transportation. In other words, we must have great numbers of one-way streets and roadways without intersections.

There must be by-passes and a thousand and one devices to render motor movement mechanically safe. In the larger cities this method will necessitate many levels of streets—one for pedestrians, one for railroads or street cars, one for trucks and busses, one for fast passenger cars and one for slow. According to this view, the cities will consist of a network of bores, tubes, tunnels, subways, and the like. By abolishing intersections and classifying traffic minutely and severely according to destination, speed and type of vehicle, accidents will be reduced to a minimum.

Those who take the human view of the problem blame the driver or the pedestrian, or both. It is said that many people do not know how to drive, do not know the traffic laws and do not want to know them. We are told that most accidents occur in clear, dry weather and to machines which are in mechanically good condition. The road hog, the speeder, the cut-in driver—all are held up to execration. There are persons who advocate compulsory insurance, and a few extremists who suggest that the state place mechanical devices on all cars to prevent high speeds.

Much attention has been given to safety education, especially in the public schools. Automobile associations keep insisting that if only drivers would show common courtesy there would be fewer accidents. The demand for more stringent examination of those seeking drivers' licenses grows apace. No remark these days is more often heard than that immense numbers of people should not be allowed to drive cars at all

The whole question is puzzling in the extreme. The streets and highways of the country cannot be rebuilt in a day into foolproof, intersectionless conduits. Nor can tens of millions of people be constantly examined by the state to determine their exact mental, nervous and physical condition, including hearing, eyesight and muscular reaction, not to mention such qualities as courtesy, common decency and consideration for others.

Neither the highways nor human nature can be made over quickly, but there are helpful steps which can be taken at once, without cost and without price. If they are not adopted swiftly the American people will stand condemned of utter incapacity for self-government and of a preference for chaos rather than for order.

We refer, of course, to the inexpensive expedient of adopting uniform traffic laws and regulations throughout the country. At the present time if a man sticks his hand out of a car the drivers behind him do not know what he means if they happen to come from other states. As President Henry, of the American Automobile Association, says:

"It should not be very difficult to reach a national accord on such a simple, though vital, matter as warning signals of intention to stop or turn, and so on. But even here confusion prevails. The majority of states prescribe merely that a timely warning be given, but custom has brought about an infinite variety of hand and arm signals, resulting in confusion and increased hazard."

Many states require the examination of drivers, but there are many which do not. Indeed, astonishing as it may seem, there are states—or were, according to a recent compilation—which require neither examination nor license to drive. The privileges granted to nonresident operators vary from fifteen days to six months. As it is now, a tourist or business man traveling in states other than the one in which he has an operator's license may be put to great inconvenience or even arrested through unavoidable ignorance. Then, too, there is no uniformity as to brake requirements, and there is the greatest possible diversity among the states as to lighting requirements.

Nor is there uniformity among the states regarding these matters: Which vehicle shall have the right of way at intersections and under other given circumstances; what highways shall be through highways, how they shall be designated and to what extent a boulevard system with lighting signals of a certain character is applicable to all cities; the passing of street cars; what to do on approach of fire or police department vehicles.

Even within a single state we encounter different standards of law enforcement from place to place. Every degree and standard of courtesy, helpfulness and firmness in enforcement is found. Some communities pay no attention to dense traffic and others regulate light traffic rigidly.

If states and municipalities must be led by the hand of gentle but specific Federal encouragement, we suppose that Mr. Hoover, although already overworked in other directions, is the best person to lead them. But what a terrible indictment of the ability of states, cities and towns to govern themselves! Governor Ritchie, of Maryland, and others view with much alarm the encroachment of Federal authority upon the prerogatives of the states. But if the legislatures of the different states haven't enough instinct of human self-preservation to agree upon a uniform signal for a man who sticks his hand out of an automobile window, then we can expect Federal activities in the future to make those of the present look like thirty cents.

No automobile driver can possibly know or understand all the varying laws and regulations governing his actions, as they change from town to town and from state to state. There is no reason whatever for the failure of states to adopt uniform traffic laws and regulations except sheer incompetence of government.

It is worse than futile to talk about any substantial reduction or prevention of accidents until uniformity of traffic regulation has been attained. When that is done drivers can be expected to understand and abide by the rules. As it is now, the situation is so chaotic that public opinion will not stand for the severe punishment of drivers. Everyone knows that everyone else is driving in a haze of semi-ignorance. Once the situation is simplified and standardized, the driver can be held for failure to signal and for other infractions of regulations as directly as a railroad engineer is disciplined for going past a warning to stop.

Captains of the Mind

AT A DINNER given some months ago to Prof. John Bates Clark, the economist, on the occasion of his eightieth birthday, President Butler of Columbia University described the guest of honor as a captain of the mind who has recruited, trained and organized an army of believers in the mind and what it is and can do. Like a sunken river, it may work powerfully and yet be out of sight.

Certainly Professor Clark, unpretentious, sincere and clear of vision, deserves every word of praise uttered by colleagues and former students on his eightieth anniversary. But we wonder how carefully President Butler thought through his subject when he said that the practical man, like a miner, goes down each morning into his pit "with such illumination as comes from the little lamp which is fixed on the peak of his cap, and he goes about his daily task with intelligence, with success, with industry, but without the remotest appreciation of what it is all about. He has no suspicion of the intricacies of trade and commerce and finance that are built upon and grow out of the daily work of his hands. He plays his part in isolated unconsciousness of the meaning of it all."

Beyond question this is true of many practical men, as well as of numbers who are not practical. But failure to understand "what it is all about" is not an occupational defect. There are even some professors who suffer from the same affliction.

President Butler says it is the poet and philosopher who understand; but the qualities of a captain of the mind and the attributes of a poet or philosopher cut across vocational lines. These gifts are horizontal rather than vertical.

There are natures to whom thought and vision belong, even though they be big butter-and-egg men, and there others who remain lumps of clay after receiving the degree of doctor of philosophy. We have captains of industry of narrow and restricted vision and we have others who deserve the title of captain of the mind as fully as any cloistered pedant ever did. The truly stimulating intellects are found in unexpected places and in every walk of life.

Benedetto Croce, the Italian philosopher, has said that there are four kinds of geniuses: Those in the arts, those who deal in logic and metaphysics, the saints, and those in finance and industry. We all know about the second class, but take very little interest in them. He adds that there is no jealousy of the first and third groups, because they give without taking, but most men would like to be in the fourth group and are therefore envious of their achievements.

Regardless of this ingenious theory, it is poor policy to belittle the minds of practical men. There are those who know something of what it is all about and there are those who do not. The object is to encourage the former type. Men like Professor Clark, who give their lives to the philosophy of affairs rather than to affairs themselves, are always needed for their light and leading. But any system that places its captains of the mind and captains of practical affairs in wholly separate and air-tight compartments has about it an element of the artificial. We hope that our civilization is more shot through with insight and vision than that.

AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN PROSPERITY—By Alonzo E. Taylor

THE International Economic Conference, held in Geneva in May of this year, convened primarily for discussion of the economic situation of Europe. This outstanding objective of the conference was forecast in the resolution of the Assembly of the League of Nations passed on September 24, 1925, wherein the Assembly expressed itself as "persuaded of the necessity of investigating the economic difficulties which stand in the way of the revival of general prosperity and of ascertaining the best means of overcoming these difficulties and of preventing disputes." Neither hemispheres nor continents nor countries were named; but it is obvious that unsatisfactory conditions in Europe, rather than elsewhere, formed the basis of the call to conference. The preparatory documents, the report of the Trade Barriers Committee of the International Chamber of Commerce, and the international manifesto on European trade barriers issued some months ago made it clear that the conference was to be devoted to European affairs.

Looking back on the deliberations of the recent conference, one is led to wonder whether a still sharper formulation of the agenda might not have been expedient and advantageous. The conference might have been convoked to consider certain disabilities of Europe and to recommend policies whereby, with the assistance of other countries, Europe might reconstruct her economic relations and practices But such a rigid formulation of the agenda was not politically possible, because it would have been held to have circumscribed too narrowly that interdependence of countries upon which the League of Nations rests.

There is much historic and philosophic speculation on the decline of the Occident, in particular on the decline of Europe. In 1852 William H. Seward wrote as follows:

> Who does not see, then, that every year hereafter, European commerce, European politics, European thoughts, and European activity, although actually gaining greater force—and European connections, although actually becoming more intimate—will, nevertheless, relatively sink in importance; while the Pacific Ocean, its shores, its islands, and the vast regions beyond, will become the chief theatre of events in the world's great hereafter?

Rejecting the prophecy of the decline of the Occident, the best minds in Europe are attempting to bury the psychology of war and to erect a psychology of peace, to outlaw war and to inlaw peace. They undertake objectively to analyze the disabilities under which they are suffering and seek to draw to their assistance the support of outside countries.

To a considerable extent, possibly to a deeper extent than was conveyed to the American delegation, many European delegates came to the conference under a sort of defeatist complex in respect to the United States. This term is not used in an invidious sense; to some extent it was a frame of mind, a misgiving, an implication, rather than a conviction. This complex was based on the feeling that lack of prosperity in Europe was due to the prosperity of the United States. In some indefinable way many Europeans feel that they have so little because we have so much. Various older economists believed that only a certain sum was available for wages a sort of wage fund— and if particular workers secured a larger share, this was at the expense of other workers.

Thus, many Europeans seem to infer that there is only so much prosperity over the globe and if one country acquires a large portion, this means that other countries have less. Just as there is only so much gold in the world to serve

Continued on Page 161)

YOU PLACE 'EM, JUDGE

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

HENRY, DID YOU EVER IN YOUR LIFE HEAR SUCH A RALKET?
I'LL COMPLAIN TO THE LANDLORD ABOUT HIS
KNOCK! KNOCK!! HEY! NOT SO MUCH NOISE IN THERE!

The World-Famous Tenor Who Sang While He Shaved!

Philly. Maybe we'll make Newark; they got one of those chain hotels there with a historical name. A fellow learns a lot of history that way.

Some of these places like Valley Forge oughta be on the main highway. They got Gettysburg that way, you notice—go right through onna Lincoln. You get the whole thing without stoppin'. Some day they'll be movin' the relics from Valley Forge and puttin' them on the main road. No use to have a store or a theater on a side street. Take Mount Vernon—put that onna Baltimore Pike an' it would double the old volume the first year.

—McCready Huston.

A Heaven for Two

OH, THE wedding bells, my darling, soon will ring for you and me,
And we'll have a little love nest just as snug as it can be;
With a bed of rambler roses just outside our cottage door,
Far away from dirty pavements and the city's rush and roar.
There we'll sit and dream together underneath the azure skies,

"Please, Stop Giggling! You'll Shake Yourself Out of My Arms." "I Can't Help It, Professor, I'm Giggling to Think How Nervous You'll be When I Become Hysterical!"

Where mosquitoes never bother and there are not any flies;
We'll be very close to heaven in that peaceful atmosphere,
On a rent of fifteen thousand bucks a year.

CHORUS:

In a penthouse on a roof in New York City;
That's the kind of home I'm going to give to you.

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The Cowboy and the Boy Cow

THE Cowboy ropes the coy Cow
And gives her tail a pull,
But does not tease the Boy Cow,
For that would be a bull.
—A. Gutterman.

Tourist Thinking

THERE'S the turn for Valley Forge, where Washington give Cornwallis the old sword back. We oughta take that in. They prob'ly got the sword and everything. I'd turn over there, but if I keep steppin' on her we'll make Trenton tonight instead of

The Home Team

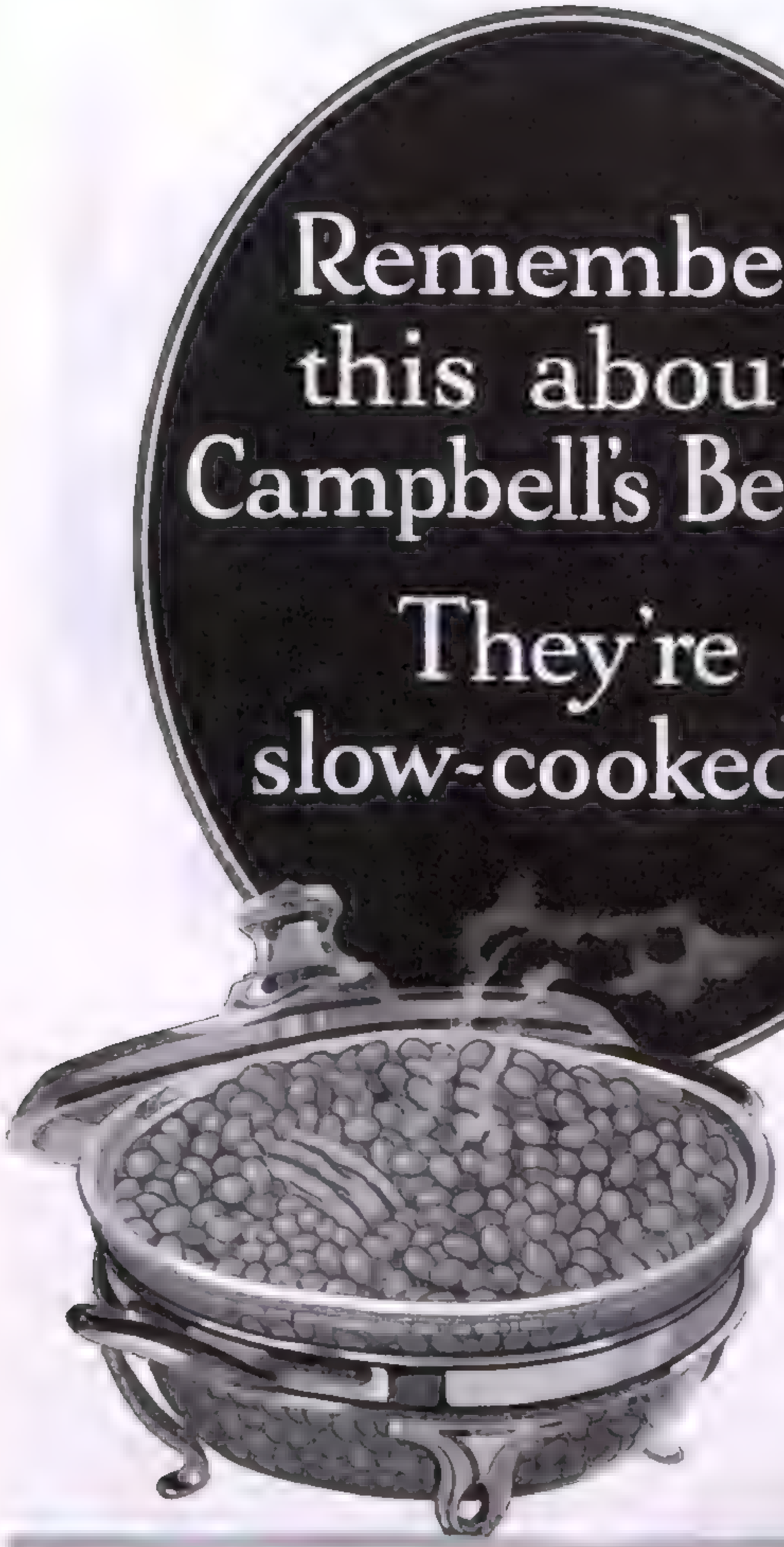
McNAB AND HIS NEIGHBORS

"It is Neighborly o' Ye, Mrs. Beans, to Call—I Hope Ye Brought Mr. Beans Wi' Ye"

"Yes, He and Mr. McNab are Visiting Around the Corner. I Do Hope They Will be Great Friends"

"Boston? Huh! All Ye Ken is Codfish, Brown Bread and Beans! Did Ye Ever Hear o' Bobby Burns?" "The Scotch? Phew! Not a Thought Above Haggis and Porridge—Fudge! What About Emerson, Lowell and—John L. Sullivan?"

Remember this about Campbell's Beans: They're slow-cooked!



If it were possible for you to see a composite moving picture of all the food stores in the United States and to watch the great host of women, day in and day out, selecting Campbell's as their favorite beans . . .

You would want to know the secret of such unusual popularity.

"Quality always finds its market." And quality in beans requires, in addition to the finest ingredients, long, patient, slow cooking. So Campbell's Beans are tender, yielding and meaty . . . cooked to the very heart. Every single bean is richly nutritious and digestible. Every bean is a mellow delight to the taste.

And Campbell's famous tomato sauce adds the last touch in delicious flavor!

12 cents a can

Except in Rocky Mountain States and in Canada

Campbells' BEANS

SLOW-COOKED DIGESTIBLE

George H. Jay and the Lady From Moolgamoolloo

By Bertram Atkey

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

Lady Sandacre Had Understood Instantly, and Had Enthusiastically Entered Upon the Joyous Task of Showing Mr. Jay Just Exactly What a Lady of Taste Could Do in Three Days to Get a Girl Like Maryhill Looking Her Best

ALTHOUGH by means which, scrutinized too closely by a purist in business affairs, might be liable somewhat seriously to curdle his purity for days on end, Mr. George Henry Jay had enthusiastically built up for himself a rather more than modest fortune, he had not at middle age faced that happylike doom which transforms men from careless, irresponsible bachelors into comparatively careful, more or less responsible husbands.

It was the old Finch Court anteater's plaint, when in plaintive mood, that a high-class agent to the aristocracy is usually so busy steering others into or guiding them out of the lovelyish labyrinth of marriage that he has little time for creating a Garden of Eden for two.

But he certainly had found time to create for one—himself—an extremely attractive and comfortable home in the coziest corner of Surrey; lacking only that *je ne sais quoi* which a married lady can stamp upon it, when she gets home from her dancing and golf and bridge or any other of the necessary alleviations and ameliorations of her state.

It was but human that the gentle George, having garnered at least enough for any reasonable two for the rest of their natural lives, should find his thoughts turning more and more to the subject of securing for himself the complete world's copyright in a lady of his very own. As, in his confidential moments, he was apt to put it to that pert young cockney, his clerk, Gus Golding:

"There's something about married life that kind of calls to a man, Gus, my boy. If not his own married life, then it's somebody else's. Mind that. The older he gets the more it calls. . . . Pass me those matches. . . . A man—an industrious, keen, quick man of my stamp—is apt to think at the first fall of the flag that he can gallop along in the race of life better alone. But when he forges to the front like myself he finds it sort of lonely. There he is, sailing along, head of his profession, consulted by the aristocracy of all countries, so to speak; but somehow, as he gallops along breaking the trail and keeping the full force of the wind off the others behind—youngsters like you, Golding, for example—he finds it lonely. Yes, pathetic. He feels it, Gus. I do. Astonishing the way I feel my loneliness. And look you here, my lad, it has a serious influence on a man's character and keenness. He loses interest in his business. He gets so he don't care whether he does business or not—careless—dreamy" - but here a sound from the outer office caught George's ever-ready ear—"but never mind that now," he went on rapidly. "There's a caller just come in. Nip out, Golding, and get to work. Get a move on now—business before pleasure, my boy. Can't have you standing cocked up there gossiping all day long."

Gus disappeared, as did Mr. Jay's thoughts and reflections on loneliness.

"It's true enough what I was telling that young snipe, but all the same, business has never yet been so good that I can afford to turn it away from my door," said the trusty agent to the aristocracy as he listened to the voices in the outer office.

Gus Golding reintroduced himself, bearing a card.

"Miss Maryhill Redmond!" read George. "Well, that might mean anything from nothing upward. What does she want, and what's she like? Sum her up, my boy—sum her up smartly.. Doesn't do to keep a lady waiting. Not in this business."

Gus frowned thoughtfully. "She might be a careless but good-natured barmaid from the colonies, sir," he stated. "Pretty hair if she knew how to do it; nice complexion if she knew where to put it; smart figure if she knew what to do with it; and pretty good clothes if she knew how to wear them. About twenty-six. Looks like a woman who has had money once and is wondering where it's gone to."

"That'll do," said Mr. Jay peremptorily. "You're an insulting young scoundrel when you try to be witty, Gus. Marvelous how you keep out of trouble with that slick tongue of yours. Show her in—show her in—don't show her up!"

But in spite of his sharp reproof to Gus, the gentle George perceived, five seconds later, that the lad had been almost uncannily accurate in his description of Miss Maryhill Redmond. She was, in appearance, all that Gus had so pointedly suggested.

But before they had exchanged ten words the experienced George H. had gleaned what Gus had missed. Miss Redmond was not merely a woman who possessed to an amazing extent the gift of unconscious charm—that warm, comfortable charm that makes a man think of evenings at home with a good chair, a bright fire, comfortable slippers, with a good-tempered wife and the old box of cigars handy—she was decidedly one with the makings of a very strikingly handsome woman. Though at present she looked very much like Gus Golding's description of her.

George H. looked at the girl just a trifle longer and more closely before he spoke than he usually looked at any lady client.

"You wish to consult me, Miss Redmond?" he asked presently.

"Yes. I am in a bit of difficulty, Mr. Jay, and the manager of the hotel where I am staying gave me your name."

"Quite, quite naturally he would," said George approvingly.

"Yes. Well, I'm being threatened with a breach-of-promise action, Mr. Jay, and I don't care about it."

(Continued on Page 32)

LIKE STEPPING INTO ANOTHER CHARMING ROOM

WHEN you open the door of a closed car upholstered in CA-VEL, the interior offers no suggestion of mechanical transportation. You get simply the impression of stepping into another room of your own home. The same atmosphere is there, the same charm that chair coverings and hangings of CA-VEL create in your drawing-room. You are still at home, although on wheels .... The majority of fine-car makers are using these glowing velvets —known as CA-VEL—because their lustrous beauty is more enduring than the car itself. This sovereign fabric, favorite of kings and cardinals, is thoroughly practical. The texture is rich and lustrous, but the surface of soft pile is yielding and resilient. It can not injure the filmiest and most delicate garments. It never becomes ruffled or rumpled. Dust settles harmlessly below the surface and yet is easily removed .... Ask the salesman if the upholstery is CA-VEL. If it is you are assured of both artistic pleasure and practical value. Collins & Aikman Corporation. Established 1845, New York City.

CA-VEL

VELVETS OF ENDURING BEAUTY

Continued from Page 30

George permitted his eyebrows to slide up and down. "Um-m!" he went thoughtfully. "That's not a very common trouble with the ladies nowadays. Very few men care to sue a lady for damages on account of their wounded affections, though there's many a man in this water-tight old island of ours who would do it tomorrow if he thought he had a chance of collecting anything on it—ha-ha!"

He studied her carefully with his rather protuberant and glassy eyes, and the more he studied her the better he liked the look of her. But he had liked the looks of a good many ladies who had been recommended or had recommended themselves to him, and he sternly repressed his growing enthusiasm about her. He felt, reasonably enough, that there was plenty of time for enthusiasm later.

"We must look into this for you, Miss Redmond," he said benignly. "I shall have to ask you a few questions, if you are willing."

"You bet I'm willing," she smiled.

"Good," said the gentle George; "that's good. Have you money? If so, Miss Maryhill, how much?"

"I don't know that," said Miss Maryhill.

George stared.

"Um-m! Most unusual, that. Think again."

She rose and drew her chair much closer to Mr. Jay—right to the inner corner of his desk.

"I'll be frank with you, Mr. Jay," she said. "It's this way." She thought for a second. "I'm either worth half a million sterling or nothing—except for a trifle of small change I have by me."

Mr. Jay began to feel nervous. He had made it a life-long rule to mistrust ladies who said they might be worth a half a million or nothing. For long and frequently bitter experience had taught him that usually the half million depended on highly speculative contingencies—for example, whether he could successfully prove that the lady was the rightful Princess of London, her evidence consisting of a letter written by Charles II to Sweet Nell Johnson, admitting everything, and creating her, Nellie, Princess of London on account. Said letter to be found in a box—to be found—but said box definitely known to exist; having been seen by an ancestor in the days of Queen Anne and actually handled by another ancestor shortly before the death of George I. Or something fairly nebulous of that sort.

"Umph!" said Mr. Jay. "How d'you mean, Miss Redmond?"

She leaned closer to him—so close that he could see that her complexion was as dopeless and clean and healthy as a child's, her friendly eyes as clear in the whites as it was humanly possible for any lady's eyes to be in these days of rich victuals, poor cocktails and late nights, and her smile as genuine a smile as he had ever known.

He returned the smile, for he had been well and truly vamped so often that he conceived he could recognize the operation when it was taking place. This was not it—unless Miss Maryhill Redmond was a great deal cleverer than she looked.

"You don't know whether you're worth half a million!" he said, almost mechanically. "Why, that's a very queer position to be in. Now, how comes that, Miss Maryhill—how comes that?"

She smiled on him again. "I come from Moolgamooloo, Queensland, Mr. Jay, and I've got a—well, you'd call it a farm over here. Father left it to me eighteen months ago. Well, as a farm it's worth about a hundred pounds to take—I mean you couldn't decently give it away to anybody unless you gave him a hundred pounds for accepting it. So if you look on me as a farm owner I'm worth nothing. You see that, don't you?"

Yes, George had no difficulty about seeing that.

"But," resumed the lady, "Digger Mitchell—he was a chum of father's when he wasn't wandering about from one place to another prospecting, or shearing, or boundary riding, or storekeeping—always said there was gold on the farm if only you could put your hand on it. He and pop—that's father—used to go prospecting for it about once a year, and they never found it. They used to figure that sooner or later they'd find a delicious—no, silicious—deposit containing gold, the same as at the Mount Morgan mine in Queensland. But they never did. Still, it's there. Digger swears it's there, but he can't settle down long enough to find it—yet, anyway. Well, now, if what Digger Mitchell says is true, the day he finds that gold I shall be worth half a million—maybe more. So that's how I'm fixed, Mr. Jay. Am I rich or poor? And am I worth while suing for damages for breach of promise?"

The gentle George sighed as he pensively studied her. But if his sigh was sad and weary, his eyes and mind were just as admiring as ever. The sigh was on account of her prospects, the admiration was on account of Miss Maryhill herself.

"Well, to be honest, my dear Miss Mary—to be quite honest—I must say that, strictly speaking, you wouldn't be classed with the wealthy in this country—not just at present. No."

She gave a good-humored easy shrug. "All right. Then I guess I'll have to see about getting a job, for my money's running mighty low, for"—she added in her easy, creamy way—"I'm not going back to live with the lizards and carpet snakes and laughing jackasses in the back blocks of Queensland for anybody. I suppose there's room for a girl on some farm or other in this country? I can do anything on a farm from breaking brumbies to digging wells!"

"Brumbies?"

"Kind of wild horses, Mr. Jay."

George thrust out an underlip dubiously.

"There's not much demand for wild-horse taming over here, nor would anybody care to put a girl of your class on to a job of well digging." He thought swiftly and continued: "We must manage something a little lighter than that, certainly. Come now, a little light dairy work—um, skim the cream, do a little butter, have a cow man to do the heavy cow work, early-morning milking, and so on. Poultry too. Feed the poultry, collect the eggs, pen the chicks—all nice ladylike occupations," word-painted George Henry, thinking how charming she would look engaged in such tasks on his own little week-end farm down in Surrey.

She leaned closer, smiling her friendly, comradely smile. "Why, Mr. Jay, you're talking to a girl from the edge of the Never-Never. What do you think I'm made of sugar? Why, I could fell a tree as well as father, use a stock whip as well as a good many men, shear sheep better than some of the stiffs that call 'emselves ringers; or storekeep, build fencing, ride a boundary or poison dingo dogs."

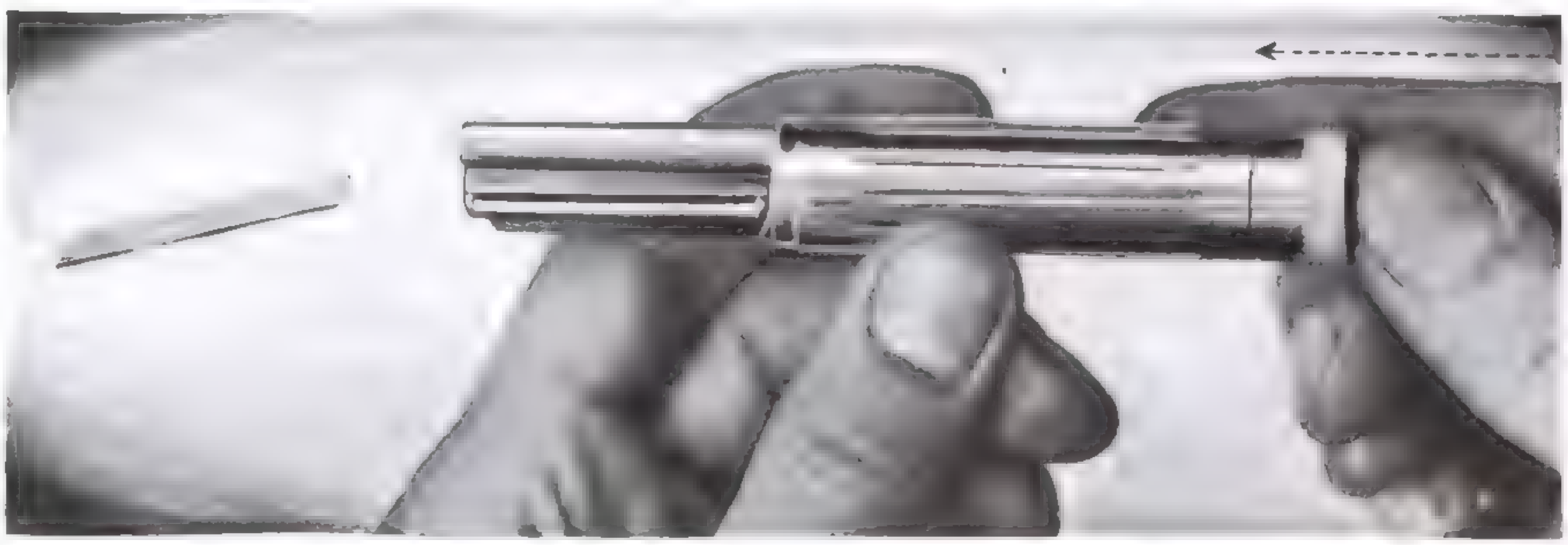
"Um-m—can you, though?" said George, rather envying her natural ability to put things forcefully without raising her voice. "Well, we'll see about that later. Meanwhile about this breach of promise."

(Continued on Page 34)

"Sit, You Stick Young Hound; Sit, I Tell You, or I'll Have the Police at You in Ten Seconds"

Only a new shaving principle could give this Faster—Smoother shave

RIGHT AT THE SKIN LINE



A new blade? Simply pull and push the plunger . . . *. . . a new blade slides in place. Old one drops out*

Tilt the razor head and you are ready to shave

NO OTHER RAZOR IS LIKE THE SCHICK!

THE keen Schick blade cuts each hair of your beard square off at its base. The Schick razor head carries the blade along parallel to the skin surface.

Your beard is *shaved* clean—*right at the skin line.* The blade can't scrape your face. Neither can it skim your beard and leave annoying stubble. No chance for razor drag or pull.

A new sensation in shaving? Yes—but that isn't all. The super-sharp Schick blades—in clips of twenty—are stored in the handle of the razor. Every one is uniformly hard and keen.

A new blade slides into place instantly by a simple pull and push of the plunger. Done between strokes—right in the middle of your shave, if you wish.

And your clean, cool shave at the skin line takes only a fraction of the usual time. The Schick has nothing to take apart or put together before or after shaving. You simply tilt the razor head, shave, rinse and put the razor away.

You won't *know* how well the Schick shaves until you use one. But the first time you hold the razor in your hand you *will* know that you want it. If you're like thousands of other men who have bought a Schick—you'll buy it in a sort of trance and never get over the delight of using it.

Ask your dealer to show you a Schick. If he has not yet received his supply—send us five dollars with the coupon below. We will send you a Schick complete with twenty blades. Extra clip of twenty blades, 75 cents. Magazine Repeating Razor Company, 285 Madison Avenue, New York City.

Magazine Repeating Razor Co.
285 Madison Avenue, New York City

I enclose five dollars. Please send me a Schick Repeating Razor complete with twenty blades.

Name_____

Address_____

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Dealer's Name_____

In Canada, Razor with 20 blades, $6.50. Clips of 20 blades, $1.00

Canadian Distributors, T. S. Simms & Co., Ltd.
St. John, Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Vancouver.

SCHICK REPEATING RAZOR

(Continued from Page 32)

"Yes, I was coming to that," said Miss Redmond frankly. "You see, by the time father had been dead a year or so I'd had about enough of Queensland, living alone on the selection—if you can call it that, though it's about six selections rolled into one. They broke the hearts or the backs of the selectors that first of all bought them, and father bought the lot years ago for next to nothing—dear at that. About a thousand acres to look after, and sixty miles from the nearest white woman. I got my money together—a hundred and fifty, perhaps—and came home here to settle down in a job.

"I've got a relative in England—a way-up relative, Mr. Jay, for the Redmonds used to be a blue-blooded lot before my time. At least, my great-grandfather was years ago, until they transported him for something he never did. The family cut him off instead of standing by him · weak-kneed crowd. . . . Well, since I've been here I've found that the old Redmond family have pretty well died out. As far as I can tell there's only one left, and he's an old invalid living in a sort of castle over in Wales somewhere. Sir Paunceforte Redmond—if you ever heard such a name in your life. I went to see him, but they told me he was too old and too ill to see folk. I told his secretary who I was and he promised to get the news to old Sir Paunceforte.

"Well, I suppose the fellow did; and Sir Paunceforte—my own great-grandfather's brother, mind you—instructed him to send a letter saying he had no wish to become acquainted with Australian Redmonds on account of great-grandfather's little accident. What do you think of that, Mr. Jay?" she demanded in her easy, smiling, friendly way. "What does it matter what your great-grandfather did, anyway? Still, it was unfriendly, and jobs seem scarce and my money was running low and this town seemed so darned civilized that I got blue, Mr. Jay. 'Why, hang it all,' I thought, 'I'd sooner be back in the bush fighting tiger snakes with a pole!' as I've had to do many a time."

"Dangerous work, that," said George, wondering when she was coming to the point; though, oddly for one so crisp and quick and eager, he felt no impatience at all. He perceived, of course, that Maryhill could talk—nay, more: she could flow—flow like a beautiful stream—but he was satisfied to sit there behind his cigar and listen to her warm contralto and watch her vivid face, her clear eyes and her rather large but well-shaped, readily smiling mouth.

"Oh, I don't know. You get used to a snake or two out there," she said. "Well, on the voyage over I met a young fellow about my own age on the boat, named Hawksley—Gene Hawksley. He was lonely too. We got friendly, cheering each other up, and in a few days I'd promised to marry him. I'll own to that."

"In writing?" asked George.

"Well, yes. He was laid up in his cabin for a day or two—sort of isolated, as they suspected measles or something catching, which it wasn't—and we exchanged a few—well, love letters. And in one of these darned letters I said I would marry him."

"And then you altered your mind?"

"Yes. I guess I only agreed in the first place because I was a bit blue, anyway. Lonely. He's a persuasive fellow. Good-looking. Too good-looking, I guess."

"So you turned him down because you felt you'd made a mistake."

Miss Maryhill flushed faintly. "Well, partly that. But he was a bit too mysterious about money to please me. You see, Mr. Jay, I'm short of ready money. But Gene thought it would be a good plan to raise some money to take back to Australia and sink in the farm, or some other farm, together. How he managed it I don't know, but he fixed up an arrangement with a money-lending firm to advance him ten thousand pounds on the strength of Gene and me signing a—a promissory note to repay them fifteen thousand in a year's time."

"And you with nothing?" said George H., startled.

"Me with nothing but the farm and the prospect of it turning out to be a better gold field than a farm. I mentioned it, for it seemed funny. What good was my signature? But Gene laughed and explained that he was the one who would find the money when it was due and that the money lenders were satisfied with the security he had given them. They only wanted my signature because I was going to be Gene's wife—just to make themselves safe in case anything happened to Gene and I inherited Gene's property."

George Henry nodded, his eyes very protuberant and glassy indeed.

"I see. And a little later on you turned him down."

"Well, yes."

"Why?"

"Well, he managed to get the money lenders—financial agents, they call themselves—to do the same for another five thousand—wanted me to sign up another of these notes. But I couldn't see the sense of signing up for what I never could pay anyway, and Gene seemed a bit too greedy and hard and queer about it, so I turned him down flat!"

"And now he threatens to sue you for breach of promise?" said George

She passed a letter. "According to these folk—the agents!"

"And in any case, you're liable to be called upon to pay fifteen thousand to them in the event of Gene defaulting. Humph!" said Mr. Jay as he threw away his cigar, took the letter, read it and put it in his pocket. He then noted down the name of the accommodating money lender, glanced at the clock, and was surprised and pleased to discover that it was lunchtime. Promptly he invited Miss Redmond to lunch with him.

She accepted readily.

"Good work," said George Henry, and sent Gus Golding out to stop a taxi at the end of Finch Court.

"I'll take care of this affair for you," said George confidently as they strolled down the Court. "Feel blue now?"

She laughed. "Blue? No. I don't think I shall feel blue again in a hurry—not now you're handling this business for me. For I don't mind saying I've got an idea I'm going to get on with you, Mr. Jay. You're more like the folk I'm accustomed to than most I've met over here so far."

"I'm glad of that," said the gentle George, quite earnestly. "For I'll say, in my turn, that it's a change and a treat to me to get somebody as honest and pleasant as yourself into my office. The trouble with most of the folk that come to me—the aristocracy—is that they are too polished to be human."

"Oh, darn polish!" said Maryhill carelessly.

II

LONG before that lunch was over the old Finch Court swordfish perceived that it was just as well that Maryhill Redmond had come to him for advice. For she had only just about enough money left to pay a quarter of her hotel bill. Not that it seemed to bother her much, for she was sufficiently devoid of false pride to be perfectly prepared to work, and she clearly was not inclined to be finicky about what kind of work it was. She had learned quite enough about England already to know that "a great, big, strong woman who isn't afraid to look a bit of work in the face"—as she referred more truthfully than elegantly to herself—need never lack for daily bread and butter.

But George H. saw her differently. No doubt she was a "great, big, strong woman"—that was undeniable. But she was also a fine, healthy, naturally graceful and extremely good-looking, good-natured and good-tempered soul; and when a good hairdresser had done his best on her great gold shock of carelessly bobbed hair, a good maid had worked on her a little, and money had been spent upon her raiment, she was going to give some of the more exotic, lilylike and languorous of ladykind something of a shock.

Of course she could talk—talk like anything—but pshaw, what lady couldn't? George shrugged, watching her as her calm, level eyes wandered about the big restaurant in a frank and fearless gaze that fell before nobody's.

"If a man were sick, or blue, or down and out, or in trouble," mused George over his coffee, "that's your kind of woman to have standing by. She'd help you fight 'em off like—like fighting off tiger snakes with a pole—ha-ha! Only it would be tiger cats in this burg," he added.

It was characteristic of the old craftsman's state of mind that he arranged for her welfare before he looked into her affairs to see what there was in them for her and, peradventure, for a high-class, quick and reliable agent. But he did not develop his idea of offering her the post of lady help about his country place, for he had a notion that such an arrangement might easily prove a little unsettling to both.

A few words over the telephone with the manager of Maryhill's hotel—an acquaintance of the gentle Jay's—relieved said manager of any anxious care concerning the lady's bill, and having explained that he was going to spend the rest of the day handling her interests—promising to report progress at dinner, which he proposed she should enjoy in his company—George returned to his office, dropping Miss Maryhill at her hotel.

Whether it was because he had thus enthusiastically opened his account with her with an entry on the wrong side of his little ledger—the hotel-bill guaranty—or because his condor eye had seen afar off a faint gleam on the business horizon that looked like profit, or even because he fancied he liked this lady from Moolgamoolloo better than most ladies, Mr. Jay did not quite know himself. But whatever the reason, he certainly worked like several large cart horses during the rest of the day.

He began by ringing up the firm of Lotts & Mutchmore, Financial Agents, who were handling the matter of Mr. Gene Hawksley's broken heart and Maryhill's broken promise; inviting them to request Mr. Hawksley to call for a chat without prejudice with Mr. Jay. They replied that Mr. Hawksley would be with him quite promptly.

George smiled and lit a cigar. Then he called up another firm in the City.

"That you, Jackson? . . . George H. Jay speaking. I want to know something about the gold-bearing prospects of the district round about Moolgamoolloo, a small burg in Queensland. Can you do it quick? . . . Hey? . . . Tall order? What d'ye mean, tall order? Nothing of the sort. What d'you call yourself Mining Records and Prospects, Ltd., for if you got no records and can't give out a note of the prospects in a well-known place like Moolgamoolloo? . . . Hey? . . . Be expensive? Well, let it be, as long as you let me know quick. . . . May have to cable Brisbane? Well, cable Brisbane, then. I'm willing to pay a fair figure for fast work!"

He hung up and, leaning back, addressed his cigar:

"Ten minutes' talk with Mr. Hawksley will tell me what I want to know. Though I know it already—ha-ha! It's the gold that Digger Mitchell knows is there but can't find just at present that Friend Hawksley's hunting. Maybe Hawk knows a little more about it than the wandering Mitchell. But he's been a trifle too hawky, if you ask me. Let's have a look."

He glanced again at the lawyer's letter.

"Um-m—claims he declined an excellent position in London at a thousand a year, contract for five years, when Mary promised to marry him; reason being that like a devoted lover and a goodish husband he was prepared to return with her to Australia and run her farm for her! Plausible cuss, this. Um-m! Wants ten thousand damages for wounded feelings and irreparable damage to his prospects!" George scowled. "Shouldn't be surprised if some fools of jurymen mightn't be found to give him some of that. Huh! Until they learn that slick Mr. Gene got the girl to sign a promissory note for ten thousand—a girl, mind you, that hasn't got a cent of what you might call real money! Queer, that, huh? Unless this Hawk person is a friend of Mr. D. Mitchell and said Mitchell knows where the Moolgamoolloo gold is. And Mary would be a sweet debtor to have if ever a time came when she proved to be the owner of a new gold field!"

The ears of the diligent George grew a little pinker.

"He'd like to marry her and get all. Naturally, the hog! But failing marriage, he's trying to make sure of a little something for himself. So's the money lender. Queer, but not so queer as it looks—no, sir."

He reached for the phone and again got in touch with the anxious voice he called Jackson: "Jay again, Jackson. Take this name. . . . Ready? Digger—Digger—D-D-D for deaf. . . . Yes, Digger Mitchell, probably of Moolgamoolloo, Queensland. Got it? . . . Right. When you're cabling Brisbane, cable somebody who is capable of finding out all there is to know about Digger Mitchell and Miss Maryhill Redmond, and the late James Redmond's farm—selection—holding—at Moolgamoolloo! Spare no expense, understand, Jackson. And let him hurry! . . . Right? I'll repeat that!" boomed George and did so, hanging up just as Gus Golding announced Mr. Gene Hawksley.

He certainly was a handsome young blackguard, easy-mannered, with a friendly air, clear candid eyes, an Oxford accent, and a pretty smart suit.

"Smooth and easy as an old shoehorn," decided George Henry as he beamed upon the lad and offered him a cigar—readily accepted.

The gentle one opened proceedings very civilly, and even more civilly the smooth Mr. Hawksley responded. It was like two sweet old Victorian maiden ladies playing a little polite lawn tennis together.

George H. perceived he had an opponent worthy of him—a lithesome lad whom it would be a credit to hamstring permanently—and his voice grew friendlier, his manner even more inviting and confidential.

"You know, Mr. Hawksley, this doesn't seem to me—representing Miss Redmond as I do—to be the sort of matter that needs to be thrashed out in public," George presently heard himself saying. "Miss Redmond feels the same way."

"And I most certainly do," chimed Gene.

"But," continued Mr. Jay, "at the same time there are a few questions which—more as a matter of form than anything else—I am compelled to ask."

"Why, naturally. I welcome them."

"I am sure you do," said George in his hearty way. "Well, now, let me see. Miss Redmond turned you down bluntly, unexpectedly, and you feel you've suffered both financial and—what?—say, physical, spiritual and mental

(Continued on Page 141)

Libby's 100 Foods

For 60 years this name has stood for something that *cannot* vary—the goodness of choice, fresh foods cooked and packed where each is produced at its best

Ask for LIBBY'S
when you buy these foods

Canned Meats
Cooked Corned Beef
Roast Beef
Vienna Sausage
Beef Steak and Onions
Ra-gon
Hamburger Steak
Veal Loaf
Meat-wich Spread
Chili Con Carne
Corned Beef Hash
Lunch Tongue
Ox Tongue
Genuine Deviled Ham
Potted Meat
Boneless Chicken
Potted Chicken
Sliced Dried Beef
Sliced Bacon
Mince Meat
Plum Pudding
Mexican Tamales
Bouillon Cubes
Beef Extract

Milk
Evaporated Milk
Condensed Milk

Pickles, Condiments
Catchup
Chili Sauce
Mustard
Queen Olives (Spanish)
Stuffed Olives (Spanish)
Olive Oil (Spanish)
Ripe Olives (California)
Sweet Pickles
Sour Pickles
Sweet Mixed Pickles
Sweet Mustard Pickles
Dill Pickles
Sweet Relish
Sweet Cauliflower Pickles
Sweet Onions
Chow Chow

Salmon
Red Alaska Salmon
(Partial List)

Fruits, Vegetables
Sliced Pineapple
Crushed Pineapple
Peaches, Pears
Apricots
Cherries, Royal Anne
Cherries, Maraschino
Fruits for Salad
Plums, Apples
Apple Butter
Jellies, Jams
Strawberries
Raspberries
Loganberries
Blackberries
Prunes, Figs
Asparagus
Spinach
Pork and Beans
Tomatoes
Sweet Potatoes
Kraut
Tomato Soup

Double rich in butterfat—7½ teaspoons of it in every 16 oz. can of Libby's Evaporated Milk. That's why this milk gives a new, tempting richness to so many dishes

Salad Dressing Martin: This delicious variation of boiled dressing is especially good with fruit salad. Mix 1 tbsp. flour with ¼ cup powdered sugar, ½ tsp. salt, ¼ tsp. paprika and ½ tsp. celery salt. Add 2 egg yolks slightly beaten; 2 tbsps. of melted butter, 1 cup Libby's Evaporated Milk and 3 tbsps. lemon juice very slowly. Cook over hot water until mixture thickens. Apple and Peach Salad as shown at right is made simply by alternating slices of red apple and Libby's California Peaches.

Many Tempting ideas, free—in the recipe leaflet, "Harvest Dishes." Write for it. Also for personal advice on menus, recipes, entertaining. Address Mary Hale Martin, Cooking Correspondent.

Libby, McNeill & Libby, Dept. C-10,
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Canadian Kitchens
Libby, McNeill & Libby of Canada, Ltd.,
Chatham, Ontario

FROM THE BRIDGE

By Captain Sir Arthur H. Rostron

In Collaboration With James R. Crowell

Jim Barnes, Golf Champion, Showing a Passenger How It Is Done

A SHIP is supposed to have only two sides—starboard and port—but actually there are three. The social side is the third. It is distinctly an invention of modern times, and highly important. Not to the sailing ship which carries a rough-and-ready crew, nor to the tramp of the ocean byways, but to the passenger-bearing liners which furnish such fast and comfortable transportation that the peoples of the Old World and New are beginning to realize nowadays they are just around the corner from each other.

It was inevitable that this phase of travel should come to supplement the progress in shipbuilding and safe handling. The shipbuilder says: "Here is the finest ship that has ever sailed the sea, equipped with every known device for safety, comfort, speed and lavishness." The navigator says: "Here is my contribution to the common cause: I will operate the ship to the best of my ability, maintain strict discipline, preserve order, safeguard the souls within my keeping and do my utmost to add to the happiness of passengers." The company says: "Here is what we will do to make a paying enterprise of our $20,000,000 investment: We will provide the finest furniture, the best food, employ the most competent crew and approve any measure which aims to make life aboard ship more attractive." The passengers say, "We thank you."

Where Democracy is Strongest

THE outgrowth of these things has been the establishment of a sort of aristocracy of the sea. Ships gain a fashionable vogue. In port, debutante parties and formal dinners and receptions are sometimes held in their spacious public rooms—a recent fad of smart circles. At sea they carry men and women of distinction in art and letters, politics and statecraft, fashion and finance. There is an invisible channel through which the word goes round that they are the right ships for the right people. I have frequently heard passengers say that they always book passage on certain ships because they are almost sure to run across friends on the voyage. It is like going to hotels where they are known and feel at home; in fact, ships are popularized in much the same way as hotels and resorts.

Curiously enough the greatest contributing factor is one which does not aim specifically to accomplish this end. Discipline does it, and not by the widest stretch of the imagination can it be said that the commander of a liner has in mind the social interests of his vessel when he exercises discipline. And yet no ship can attain social preeminence without it. The whole circumstance again becomes rather fallacious in the fact that sailormen have an inbred horror of catering to any new phase of seafaring life which might be construed as making their calling less hardy than it used to be. The thing sailors have always been proudest of is that they are a hard-muscled, sinewy, fearless, devil-may-care sort of fellows, ready at any time for a fight or frolic. It would be disturbing to this old tradition to have it supposed that they were growing soft in an atmosphere of ease and luxury. And most certainly they are not. A higher type of man and better treated—that is all.

I have heard it said by some keen observers of transatlantic travel that the smaller vessels possess one decided advantage over the larger ones by reason of the compactness which brings the passengers into closer touch with one another and creates a friendlier atmosphere. Well, that is possibly true, but it should be remembered that going abroad is such a frequent occurrence nowadays regular travelers are always meeting and there is really no chance for lonesomeness. For them the massiveness of a big ship is one of its best attributes. They are never at loss to find privacy and seclusion on its decks or in its public rooms, if for some reason or other they prefer to remain by themselves or with their own particular coterie.

Snobbishness aboard ship is an intolerant condition and sure to stir the ridicule of other passengers whenever manifested in a flagrant manner. Indeed, a paradox of the sea is that the spirit of democracy invariably rules strongest aboard ships where the atmosphere of aristocracy is heaviest. The case comes to mind of a beautiful Englishwoman of high rank in the nobility, who a few years ago was rather noted for her uppishness among fellow travelers. An old-time frequenter of the ocean tracks, whose ideas concerning the democracy of the ocean had been upset by her air of superiority, was emphatic in his criticism, referring to her as "me proud and haughty beauty."

After her first voyage with me I did not see the lady again until many months later. Meanwhile she had been spending her time in the States, engaged in work which brought her in contact with artistic people, who were not impressed with her exalted rank. The change in her was quite astounding. In the interval she had become fairly well Americanized—enough, at any rate, to break down her former reserve. I understood from other passengers that she spent much of her time in the smoking room, bidding on the auction pools, joining whole-heartedly with her fellow travelers in the merriment attendant upon that function and generally making herself gracious and well liked.

Apropos of the auction pool it is one of the oldest of ocean-liner diversions and about the only activity with which the captain and officers have no direct contact. The committee having charge of the pool is made up of twenty members, each paying one pound for his share.

The Auction Pool

ONE of the first things an experienced traveler does upon going aboard is to enter his name on the membership roster posted in the smoking room. When the list has been filled, twenty numbers are chosen as representing the probable mileage of the ship from noon of one day to noon of the next, the probable range being determined by reference to the smoking-room log, which shows what her performances have been on previous trips. The numbers are written on slips of paper, folded and drawn from some receptacle such as a box or a hat. Each member gets a number—the one drawn when his name is called.

An auctioneer is chosen from the committee membership. An effort is always made to select a man who is witty and has had some experience at public speaking, together with the natural instincts of a salesman. The better known he is as a national or international figure, the more desirable he becomes as an auctioneer, since his appearance in the auctioneer's rôle will increase the attendance at the auction.

At half-past nine or ten o'clock at night, those interested in the pool assemble in the smoking room to participate in the bidding or to watch the proceedings. The auctioneer, assisted by his secretary, also a member of the committee, then begins the ballyhoo for bids. Let us say the first number on the list belongs to Mr. Smith and is 570, which represents a good day's run for a fast ship. Anyone can bid on the number, and the amount it brings is regulated by the personal conviction of the bidder that the vessel has an excellent chance of making just that mileage.

Mr. Smith is supposed by tradition to bid on his own number, but is not obliged to do so. If his bid of, say, forty pounds is highest, he gets it, but as a member of the pool is required to pay only half that amount. If he lets it go, he receives half the amount paid by the successful bidder, but ceases to be a member of the pool unless he buys in some other of the remaining nineteen numbers to which he is more favorable than the one originally drawn in his name. Any other person than the owner pays the full amount of the bid.

When the twenty numbers have been disposed of, high and low fields are sold. High field means any number of miles the ship may make beyond the top number in the list of twenty, low field the reverse of this. For example, if the range is from 565 to 584, high field is any mileage above 584 and low field is any mileage under 565. By virtue of the greater chance they offer of winning, the fields bring larger sums than individual numbers. A pool which brings out £400 or £500, of which probably as much as £100 has been paid for the favored field, is a good one. The winner takes all.

(Continued on Page 41)

"Steel Works"
from "The Wonder of Work"

We are privileged to reproduce here one of a series of drawings of industrial subjects by the late Joseph Pennell, one of America's great artists. Courtesy of the J. B. Lippincott Co.

TO MANUFACTURERS OF QUALITY PRODUCTS

What is your policy on prices?

HOPE, with many people, comes from "confusing desire with probability."

Manufacturers who *slight quality* and *cut prices* hope that the public will favor them with patronage—ignoring the probability that if they do so, it will not be for long.

Expectation of success in your business, and in ours, is based upon clear thinking—how well our products can be made, how accurately they serve a need.

We serve with lubricating oils. Ours are not the cheapest oils per gallon, but we believe them to be the most effective, and cheapest in the end. And thousands of plant owners who believe so with us have made this Company world leader in its field.

Lubrication's Clear-Cut Duty

Example: Wood pulp comes in at one end of a paper mill. Finished paper rolls out at the other. Production delays are costly. This industry cannot afford to use "cheap" lubricants that cause machine failures. Most paper mills safeguard continuous production with oils produced by the Vacuum Oil Company.

In any manufacturing process where production flows in uninterrupted sequence, the lubrication problem is most important.

Regardless of what you make, correct lubrication is inexpensive insurance against wear, delays due to mechanical interruptions, power losses. The Vacuum Oil Company has wide experience in lubricating the machinery you operate.

After we are engaged to supply lubrication our engineering staff will keep in touch with your plant personnel, and with them maintain lubrication efficiency.

To learn clearly all we can do for you, please write us.

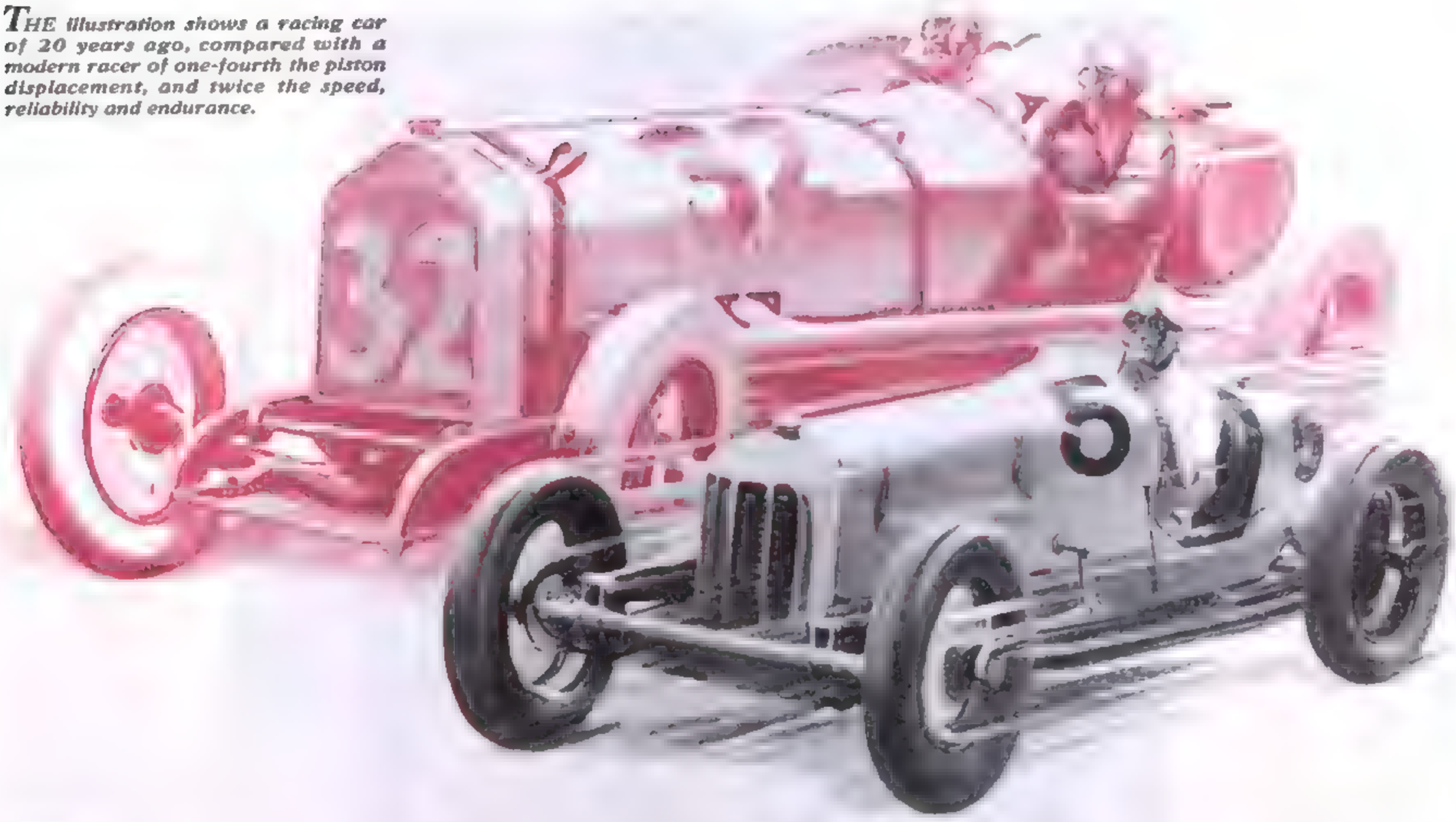
GARGOYLE

Lubricating Oils
for Plant Lubrication

Vacuum Oil Company

HEADQUARTERS: 61 BROADWAY, NEW YORK. BRANCHES AND DISTRIBUTING WAREHOUSES THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY

THE illustration shows a racing car of 20 years ago, compared with a modern racer of one-fourth the piston displacement, and twice the speed, reliability and endurance.



ESSEX *Super-Six* truly follows *Racing car* development

Thus There is Greater Power—Greater Reliability—More Economy *And For The Same Reason* Every Part is Engineered to Perfectly Balance Every Other Part

Twenty years ago racing cars were twice as heavy and were powered by motors four times as large as the racing car of today. Yet they were only half as fast and had nothing like the endurance of the present day car.

Engineers learned that big motors did not mean greater power. They found that vibration reduced power and shortened motor life; that efficiency was lost through wasted heat. And when they had built motors that were more powerful and enduring, they learned also that they must build frame, clutch, transmission and axles in true proportion to the rest of the car. They learned the importance of proper weight distribution if the car was to be safe at high speeds.

Faster and more enduring motors were found in the smaller high-compression type. And then to make full use of the motor development, the chassis throughout had to be redesigned. New metals were employed. A shorter wheelbase resulted. The old time clutch was not suitable. Every part had to be engineered in perfect balance to every other part.

854

ESSEX

Since every racing car is virtually hand made, and cost is no object, these things offered no obstacle.

But such practice is not customary in building stock automobiles. To save costs many makers use the same axle, transmission, clutch and motor.

Essex, however, follows racing car practice. Its Super-Six motor is the most powerful stock car motor per cubic inch displacement in the world, developing more than 2½ times the power its size ordinarily rates it. It converts waste heat to power and gives an economy in fuel and oil that is astounding.

The distinction, however, is not limited to the motor. Its chassis is in true balance in every part. Clutch, transmission, axles and frame are specially engineered to make a perfect unit. This permits compactness and adds 15% to the length of the body without extending the body beyond the rear axle—a great advantage in safety and riding comfort. Weight distribution is as important for safety in your car as in a racing car.

Since Essex is built with the sole engineering idea of unity of parts, there is no such thing as speaking of the new Essex Super-Six with special emphasis upon the importance of its motor or any other unit.

This unity of construction assures added advantage in every particular of performance, reliability, comfort, safety and economy.

riding is like flying

2-Pass. Speedabout	$700
4-Pass. Speedster	835
Coach	735
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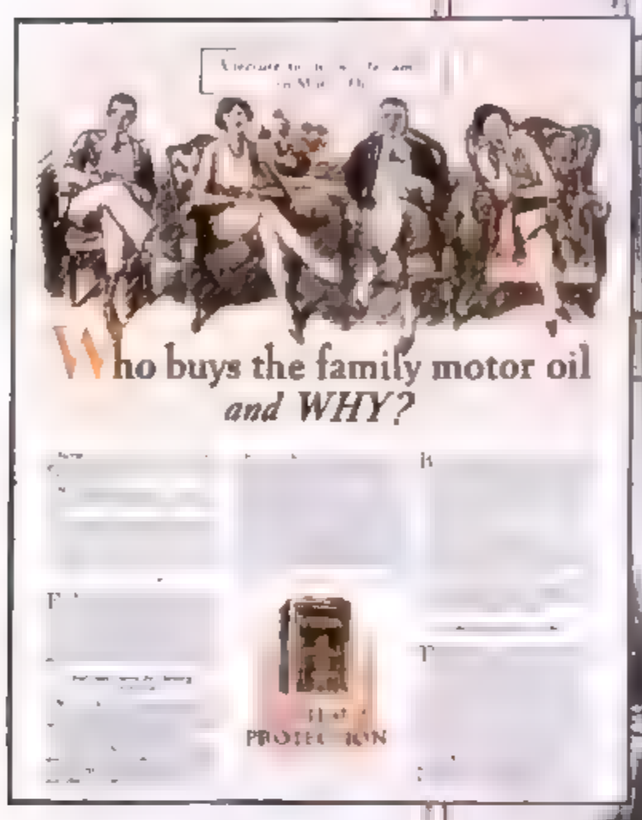
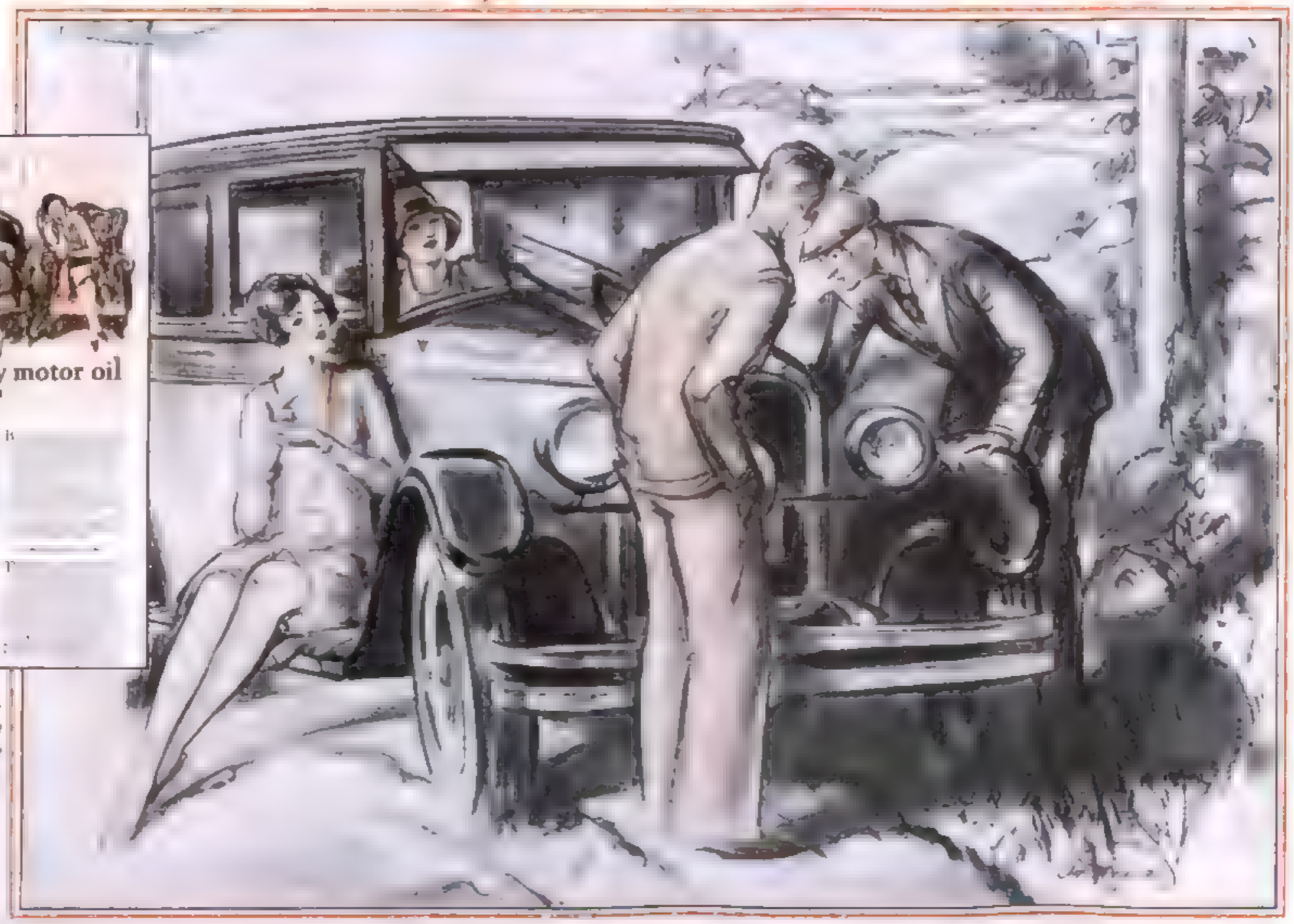
All prices f. o. b. Detroit, plus war excise tax

....In ESSEX too the high compression anti-knock Motor that turns waste heat to power

Super-Six

This family didn't believe our JULY 9TH advertisement





The full-page Veedol advertisement reproduced above appeared in the July 9th issue of The Saturday Evening Post.

SISTER *said, "I knew it. If one of you men had only let* me *drive!"*

SON *said, "If you want my advice, I'd throw this junk away and get a* real *car."*

MOTHER *said, "Hush, children! Let your father alone. He'll soon fix it."*

DAD *said, "X!*‡ — ?*+ Something seems to have happened."*

WE warned this same family on the subject of motor-oil in the July 9th issue of The Saturday Evening Post...They didn't believe what we said...Yesterday the car broke down. Ten miles from nowhere.

* * *

SOMETHING had happened. Something *always* happens if you neglect your lubrication or use a second-rate motor-oil. It may be a scored cylinder, a seized piston, or a burned-out bearing. In any case it means a big repair bill.

Last year alone the car-owners of this country paid out more than a billion dollars for repairs that correct lubrication would have prevented.

The importance of the right kind of oil

THE choice of a motor-oil should depend on only *one* factor—How thoroughly will the oil safeguard your motor from deadly heat and friction?

A motor-oil does its work by forming a thin *film* between all the whirling, flying motor surfaces. As long as the film remains unbroken, your motor is protected.

The FILM of PROTECTION

But the oil film itself must withstand the lash of searing, scorching heat, the threat of tearing, grinding friction. Under that two-fold punishment the film of ordinary oil breaks and burns. Vital motor parts are exposed to the fierce attacks of heat. Insidious friction begins its work of destruction. That means excessive wear, swollen operating costs, ultimately big repair bills.

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(Continued from Page 36)

It requires an hour or so for the auctioneer to complete his job. At its conclusion the bidders pay in their respective sums in cash to the secretary, and the whole amount is turned over to the chief smoking-room steward for safekeeping. A little after twelve o'clock noon the next day the result becomes known. When the ship's whistle gives one short blast at that hour to announce the time of day you will notice men and women separating themselves from groups on decks and making their way to the smoking room to see the posting of the ship's run. One of the junior officers appears within fifteen or twenty minutes, bearing a small chart on which is indicated the ship's position as it has been determined to an exactitude by the navigating officers on the bridge, who have shot the sun with a sextant at precisely twelve o'clock. The chart shows the run to be, say, 570 miles, whereupon Mr. Smith, who bid in his own number, collects the full amount of the pool and in all likelihood invites his fellow bidders to join him in celebrating his good luck.

It is contrary to the policy of steamship companies to take any official cognizance of gambling, but none is so shortsighted as to attempt any interference with this time-honored amusement of deep-sea travel, which is distinctly a passenger activity. I have heard rumblings at times that it would be a simple thing for ship officers in league with a passenger to fix a pool and profit handsomely. Nothing is more absurd than to suppose that this happens. No single officer decides what the ship's position is. The shooting of the sun is a ceremony participated in by several of them, and the record does not become official until the captain—or, in his absence, the staff captain or chief officer—has approved it.

As a center of social activity the smoking room of a ship is much more than its name sounds. In this heyday of the popularity of nicotine, it is frequented by women with complete assurance that they are not intruding upon a sanctum reserved especially for members of the other sex. I do not recall whether Queen Marie visited the smoking room when she made the east-bound voyage with me some months ago, but I do know that many ladies of high station include this popular meeting place in their daily rounds aboard ship. The spirit of democracy seems to find its keenest outlet here. At the time the Prince of Wales crossed he was a frequent visitor to the smoking room and apparently found its unconventional atmosphere to his liking. An interesting phase of the prince's voyage was the lack of any unseemly display of curiosity toward him. It was a striking example of how well-mannered most passengers are as a rule.

Queen Marie and the Prince of Wales have, indeed, done more than their share in making the sea safe for democracy. When the charming Rumanian Queen was a passenger I had the opportunity to converse with her quite often and found her to be one of the most intelligent and interesting ladies it has been my good fortune to meet. After her prolonged tour of America, I was sure she must be thoroughly fagged mentally and physically from meeting so many people and traveling so incessantly.

"We shall try to do everything we can not to worry Your Majesty," I assured her the first day out.

"Treat me merely as you do any other passenger and I shall be quite happy," she replied.

A Royal Foeman

THE queen was extremely democratic in her bearing, as the American people had discovered during the time she was touring the States. She went to luncheon in the public dining room and walked the promenade deck regularly for exercise. Quite naturally her appearance attracted the attention of other passengers, but it was the curiosity of well-mannered persons and more flattering than objectionable.

Dinner was served to her in the sitting room of the royal suite, which she occupied. She told me that all the time she had to herself in her cabin was spent in the preparation of papers relating to her visit to America. It was quite evident that she was an indefatigable worker, in spite of her fatigue from the arduous activities which had just ended. We had expected that she would make use of the voyage to obtain a well-earned rest. Queen Marie fooled us.

It was the Prince of Wales who gave the Berengaria her first mark of royal favor when he crossed on her in August of 1924, which was before I took command. In the royal party were General Trotter, Captain Lascelles and Lord Mountbatten. To the Americans included in the passenger list of this voyage, and to the English travelers as well, the prince's attitude was a revelation of how unpretentious and frankly democratic the heir to the most important of the world's dynasties can be. He ate his meals in the upper dining room, swam in the pool with the other passengers, frequented the smoking room, danced in the ballroom every night, walked the decks, attended church service and was wholesomely companionable.

One of his keenest diversions was to go to the gymnasium on A Deck and box with Mason, the instructor. Mason found him skilled in the art of self-defense and well able to take care of himself in a set-to with the gloves. The prince always frowns on his opponent's being a respecter of person in such engagements. He can see no reason why the dignity of his rank should protect him from a well-directed uppercut or right cross, and looks for no quarter. Mason preserved the gloves the prince wore in their encounters. They are, I believe, still hanging on the walls of the gymnasium to remind its director of the various occasions when he had that rare privilege of raining punches on the head and body of a royal prince and absorbing in retaliation the well-directed blows of a worthy foeman.

When a ship crosses the ocean in bad weather the passengers see exceedingly little of the skipper. If it happens to be foggy for the entire voyage, which is not often, they see him not at all. It is when the skies are clear and the sea calm that the captain has his opportunity to mingle with the members of the household of which he is the pater, and oftentimes to meditate over what a strange panorama it all is. Time and again I scan the kaleidoscope of color and life looming before me—of laughing women in jewels and beautiful gowns, of men from whom the cares of business or profession have slipped for the moment, of girls and boys in the bloom of their youth and in the gayest of moods—and I wonder whither they are bound and what their missions are. Today they are here, tomorrow they are gone, scattered to the four winds, each intent upon his own errand, important to him and more than likely inconsequential to his fellow man. It is all quite puzzling. For more than thirty years I have watched this passing show of the sea, and today, after this long experience as a spectator, my imagination is more deeply stirred by it than at any other time.

The Captain Breaks the Ice

ONE night at dinner I sat studying the scene of animation all about me. It was a warm clear night of early spring, and the sea barely rippled under the twinkling lights of the heavens. Bright and early, two mornings later, we should drop anchor, and now the dinner dance was in progress as the farewell offering of the ship to those whom it had carried across the Atlantic.

It was the gala event of the voyage, arranged to take place two nights before reaching port instead of the last, in order that passengers might have ample time to pack the clothes they wore that evening. Dinner was well on its way and the stewards were even then bringing in the rolls of streamer paper and the miniature tennis rackets and cotton balls to use in the free-for-all bombardment of diners and dancers. I looked around and noticed that some of the passengers seemed a trifle timid about joining in this mêlée of flying missiles.

"Waiting to see what the captain's table is going to do," I said to myself; and forthwith I tried to demonstrate that the dignity of a discipline-exacting sea dog is not such that he is unwilling to unbend, even in his unceremonious rôle of a hungry man shipping rations in a setting vibrant with the play instinct of grown-ups. Could anything be more discordant than for the ship's captain to constitute himself the wet blanket of the party?

Near by were three ladies who travel a great deal and who were among the survivors of the Titanic rescued by the Carpathia. I had become acquainted with them then for the first time and had met them frequently in the intervening years. They were an excellent target for the opening gun from the captain's table. I aimed a fusillade in their direction, scored a direct hit and then concentrated an enfilading fire upon all and any who happened to come within range of the twelve-inch field piece I was operating. Also to give further proof that a ship's master is human, I walked over to the balcony looking down into the lower dining room, where the dancing was in progress, and peppered everyone in sight.

The effect was what I anticipated and wished. The crowd, catching up at once with the idea that the skipper had thrown himself into the thick of the frolic, plunged energetically into the spirit of the occasion. I returned to my table thankful for the opportunity to show these 600 or 700 persons that a sea captain is not necessarily a human icicle who has no greater versatility than to look stern and roar orders. And now, in retrospect, I cannot surrender to the half-formed impulse to say that it is a trivial phase of a sea captain's duties for him to do what he can to start the ball rolling on such occasions. If it adds to the ease of passengers and makes them feel more at home, it is far from trivial.

The keenest moments of relaxation which come to the skipper are those he is able to snatch from the routine of his day and spend in his cabin in the company of congenial companions. There are many persons with whom I have become well acquainted in our occasional meetings. One of these is Clarence H. Mackay, head of the Postal Telegraph Company, with whom I have had many discussions on subjects of mutual interest, from humanity and philosophy to ships and airplanes.

Mr. Mackay, a yachtsman of wide experience and therefore familiar with nautical matters, belongs to that class of travelers who may be termed thoroughly oceanwise. For instance, he would be quick to sense the inaccuracy of haphazard talk about the depth and length of ocean waves.

It is nothing unusual to hear people speak in the most casual way about waves 100 feet high, as though they came bounding along with every heavy sea. As a matter of fact, a wave approaching that dimension is so rare that it could not be encountered without its appearance assuming the importance of an event.

From data gathered by the hydrographic departments of various nations the average height of waves in the transatlantic tracks is estimated at from thirty-five to forty feet and the distance from the crest of one to the crest of another at 300 to 400 feet. The same measurements apply to both the North Atlantic and North Pacific. In the southern waters of these two oceans the average height is five to ten feet more and the average length from crest to crest more than double, ranging from 700 to 1000 feet. In heavy weather the height is increased in a manner commensurate with the intensity of the storms. In tempests of exceptional fierceness waves have been known to run as high as ninety feet, but they are freaks of the elements, due to some unusual wind disturbance at the point where they occur, and it is not often a ship has to battle with them. Sometimes, in fact, an entire storm zone will be productive of only a few such waves.

A wave is a moving undulation and not a moving body of water, so that when a ship is described as forging ahead through the onrushing waves it does not mean that the water is running in the opposite direction to which the ship is proceeding. As a matter of fact, the water is nearly stationary. The same effect may be observed by taking a rug and shaking it; you will see the ripples, or undulations, pass from one end to the other, while the rug itself does not change its position.

The difference between wave lengths in northern and southern waters is accounted for by the difference in the character of the winds causing them. In the north most storms are of a rotary nature and whip the sea in both directions, causing the peaks to converge more closely; in the south the long sweeping winds produce a result which may be likened to a series of massive swells rolling on endlessly.

Politics on the High Seas

ONE of the reasons why there is less pitching to a large ship is the fact that by virtue of its length it is able in a measure to ride the crest of the waves. Take the five longest ocean liners—the Majestic, 915 feet; the Leviathan, 907 feet; the Berengaria, 883 feet; the Aquitania, 868 feet, and the Olympic, 852 feet. It is obvious that these vessels will be less affected than smaller ones in the rise and fall of the ocean at intervals of from 300 to 400 feet in heavy weather, the distance between any two of the most widely separated of these waves being less than the length of any one of the vessels mentioned.

A ship going head-on to the sea—that is, directly into or over the on-coming waves—is proceeding in a manner best suited to offset the effect of a violent storm. Sometimes the Atlantic becomes so tempestuous that it is even necessary for these enormous ships to heave to and continue at reduced speed, with their noses to the storm in this way. What we are pleased to call the conquering of the ocean is, after all, a relative matter.

Mr. Mackay was a passenger some years ago on the Berengaria before her name was changed from Imperator. It was the time of the Democratic presidential nomination in the United States, and there was a great deal of interest among the passengers to know who the candidate would be. A wireless came to Mr. Mackay notifying him that former Governor Cox, of Ohio, had been chosen. Mr. Mackay immediately went in search of Stanley Beynon, the purser, and asked him if he didn't think it would be worth while to make a public announcement of the news.

"Rather! I've had no less than a score of inquiries," Mr. Beynon replied. Going to the Palm Court, then the Ritz-Carlton Restaurant, he clapped his hands to command silence and told of the message Mr. Mackay had received. It was curious to see the resultant demonstration of partisan political feeling as it found expression far out on the high sea. The Democrats applauded vigorously and a few of the more ardent among them broke into cheers.

(Continued on Page 46)

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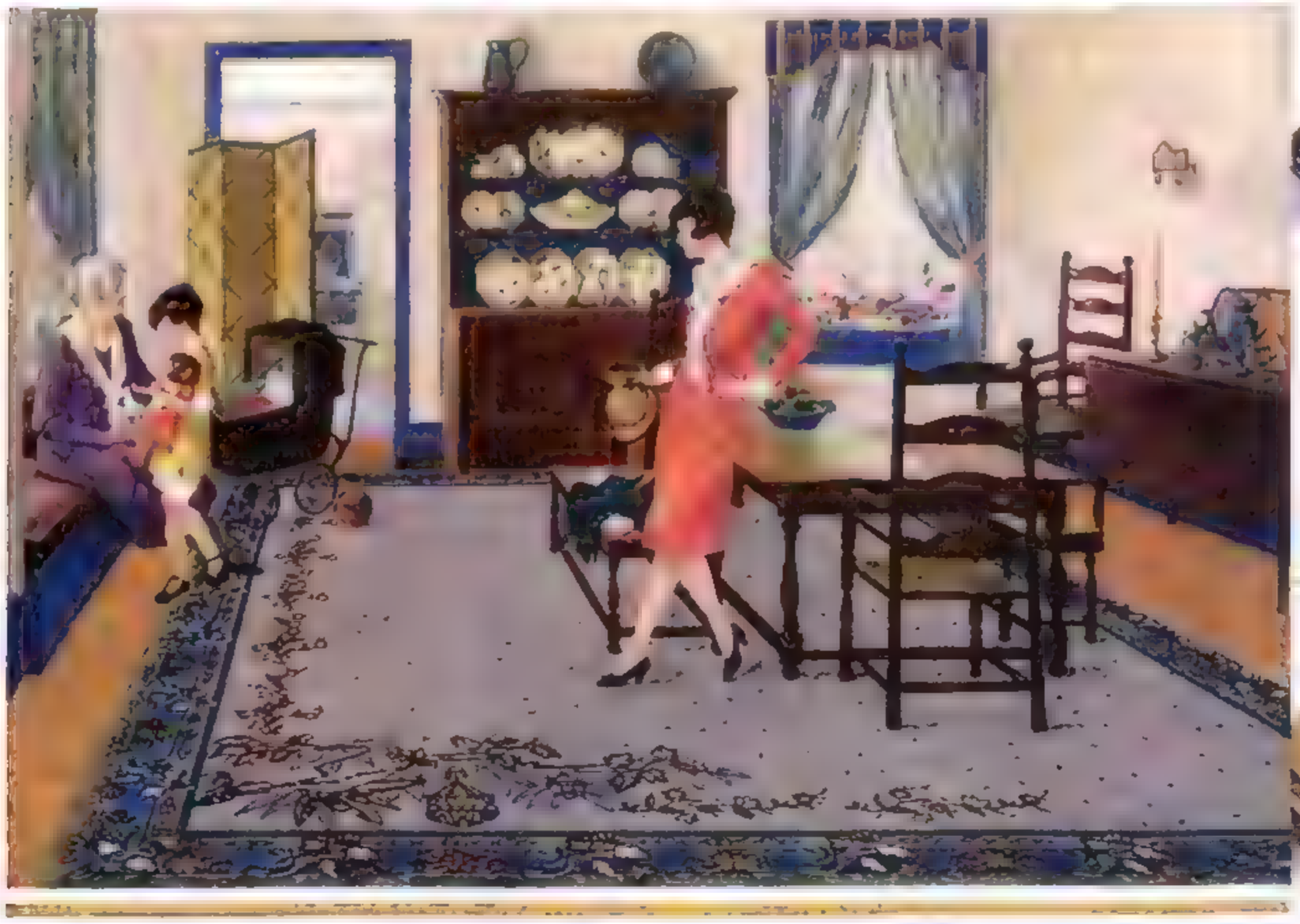

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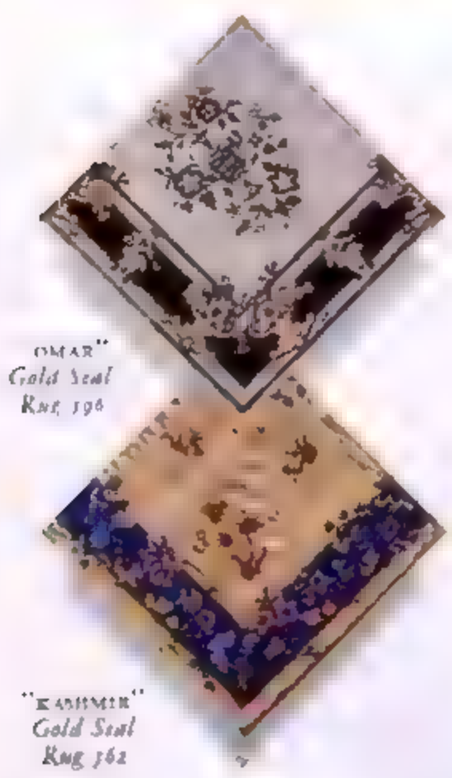

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THE BOOB HATERS

By Gilbert Seldes

THE fine art or parlor game of despising the middle classes is about a hundred years old. The rules were laid down once for all in France, shortly after the fall of Napoleon, and, in spite of minor revisions, have remained as fixed as the order of the court cards in poker. They are as traditional as Thursday afternoons out for the cook; and yet it is one of the boob hater's chief points of pride that he is an original thinker and defies all the traditions. The middle classes, he discovers, are all hidebound and slavish followers of conventions; the boob haters, although they all think alike and still think the thoughts of 1830, are, in their estimation, free and independent spirits. But it requires only the slightest touch of the dissecting knife to show that the humanity haters are blood brothers to those whom they hate, and that those who speak with contempt of the vast majority of humankind are, in the words of the best and greatest of their number, human—all-too-human. The boob haters, with a few exceptions, are only boobs with a superior vocabulary.

The middle class, as a dominant social body, is a comparatively new thing. From the days of Coriolanus to those of Louis XIV, if you wanted to hate any large group of people, you directed yourself to the sweaty rabble, the great unwashed. The bourgeois of those times was, as the name indicated, a town dweller, a citizen, and what is more, he was usually a free citizen. That, perhaps, accounts for the fact that the word, which is used in other countries as a term of contempt, is still in good odor where it originated. *Cuisine bourgeoise* on the window of a French restaurant is the equivalent of "home cooking," only in France it really means home cooking. The word they resent is not *bourgeoisie* but *peuple*, which would correspond to "the peepul," as William Jennings Bryan used it. The French Romantic poets, with Victor Hugo at their head, did their best to cast a shadow over the name of burgher, bourgeois, or citizen. "We must stir them up," they cried; "we must shock them out of their stupid complacency." It was then that the contemporary form of boob hating began, and if you look in a French dictionary you will find that the *bourgeoisie* is "antiliberal, anti-artistic."

The modern boob hater does not stop with the dictionary definition. He has discovered the boob, the average stupid man, whom H. L. Mencken has named *homo boobiens*, the mass known as the booboisie, which has changed our democratic form of government into a boobocracy. There is against this poor boob a bill of complaint running into hundreds of bound volumes. It is possible only to note the chief items.

The underlying complaint is that the boob, being the average person, is so terribly average; that being in the majority, he is so numerous; that being moderately prosperous, he is satisfied with moderation and prosperity. Specifically, it is charged that the members of the middle classes—say 90 per cent of the population—are a flock of sheep. They are certain to follow the leader; they are easily swayed by appeals of the most obvious kind; they tend to form a mob and, as the mob is always at the level of its meanest elements, to commit stupidities or crimes under the sway of mob psychology. Individually, the boob is dull; he likes to live by routine, hates anything new or different. His taste—in clothes or furniture or pictures or music or anything—is bad; he is easily imposed upon by any faker, whether in religion or science or art or politics.

The Ideal of the Ancient Greek

HE FALLS for anything, from phony oil stock to jingo patriotism; above everything he resents the necessity of using his mind. He wants to be one of a crowd and totally lacks individuality. He is devoted to physical comfort and spends his best years so busily accumulating money with which to buy these comforts, that in the end he never enjoys them. In fact, he enjoys very few things, because he does not know how to relax; he cannot use his leisure; he works so hard at his sports that they cease to be fun, and if he does not take his office home with him at night, he spends his time at a vulgar musical show or at a night club or in some other form of "the unutterable tedium of a life of pleasure." He has the average education and knows nothing; his mind is full of illusions, and, although he is the heir of all the ages, he still thinks that if you light three cigarettes with one match on Friday the thirteenth, disaster will instantly follow. He is ignorant, obstinate, without a mind of his own, superstitious; he hates art and beauty, and stands in the way of progress. There is nothing ignoble in the world of which he is not guilty, and, if the truth were only known, he is full of wickedness and vicious impulses, only, at the same time, he is too cautious, timid and unimaginative to be splendidly a sinner.

It will be observed that a number of these accusations are mutually hostile—they can hardly all be true because some of them cancel out others. The longer the catalogue grows, the oftener this happens; and at the end it would be easy to make out a case for the middle-class man on this basis: That he fulfills the ancient Greek ideal of avoiding excess—in other words, that the boob is the perfectly balanced man. This is, however, no part of the present examination. As far as I am concerned just now, all the complaints against the average boob may be true. There is certainly something to be said against a race which has let one glorious civilization after another perish and which is still incapable of running its affairs without recourse to personal violence, revolutions and wars; a case can be made out against the race which at the end of thousands of years of recorded history still brings pestilence upon itself, knows only the rudiments of education and the art of preserving life, a race which is only occasionally clean, noble, generous or happy. The only question is whether the people now preferring the charges are competent to do so. The testimony of a convict is always looked upon with suspicion in a court of law; and if judge, jury and prosecution are all tainted, the case cannot be any too strong.

It Depends on the Vocabulary

THE picture of the boob hater one is supposed to get is that of a man who tests all things and holds fast to that which is good, a man who is not stampeded into belief or action, who follows no crazes, but chooses his own path through life, indifferent to popularity and fads—in short, a personality, an individual and, by implication, something of an aristocrat. I have had occasion, in the past few months, to look through the history of a good many fads and movements; crazes and crowd activities in the past century, and I regret to report that the boob hater's assumption does not hold. About a hundred years ago there fell upon the world the new science of phrenology. It remains in our common speech today when we say that one has a good bump of locality. The great phrenologists discouraged the bump theory—perhaps because it was too simple, and anyone could make a fortune out of it—but wandering phrenologists passed up and down the Eastern states, pausing at county fairs to read the bumps of the boobs and to tell them what their faculties and capacities were good for. But the amazing and memorable thing is that while the boobs fell for the bump theory, the intellectuals of the whole world fell just as hard for the other forms of phrenology, expressed in longer words, in involved phraseology—and today as utterly discredited as the bumps themselves. Henry Ward Beecher and Walt Whitman frequented the Phrenological Depot; Horace Mann, George Bancroft and the Rev. Orestes Brownson gave it countenance in Boston; so did Abbott Lawrence and Justice Story. College professors throughout the country received George Combe, the English lecturer on the subject; scientists measured the skulls of criminals who had been executed; and Alfred Russel Wallace, who ranks next to Darwin in the history of the theory of evolution, declared his faith in phrenology as late as the end of the century. The intellectuals went to learned phrenologists in order to find out how to bring up their children; the boobs put ads in the papers, saying that office boys must come fortified with a phrenological analysis and recommendation; but essentially they were both doing the same thing, both submitting to the same craze, and the only thing which distinguishes one from the other is the difference in vocabulary. Unless, perhaps, the true distinction is that the intellectuals, in spite of the warnings of scientists, succumbed first to the mania, took it more seriously, and stuck to it longer.

It is not necessary to follow the history of all the fads and crazes which swept the country, from phrenology to mission furniture, from vegetarianism to Yoga philosophy, from spirit rapping to swamis. The half educated, the boobs, the middle classes, supported all the movements, no doubt, but in every case there was the authority of the elect. The greatest vegetarian a century ago was Shelley, the greatest one now is Bernard Shaw, and neither ranks with the boobs. The philosophers, poets and novelists of Massachusetts founded a communist colony on idealistic principles which the boobs dismissed as crack-brained; for a decade the rage for such experiments continued, and in nearly every case it was an intellectual, not a boob, who was the leader. When the Rochester rappings began, the crowds paid their money to see the Fox sisters speak from the other world, as they pay to see any sufficiently advertised novelty, but the literati of New York took them with the greatest seriousness. When Jenny Lind was Barnumed in New York it was a boob hatter, not a boob hater, who paid the highest price and bought the first box; but the rhapsodies in her praise were written by superior people who were swept off their feet by the same magic of her voice, or of Barnum's. Except in the case of religious revivals, I have met with no movement in which the superior few were not as badly stampeded as the herd; and even in that case, at the very forefront of the revivalist movements in America there stands one of the few great intellects our country has produced, Jonathan Edwards.

As a matter of historical fact, then, the claim that only the boobs are subject to crowd emotions, the claim that the intelligent body of men are independent thinkers, will not hold. Returning to the present, we find that the argument grows progressively more wabbly.

The history of one of the worst epidemics of recent years—that of the cross-word puzzle—is illuminating. The puzzles themselves have been familiar for years; they appeared on the home page or in the children's corner of many newspapers. In the New York World they ran not in the sophisticated metropolitan section but in a more general portion of the Sunday issue. A few writers took to working them out; presently a book was issued, the publishers omitting their own names from the title page. It caught on and became a success, and for months it was advertised with the names of about a hundred of the wits, sophisticates and intellectuals of New York as its enthusiastic supporters. The cross-word puzzle became a fad of the intellectuals and, with that backing, was accepted as a fad by the masses; bluestockings appeared in public cross-word-puzzle contests, bought books of fifty puzzles each and made puzzles of their own. The average man contented himself with the puzzle in his daily paper. The fun of doing the puzzles was no greater than it had been five years earlier, when no superior person would look at one; but the fad, which took in every class, made the fun. Grouchy individuals might note that intellectually the cross-word puzzle is only a cut above the game of tit-tat-to, but the superior people were as fanatical about it as the boobs, and there the matter lay.

The Mob Instinct of Intellectuals

BY THE time the crowds took it up, the individuals had abandoned the cross-word puzzle, but they had by no means abandoned the boob habit of doing things with the crowd. The questionnaire craze—still prevalent at this writing—followed. About this I speak with bitterness born of envy, for the young men who got out the first question book have made a small fortune—a fortune ready to anyone's hand. Exactly ten years ago the editor of a Philadelphia evening paper started to publish ten general questions on his editorial page, with the answers next day. It was part of my duty to dig up the questions—and not to print any question of which I had not found the answer in advance. I suggested the title, What Do You Know? for the department, and have enviously seen it in print a thousand times in the past six months. The editor who started the department was justified, for letters came pouring in, asking other questions, quarreling with the printed answers and otherwise indicating that he had hit on a popular feature. But it never occurred to anyone then that we had the elements of a financially promising fad. Again the fad took in the educated, the sophisticated, the independent thinkers, before the boobs succumbed to it. People played questions as religiously as other people played bridge or mah-jongg, because it was the fad, because it was the right thing to do, because everybody was doing it. And, as in the case of bridge or mah-jongg or going to church or wearing a high hat, some of these who follow the fashion really like it.

These obvious examples of sheeplike stupidity on the part of the superior people are chiefly important as symptoms. It happens that in both cases the fads chosen by superior people were parlor games known years before to the multitude; but if the intellectuals had chosen to compose symphonic music or paint pictures as a fad, the essential situation would still be the same—they would still be playing the boob's trick—doing whatever everybody in their

set or group or class of society was doing. It was well to have these striking examples to start with, for when you analyze the thoughts of the same class, you find the same thing obtains: The superior people are no more independent than anyone else. They have a set of superstitions, they accept ideas without testing them, they fall for the latest craze in thought as certainly as do any of the boobs they despise.

Ask any art dealer, in an unguarded moment, whether his pictures sell exclusively on merit, and his answer is bound to be that merit is always mentioned, but that there seems to be a cycle of popularity. Within the past generation the craze for Velasquez has died out; the proper thing now is to admire El Greco—at least it was six months ago, but these intellectual fads change quickly. It is, at the present moment, not stylish—to use an unfashionable but appropriate word—to admire Beethoven; Bach is in the ascendant. It is pretty poisonous to care for Puccini; Verdi is safer. Dickens has gained a little in the past few years on account of some heavy and unexpected artistic backing, but Trollope, among mid-Victorian writers, is now the fad.

In America it is still intellectually all right to like the Savoy operettas of Gilbert and Sullivan; even the popular Mikado and Pinafore are admired by superior people. But in England the sophisticated few have set dead against these same works; one of the most intelligent of the English intellectuals told me that it was no longer smart to admire Gilbert and Sullivan and that he himself, although sharing this dislike, could not account for it in any reasonable way. I predict that the English attitude will be imported and become fashionable here within five years.

Erudite Superstition

There are other fads and crazes among superior people. When Einstein gave the world his worked-out theory of relativity it was recognized as a matter of profound importance. On the word of scientists of repute it was accepted that if Einstein was right the whole previous body of our laws of physics stood in need of revision. Some scientists remained skeptical; some approved. But in spite of a thousand efforts to popularize the theory, it remained one which, according to report, only twelve men in the world were thoroughly competent to discuss. These twelve men had the background of physics and of mathematics; and even multiplying the figure by a hundred, it is quite clear that there are very few people alive who know exactly what Einstein means and why he means it. But this did not deter the majority of intellectuals in the slightest degree. Relativity became a catchword as prevalent as "So's your old man."

We heard about relativity in art and in morals and in politics, and of the deal that was written very little was even moderately clear. The intellectuals had been stampeded by a novel and attractive formula and have been using it ever since as a convenience of speech, as in the past they have used the word "evolution." It was easy enough to scoff at the "boobs" of Tennessee passing a law to prevent the teaching of evolution in their schools, but only a small percentage of those who scoffed explained clearly and accurately what the theory was which they were defending, whether they were Darwinians or neo-Darwinians or Lamarckians or what. Again the boobs and the boob haters were doing pretty much the same thing, but the boob haters had the larger vocabularies.

The business of supplying new words is one of the most profitable in modern commerce. Within the present decade the phrase "inferiority complex" has worked its way from the consulting room of a Viennese psychoanalyst, through the approved vocabulary of sophisticated people, into the language of the daily paper and the vaudeville theater. It is a useful combination of words, and the discoverer, Doctor Adler, has been busy of late, trying to catch up with it to keep its meaning clear. But his struggle is useless; that phrase and all the other catchwords of psychoanalysis, especially those drawn from the works of Professor Sigmund Freud, have become common currency in all superior conversation. You hear Œdipus complex, suppressed desire, transference, sublimation, tossed about as if they were the terms of baseball and not the names given for convenience to subtle and complicated ideas. You describe a dream and are met with winks and knowing looks, in spite of Freud's own warnings that the interpretation of any dream is dependent upon a thousand circumstances which only an experienced analyst familiar with every detail of the case can understand.

The virtues and the vices of psychoanalysis are not in question here. It may be all that the enthusiasts claim, and it may be all a delusion; the use to which it is put by those who have gained a smattering of its vocabulary remains precisely the same as the use made, by the boobs, of Professor Somno's Dream Book and Guide to the Future.

In the hands of a trained analyst the system of Freud may be an exact science; in the hands of the prevalent amateur it is rank superstition. Only it happens to be the superstition agreed upon by the intellectually superior, the superstition which has the scientific-sounding vocabulary, and therefore it passes as truth. In my own experience I have met dozens of people who have been or are going to be psychoanalyzed, and only two who studied the matter in advance; and I have heard and read thousands of references to psychoanalysis every one of which implied that it was gospel truth; among them perhaps ten or twenty indicated any actual knowledge of what psychoanalysis is. The other babblers were obviously acquainted in a confused way with the terminology, and were accepting the truth of it with the blind trust given to any quack remedy by an ignoramus.

A few years ago a scientific investigator, using the method of psychoanalysis to some degree, attempted to make a survey of the present state of marriage. His procedure was to invite a husband and wife to come to him, to speak separately and under a seal of privacy about their married lives and to ask questions. The questions ran from: What do you dislike most about your husband—or wife? -to: If simply by pressing a button you could dissolve your marriage, would you press the button or not? It was, as anyone acquainted with social work knew, exactly what everyone resented in the inquisitiveness of welfare workers among the poor; but it had the aura of science and it became so popular, in a restricted set, that the investigator had to continue his work secretly so that he would not be swamped by applicants. It makes one think of the boobs flocking to see the latest healer in order to be cured of imaginary ills. One thinks of them again when one hears of a New York palmist whose work is exclusively for the rich and the intellectual—giving her money and fame.

The Distinguishing Mark

In drawing up the condemnation of the majority, the boob hater has been enormously helped by the late war. Here we saw the masses going like sheep to the slaughter; here the boobs indulged all the violent and mean passions of the mob, succumbing to war hysteria, being imposed upon by ruthless and unscrupulous leaders. These things may be true, but in what degree did the boobs differ from the superior people? Did not the professors of every university in every country mobilize for hatred as rapidly as the peasantry? Was there less prejudice among the cultivated and sophisticated than among the simple? Or was it the truth that the simple-minded obeyed orders in a dumb and loyal way, while the intellectual giants, with great gifts of expression, turned all their gifts to the manufacture of prejudice and hatred? It is not a question of whether the French or German or American professors were right; it is only whether they and all the educated classes differed essentially from the boobs. They differed in the words they used, and it is even reasonable to say that, equally carried away by war hysteria, they were the more vicious and the less forgiving.

The catalogue of boob characteristics among the boob haters is endless. They all use the same words, only where the boob says "swell" they say, or said, "intriguing." They all do the same things. Only while the boobs all go to Chinatown in a rubberneck wagon, the æsthetes all go to Harlem night clubs in taxis. They all suffer the same crazes, only it is a craze for period furniture or cubist painting, while the boob crazes are for radios and day beds.

But the boob hater has one crushing argument left. It is that the rich who go in for palmistry, and the professors who become jingoes, and the sophisticates who accept psychoanalysis—that these are boobs, too, and that the only really superior people—the aristocracy of the mind—are the very few indeed, the thinnest slice of the upper crust. It is impossible to identify them by the ordinary means. They are not the rich or the leisured class; they are not the educated class; they are not the artists—as anyone who has compared an artists' quarrel to a quarrel between truck drivers will know. In fact, the only distinguishing mark of the man who is not a boob turns out to be that he is a boob hater.

It seems a pretty easy way to arrive at superiority. But even here the ground is none too solid. For the professional boob haters are touched with all the sins of the boobs. They are not discriminating, since, instead of applauding, they merely dispraise whatever the boob does; they are not original, since they continue to hate the boobs precisely in the manner of the 1830's; they do not even invent their own words. Those who have read Nietzsche write like Nietzsche, and those who haven't write like Mencken. Most of them make an idol of popularity—except that they turn away from it, instead of toward it, to measure their success. They play the game of follow-the-leader, so long as the leader isn't going in the ordinary direction. They all despise democracy, they all worship science, they all dislike religion, they all keep out of politics. In short, they constitute a mass which differs from the great majority only in being smaller and talking better.

The boob haters, in short, aren't nearly good enough. A great hater of humanity, like Dean Swift, hasn't appeared among them as yet; a poet like Nietzsche added a noble ideal of the future to his contempt for the botched and ugly faces of mankind. For the rest, it is doubtful whether the wisest of men, the few great thinkers or visionaries, have troubled to hate. Merely to ridicule the weakness and meanness of a great portion of the human race has not seemed to them a sufficient basis for existence. The enthusiasts have tried to love all the world and to improve it; the others have considered it natural that the average should be pretty low, have been amused by some things and annoyed by others, but without getting terribly excited about them. They have noted that the superior people make a botch of their lives about as often as the inferior ones; that the difference between them is largely a matter of the words they use. And one of the things which has always been most amusing has been the pretension that the new words mean something important, and that God is on the side of the largest vocabularies.

GETTING ON IN THE WORLD

A Student of Transportation

IT HAD been a drab sort of day that left your interest nil and your brain numb. A river-ward majority basked contentedly on the curbing and office steps. At wide intervals, seekers of work, like auction hounds, edged their way into the office where jobs awaited them.

Now and again, men stirred restfully as new positions graced the window bulletin boards: acetylene welders; carpenters on concrete-form work; turret-lathe operators out of town; ship-riveting gangs; freight truckers. Perhaps the intense heat, the late hour, or the comforting thought that tomorrow would be Saturday explained their unconcern. Only a world's series or another Armistice bulletin could have aroused their sustained interest, I thought as I gazed down from the window above.

Suddenly my name, in an inquiring down-east drawl, jarred my reverie.

"Alden's my name." I glanced at the imprint on the envelope he handed me. Its contents differed little from many I'd received that week. Another college boy looking for a job as a life guard or for a hotel clerkship in the mountains, I ruminated as I walked to my desk.

A shade past twenty-one, his features told you; his frame spare, wiry and above medium in height; his shoulders, stooped.

"What course are you taking?" I asked. A show of friendly interest would at least coat the pill I must ultimately give him, for the day had cleared our desks of opportunities I felt his type could fill.

"I'm specializing in transportation. I've just finished my third year," he answered evenly. Another traffic manager. One for every box car, at the rate the colleges were producing them.

"Do you expect to follow transportation—railroading—for a living?"

"Yes." His tone carried a tinge of surprise, I thought.

It is always a relief to have men tell you bluntly what they want, just what course they have plotted as their life work, but it's not always a simple matter to start them on their way. Though it's easy to become convinced of a man's capabilities, it's quite another thing to find an employer who will give him a chance to prove them. "I did that," has always been a surer job incubator than "I want this."

"Just what particular class of work have you in mind? It's pretty hard, you know, to get temporary jobs in railroad transportation. It's too expensive a proposition breaking men in only to have them leave in the fall to go back to college; difficult enough in other lines, but doubly so in railroad operating, where everything has to run on time-table schedule."

He nodded.

"And, of course, railroad-office jobs are always pretty scarce," I explained. "Men who have them stick to them as a rule." His study of labor turnover should have told him that, I felt.

He nodded.

"Then again, when openings do occur they're filled usually through promotion.

(Continued on Page 48)

Will it take a bill like this

to teach you the value of lubrication?

Alemite Lubrication every 500 miles will eliminate 80% of your repair bills

EVERY year you must pay for lubrication whether your car is lubricated or not. If you lubricate your car yourself, your lubrication bill will only be the small amount you pay for the lubricant. If you have the work done every 500 miles it will cost you slightly more. If you neglect lubrication your bill will probably be at least $90 a year.

That, in a nutshell, is the whole story of the cost of motor car lubrication. It is based on absolute facts secured from thousands of garages and service stations.

These men tell us that 80% of repair bills on automobiles could be absolutely prevented by proper lubrication, and statistics show that these avoidable bills amount to more than $1,800,000,000 a year, or $90 for every motor car owner in the United States!

In addition to dodging that big repair bill, regular lubrication "every 500 miles" will give you an easier riding car, a more dependable car, a longer lived car, and a car that has a much higher trade-in value. Can *you* afford to neglect lubrication in the face of these facts?

Alemite makes lubrication quick, easy and positive

More than 11,000,000 motor cars in the United States today are equipped with the Alemite High Pressure Lubrication System. They are so equipped because the makers of these cars have found this system is the easiest to use and produces the most satisfactory results.

Lubrication of the chassis bearings on your Alemite Equipped car takes only a few minutes. The job is neither messy nor troublesome. Merely attach the handy Alemite compressor gun to the fitting on each bearing. A twist of your wrist forces clean, fresh Alemite Lubricant entirely through the bearing. And at the same time out comes the old, worn-out, gritty grease.

Or, if you prefer to have your lubricating done for you, over 40,000 Alemite stations are equipped to serve you quickly and at small cost. You see their signs everywhere. Drive in every 500 miles and save enough money every year on repairs to just about pay for your gasoline.

Hundreds of Alemite Service Stations are now equipped with the new Alemite Airline Lubrigun. Operates by compressed air. A big time and labor saver. Motorists quickly appreciate its speedy, thorough service.

WARNING!

Just one word of caution—beware of cheap greases. The best lubrication system in the world can do you no good unless you use a good grade of lubricant. So, to protect your interests and ours, we have stocked dealers everywhere with genuine Alemite Chassis Lubricant. Unless you already know a brand that you can absolutely rely upon, insist that your service man use genuine Alemite Chassis Lubricant.

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ALEMITE

Watch This Column

Our Weekly Letter

A Scene from

"The Cat and the Canary"

Those of you who did not see the stage-version of ***"The Cat and the Canary,"*** John Willard's play which scored such a hit throughout the country, simply must not miss Universal's production in picture of this very startling drama. The critics have passed on it and approved it with enthusiasm.

It is really a remarkable all-star production headed by LAURA LA PLANTE and assisted by FORREST STANLEY, ARTHUR EDMUND CAREW, CREIGHTON HALE, TULLY MARSHALL, GERTRUDE ASTOR, FLORA FINCH, GEORGE SIEGMANN, MARTHA MATTOX, LUCIEN LITTLEFIELD and JOE MURPHY.

The story is based on the will of an eccentric millionaire who requires that the will shall be read twenty years after his death at the hour of midnight in his gloomy country home. The play is spooky in the extreme and Paul Leni, the director, has covered himself with glory in the handling.

"Alias the Deacon," starring JEAN HERSHOLT and JUNE MARLOWE, is a drama from the story of John B Hymer, and I am sure it will be received with sincere approbation by the whole movie-world. There is real drama, a tender love story, and delightful comedy in the story. It is an Edward Sloman Production.

Keep your eyes open for ***"Uncle Tom's Cabin,"*** one of the great spectacles of the year. Also the magnificent production of ***"Les Miserables,"*** Victor Hugo's greatest work. Will you write to me when you see them?

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

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UNIVERSAL PICTURES

730 Fifth Ave., New York City

(Continued from Page 44)

A man's got to start at the bottom if he expects to get very far in railroading."

"Yes, I appreciate that," he agreed; too readily, I thought.

Anyway that was that.

"So you see," I concluded, "you're up against a stiff proposition, unless," I grinned, "you want to take a flyer at trucking freight."

"I did that for three months, summer before last at New London. We handled, principally, produce and miscellaneous merchandise in less than carload lots for shipment across the Sound. I want to get different work this summer if I can. Last summer I worked as a clerk in the big classification yard at Harrisburg, checking waybills, cars and engines in and out, crew releases and making up cut slips."

"Cut what?"

"Cut slips—for the hump—tickets made out in duplicate from the waybills; one goes to the conductor of the hump engine and the other to the towerman. The Mallet, you see, takes the cars as they come from the receiving yard; by looking at his cut slips the conductor knows just how many cars to cut each time the Mallet brings them to the top."

"Yeh, I see."

"Then the towerman looks at the slip—the duplicate—which tells him what track to switch them on. Gravity does the rest."

"Yeh."

"What I'd like to get this time is waybilling. I can use a typewriter. It would give me a chance to learn a little about routing and rate classifications. You see this is my last summer. I want to pick up all I can."

Thoughts, unspurred, jogged the beaten courses of my memory: of young men who had asked, dreamily, if I didn't think exporting would be the right field for them to traverse; or advertising, wasn't there a great future there? Or what did I think of banking, warehousing, merchandising, of building and construction, or of the automobile-manufacturing game? They were pretty good fields to enter, weren't they? Didn't I think so? Or what did I think?

As though what I thought mattered a peppercorn when stacked in later years against what they would see, and feel, and know for themselves when experience in one or more of those fields had given them a clearer, keener knowledge of their own abilities and tastes.

Why had not more of them, I wondered, done as Alden, here before me, had: snapped into a job for his summer months in order to prove to himself how well he was fitted to follow to the end the course he had chosen. Instead, too often, they had taken for a summer those jobs which were most readily obtained, paid the highest wages, or offered the most congenial environment. Why had they not, like him, invested a few short months to prove how well their thoughts and theories dovetailed with conditions and the world outside?

"Have you seen Lowry, employment agent of the central division?" I asked finally. "Try him. It's worth your while. Here's his address. I'll phone him you're coming over."

A week passed, before I talked again with Lowry:

"By the way, that boy Alden I sent you; what were you able to do for him?"

"Alden? Alden? You've got me. I never was good on names."

"That boy I phoned you about last week who wanted a summer job."

"Which one?" he countered.

"That student who'd spent his summers trucking and on the hump."

"Oh, I got you. Sure, sure. I placed him. I only had to lift the receiver off the hook to land that boy a job. But, say, hold on. Who told you he was a student? That kid isn't a student."

"He told me he was."

"Yes, I know, but they tell you lots of things."

"He had a letter from the dean of his college."

"All right, then. We'll call him one. It's too hot to argue. But he looked to me like a rattling good railroader."

—KENNETH COOLBAUGH.

FROM THE BRIDGE

(Continued from Page 41)

Someone with strong Republican leanings jeered the announcement in a spirit of raillery and in a twinkling the restaurant was transformed into a storm center of political feeling. Democrats cheered, Republicans booed and nonpartisans laughed at the unexpected disturbance of the serenity of the restaurant.

"I had no intention of starting a political riot," Mr. Mackay said, taking in the scene from the entrance to the restaurant and much amused at the electrical effect of his wireless message.

Newcomb Carlton, head of the Western Union, is another leader of American industry who has come to my cabin and whiled away some of the hours of the trip in a discussion of topics of mutual interest. I relish these informal little chats and the light they shed upon the character of the men who are performing important missions in the world. It is especially interesting when the luck of acquaintance brings me into contact with men who head huge competitive enterprises, as in the case of Mr. Carlton and Mr. Mackay, and I am able to make my own diagnosis of the qualities which established them in their positions and leadership. With regard to the two men of whom I speak, it was quite plain to me why these large responsibilities had been intrusted to each of them. They are unusually keen business men.

Nautical Knowledge

A celebrity's actions undergo close scrutiny aboard ship. One of the most notable instances I have ever seen of the modest celebrity was that of Major Segraves, who crossed with me a few months ago after his achievement of traveling at the rate of 203 miles an hour in his racing motor on Daytona Beach. He is a good winner. On the way over he was besieged with questions regarding the feat which enabled him to move faster than man had ever moved on land before, and it was pleasing to hear the impersonal manner in which he described the incident. Though he used no such happy phrase as the Lindbergh "we," it was apparent he thought in terms of that kind. In what contact I have had with men who have won fame through the performance of feats of valor I have never met one possessed of a more charming natural sense of modesty than Segraves has. I speak of it now as a side light on the diverse human types which parade before a sailor in this panorama of the ocean.

Speaking of Segraves' record of 203 miles an hour, I am reminded of the question frequently raised by passengers concerning the difference between land miles and nautical miles and why the same unit of measurement is not used ashore and at sea. As to why the land mile, 5280 feet, is not the same as the nautical, 6080 feet, the only explanation seems to be that the former is a figure arbitrarily arrived at in England years ago and has never been changed. The nautical mile, on the other hand, is based on the circumference of the earth, which for purposes of calculation is reckoned to contain the 360 degrees of a circle, with each degree of sixty minutes being equivalent to sixty nautical miles. The total mileage of 360 degrees is therefore 21,600, and this sum divided into the 131,259,216 feet contained in the 24,859.7 statute miles constituting the scientifically ascertained circumference of the earth, equals 6076.8 feet. The round figure of 6080 feet was agreed upon to compose the slight variations between the length of the nautical mile at the poles, where it is actually 6108 feet, and at the equator, where it is 6046 feet, these variations resulting from the fact that the earth is not a perfect sphere, but is flat at the poles and bulging at the equator.

A common error among persons unfamiliar with nautical terms is to speak of a ship making so many knots an hour. A knot is one nautical mile, but it is a term designed solely to express speed and not distance. The time element being implied, it is redundant to use knots and hours conjunctively. A ship travels either so many miles an hour or so many knots.

I have found also that many ocean travelers are mystified concerning the distance to the horizon. On a recent voyage I heard two men of keen intellect arguing this point, one contending that the horizon is ten miles off and the other that the distance was something greater than this. I was finally appealed to to decide which of them was correct.

"It would be better," I advised both, "if you decided first from what elevation you are looking at the horizon. The distance may be almost anything. The closer you are to the water the shorter the distance is. If you look at the horizon from just a few feet above the water line, it is only about two miles off. If you are at a height of, say, sixty feet, the distance is then nine miles. The horizon is never stationary. A great many persons have come to believe that it is always ten miles or so away because they view it from the promenade deck, and this is its approximate distance from that point on the larger vessels."

Ocean travelers today, however, converse far more intelligently about nautical matters than they did not so many years ago. I am afraid the old-time sailor used to be quite impatient at times with the questions asked of him—questions which to him had such obvious answers. He does not hear many of the same kind any more. A great deal of the mystery of the sea has unfolded itself to the army of Atlantic crossers, and they have learned to feel as comfortable aboard ship as they would at their favorite hotel on land. It has all resulted from the new point of view regarding a trip across the ocean—the simplicity of it in this generation as compared with the all-important event it once was. People have begun to realize that the advance in steamship transportation has made the Old and New Worlds next-door neighbors.

Week-Ends in Europe

I had a rather striking illustration of this within the past few months. Sitting at my table were Mrs. James Cox Brady, of New York, and Gladstone, New Jersey, and her stepdaughter, Miss Jane Hamilton Brady, who has since become Mrs. Frederick Strong Mosely, Jr., of Boston. As we discussed one thing and another, I learned that these two charming ladies are both keenly interested in Thoroughbreds and that Hamilton Farm, their combined estate and breeding establishment at Gladstone, quarters, among other famous sires, the celebrated French racer Épinard, which performed so gallantly on American race tracks a few years ago when Pierre Wertheimer, his owner, shipped him to the United States to meet several fields of selected opponents.

At the time of which I speak Mrs. Brady and Miss Jane were on their way to Europe for a brief sojourn. Getting off at Cherbourg, France, they were going to proceed to Paris by motor and a week later make a hurried trip to Liverpool, England, to see

(Continued on Page 48)

Is Conversation on Your Side?

TALK . . . TALK . . . TALK, wherever humans gather. Living-rooms hum with it, street corners buzz with it, ships and trains go on their way to its vibration.

Sometimes its topics may seem insignificant, even idle. But if you follow them through a social evening, or a business afternoon, you will be amazed not only with their variety, but their importance. There will be personalities, of course. But also there will be talk of crops and clothes—plays and playthings—real estate and travels—breakfast foods and adventure—furnaces and automobiles. . . . Talk that molds opinions, sets standards of value in all of life, creates definite preferences for this cause—this social group—this manufactured product.

Fortunate, indeed, is the product that enters into the maelstrom of conversation with advertising on its side.

Advertisements on the printed pages of magazines and newspapers influence more than the millions of individuals who read them day by day and month by month. They furnish ideas, facts and impressions that become a part of conversational store. Advertisements arouse loyalties. They make their readers into centers of beneficial influence, radiating testimony for the product and its qualities weeks and months after a particular magazine or newspaper with a particular advertisement has been bought and read.

If you don't believe that people say what the advertisements say, listen to a successful retail salesman presenting a line of advertised merchandise. Listen to the women who support a breakfast food, a face cream, a washing machine, in almost the exact words of the advertising. Notice that elderly people proclaim the virtues of an advertised soap year after year, and that critical young people accept without question new products smartly, interestingly advertised.

"What is the circulation?" You often hear this question asked of an advertising campaign. . . . Conversation doubles and triples and quadruples circulation!

"What is the life of this medium?" a common enough inquiry. . . . Conversation *keeps* advertising alive, making it indefinitely influential in the purchasing habits of the nation!

Is conversation on your side?

N. W. AYER & SON

ADVERTISING HEADQUARTERS, PHILADELPHIA

NEW YORK BOSTON CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

"World's-champion CANDY—HOME-MADE"

That's what folks think of Oh Henry!—absolute knockout. 'Cause it's made the home-made way—made of the very things, the choice, quality things that come out of your own pantry. And we don't care who knows it. That's why we tell just how we make Oh Henry! Look:

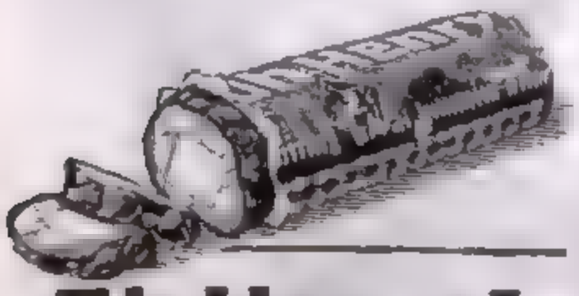
FUDGE CENTER: 1½ cups pure cane sugar; ½ teaspoon creamery butter; 1 cup rich, full cream milk; 1 cup corn syrup; white of one egg

CARAMEL LAYER: 4 teaspoons creamery butter; 1½ cups corn syrup; 3 cups rich, full cream milk; ½ teaspoon salt.

PEANUT LAYER: 3 cups prime No. 1 Spanish whole nuts, roasted in oil (hulls removed).

CHOCOLATE COATING: Melt one pound pure milk chocolate.

So if you are one of the millions who know how good home-made candy can be, just ask for Oh Henry! at any candy counter.



Oh Henry!

CANDY MADE THE HOME-MADE WAY

(Continued from Page 46)

the running of the Grand National, the steeplechase classic of the British turf. An American friend, Harold Fowler, was one of the amateur riders competing in this contest, which is an exceptionally severe test for both horse and rider. Their interest in the race was so pronounced and their knowledge of its traditions so thorough that I inquired whether they were making the voyage especially to see the Grand National.

"No, not this time," came the answer. "But we did make the trip on one occasion expressly for that purpose. We arrived in England a day or so before the race, went to Liverpool to see it and started back home again as soon as it was over. Altogether we were away from America about three weeks."

Though it is not often I come across persons who are willing to travel more than 6000 miles to see a horse race, it frequently happens that passengers remain in port for only a few days and are back aboard ship for the return voyage. Crossing the ocean means no more to these persons, and involves no more confusion, than taking a railroad journey.

Out of the 2500 to 4000 souls in the crew and passenger list of a big transatlantic liner is to be found just about every known species of the civilized human race. The purser's department, coming into contact with all of them, is really the diplomatic corps of the ship, as well as being the custodian of funds and valuables, the disbursing agency and the medium through which the social activities are kept going. When we were leaving port on one of our voyages within the past year a woman passenger sought out Mr. Beynon and said she would like to place some trinkets in a safe-deposit box. After inscribing her name in the register and receiving a key to the safe-deposit box assigned to her, she brought forth a small jewel box and placed it in the steel drawer. Mr. Beynon explained to her that he held the master keys to the safe-deposit boxes and that they had to be used jointly with the key given to the box holder, duplicate keys of everything being kept in the captain's safe.

"I thought it might be better to keep these articles here than to leave them lying around my stateroom," she said.

"Unquestionably better, particularly if they happen to be very valuable," Mr. Beynon replied.

"Oh, I suppose they're worth about $100,000; but it isn't that—I simply should hate to lose some of the family heirlooms." And while Mr. Beynon stood gasping for breath she hurried on her way.

No Elbowroom

A theft at sea is exceedingly rare. When one is reported to the ship's officers an investigation is at once started by the inspectors, who, as I explained in an earlier article, are usually retired policemen. Owing to their infrequency, Mr. Beynon was therefore much surprised some months ago when a woman passenger informed him that a purse containing $800 had been stolen from her stateroom. He assigned one of the inspectors to make a thorough inquiry, but the investigation had scarcely got under way before the woman was back in his office and asked that the search be discontinued at once and that any knowledge of what had taken place be withheld from her room companion, a friend of long standing. Being discreet Mr. Beynon asked no embarrassing questions and contented himself with surmising what had taken place. In any event the money remained "lost" for less than one hour.

When Mr. Beynon was purser of the Carpathia, sailing from Liverpool to New York, by way of Queenstown, a gangling British farmer, six feet two inches in height and proportionately broad, went to him and said he was berthed in a room with three other men as large as himself. When his companions got out of bed in the morning they took up so much space that he had to remain in his berth until they had left the room. So he wanted to know if he couldn't be tucked away in some spot where there would be a little more leeway for him to stretch his huge frame. Mr. Beynon told him to come around the next day after they had left Queenstown and he would see what could be done about it. On leaving Queenstown he found an unoccupied single-berth room and assigned it to the tall farmer, who evinced much satisfaction over the change.

The day the ship arrived at Quarantine the farmer again looked Mr. Beynon up and said, "My boy, you have made me the happiest man on the ship." Thereupon he handed the purser one shilling and told him to buy the best cigar on the ship.

The Favorite Pastime

The best cigar to be had on board cost three shillings and nine pence, but Mr. Beynon did not let him know that when he thanked him for the gift. It was rather the man's simplicity and his homely psychology that interested the purser. As he visualized the incident, this farmer was a man of the most methodical habits, who perhaps visited the public house in his home town each day to buy himself a glass of beer; and if the sun had been shining and his hay crop was good, he would invest in a threepenny cigar. If the following day the sun was still shining and the hay was coming in, he would buy himself a sixpenny cigar and think he was doing things in princely fashion. The limit of his imagination was undoubtedly a cigar costing one shilling. The coin he gave Mr. Beynon is now framed and hangs on the wall of the purser's home.

Eating has always been one of the favorite pastimes of the deep sea. I recall how deeply it was impressed upon me in my early days aboard a windjammer that nothing is more important to the sailor than his pound and pint, that plain fare he receives in carefully measured portions each week and which is known to him as his whack. Many of the old primitive customs of the ocean have passed into oblivion, but the interest in food goes on eternally. For the razor-edged appetite I commend you to the sailor, who has the tang of the sea always upon him to stimulate the demands of his stomach and plenty of hard work to keep his organism active in the assimilation of the rations he packs away.

And yet the sea, in spite of its proverbial habit of making people ravenously hungry, appears unable to stem the growing tendency among persons who live on land to eat in moderation. The landlubber's appetite is not what it used to be. Women have gone in for slim figures and men engaged in sedentary pursuits have found that their capacity for work is increased if they limit their food supply to the barest minimum.

A few years ago passengers used to complain that they had taken on six or seven pounds on a single voyage. That cry is seldom heard nowadays aboard ship. The time once devoted to gorging is now used more advantageously. The athletic diversions of the decks, the gymnasiums and the swimming pools are proving more popular than the old fondness for devastating rich and heavy dishes.

One would be skeptical on this point, however, if he inspected a list of the stores consumed on one voyage of a ship the size of the Berengaria or Leviathan or Majestic. A glance at the following partial list gives some idea of the magnitude of quantities:

Tea	818 lbs.
Sugar	8,100 lbs.
Vinegar	118 gals.
Sardines	615 cans
Frogs' legs	80 lbs.
Oranges	126 bxs.
Strawberries	684 lbs.
Tomatoes	2,121 lbs.
Jam	1,500 lbs.
Split peas	656 lbs.
Bacon	4,833 lbs.
Butter	4,916 lbs.
Lobsters	1,750 lbs.
Capons	624
Celery-fed ducks	616
Beef	27,376 lbs.
Mutton	5,916 lbs.
Grapes	1,400 lbs.
Milk	1,800 gals.
Celery	300 doz.
Cauliflowers	1,320
Coffee	1,520 lbs.
Mustard	137 lbs.
Olives	278 bots.
Caviar	251 lbs.
Apples	141 bxs.
Gooseberries	314 qts.
Pineapples	187
Grapefruit	98 bxs.
Oatmeal	1,150 lbs.
Cooking salt	2,000 lbs.
Eggs	54,360
Fresh fish	14,840 lbs.
Chickens	2,202
Poussins	406
Potatoes	20 tons
Turkeys	223
Lamb	4,310 lbs.
Prunes	488 lbs.
Cream	1,500 qts.
Cheese	1,650 lbs.
Cabbage	2,500 lbs.
Kippered herring	91 bxs.

Many years ago Charles Dickens crossed the Atlantic on the old Britannia, but refused to return on her because he believed that her consumption of 700 tons of coal during the voyage lightened her beyond the point of safety. Were he alive today, it would be interesting to know what his attitude would be toward the vanishing cargoes of the massive ships now navigating these same waters. The weight of the food alone would perhaps equal that of the Britannia's coal, to say nothing of the thousands of tons of fuel which disappear in a single crossing.

Would Dickens still do as he did then—return aboard a sailing ship? Hardly. It is less than ninety years since the Britannia used to wend her way over the Atlantic, taking fourteen days or so for the crossing; and what rich, prolific years they have been in conquering distance between the two continents, in providing safety and rapidity of transportation, in dotting the sea with a great fleet of vessels which are properly referred to as floating palaces, in transplanting to the water the comforts and luxuries of the land and in establishing a democracy into which millions have been initiated and which is unique in the camaraderie of its spirit.

Mammoths of the Sea

Scan the waters of the Atlantic and observe the procession of splendid ships upon which has fallen the mantle of the old 350-ton Savannah, the pioneer steamship in the transatlantic service. One cannot help wondering what the sailormen of those days would have thought if before their vision there had suddenly loomed such giants as the Leviathan, the Majestic and the Berengaria, greater by 150 times or more than the wonder ship of that period. One can only draw a mental picture of the consternation their appearance in any port would have caused and of how the people might have knelt in prayer for deliverance from the evil visitation.

The sea is alive now with ships of a size and beauty the imagination of man could scarcely conceive in that era—an era which is remote in the light of the startling changes that have come but not far removed in point of time. A sailorman who has lived through the most fruitful years of this maritime epoch watches the passing show with the conviction that there is not much more to accomplish. Whence will come finer ships than the super trio or those which press them for the honor of size and stateliness—the Olympic, the Aquitania, the Paris, the Homeric, the Columbus, the Mauretania, the Statendam, the Belgenland, the Roma, the Duilio, the Rotterdam, the Baltic, the George Washington, the France, the Minnetonka, the Conte Verdi and the others in the huge fleet which makes the world homogeneous and neighborly? I, for one, do not know.

A FURTHER MESSAGE from the three Graham brothers

More than a year ago we sold our entire holdings in Dodge Brothers, Incorporated, (manufacturers of motor cars), and Graham Brothers, Incorporated, (manufacturers of motor trucks), and severed our active and financial connections with both organizations.

On June the tenth, nineteen-hundred and twenty-seven, we acquired control of the Paige-Detroit Motor Car Company, and assumed full responsibility for its management. We have invested over four million dollars in the company, thus providing substantial additional working capital.

On August the fifth, improvements were announced in all Paige sixes and eights, and price reductions on ten of the twenty models. Improvements include material body construction changes, finer appointments, new color combinations applied by an advanced process adding to both beauty and durability, and important engine and chassis refinements.

On September the tenth, two new models were announced, making a Paige six available for the first time for less than a thousand dollars. Paige cars can now be had in twenty body types on four chassis, in sixes and eights, at prices ranging from $995 to $2665, f. o. b. Detroit.

We invite you to inspect the improved Paige sixes and eights now on display, noting particularly their substantial values.

Detroit, Michigan
September twelfth
Nineteen-hundred and twenty-seven

Joseph B. Graham
Robert C. Graham
Ray A. Graham

PAIGE

"No high heels are too high-hat for Seiberlings"

Billy Dove, First National Star, in "The Stolen Bride"

NO shoe is too fine—no heel too high—to deny you the ease of the Seiberling Thin Heel.

To high heels, low heels—heels of leather or of wood—Seiberling Heels, of finest rubber, add their comfort at no cost to style.

THE SEIBERLING RUBBER COMPANY
AKRON • OHIO

SEIBERLING
RUBBER HEELS

For gentlemen too, of course.

THE COLLEGE OF THE FUTURE

(Continued from Page 13)

careers. "The present method is most inaccurate and a cause of humiliation to those of us who give such advice."

But here again the colleges are fairly stirring with new life and effort. President L. B. Hopkins says that the word "vocational" is almost sure to bring the person using it under suspicion with almost any faculty group, largely because of the "faking that has gone on under the name of 'vocational guidance.'"

Then, too, the professors fear that instruction will become vocational rather than cultural, or specialized rather than liberal, if emphasis is placed upon the student's life work before he acquires a more general education. But this fear, Mr. Hopkins says, is unfounded as long as the methods of instruction and content of the curriculum are in the hands of the faculties.

It is going quite too far to suggest, as one enthusiastic young alumnus of a Western university does in his graduate magazine, that a half dozen instructors of Latin, Greek, philosophy, history and the like be fired, and one high-priced personnel manager be hired from industry to give vocational advice, thus saving "one hundred years of wasted lives every year."

Breaking in the Freshmen

But whether the professors like it or not, the colleges are going to do far more in the future than they have in the past to detect special talent in time, to provide information which will enable graduates to secure positions for which they are fitted, and indeed, to use the word so hateful in academic circles, to "sell" their human products to the industries.

The detailed work of Dr. E. K. Strong, Jr., at the Carnegie Institute of Technology and later at Stanford University, in devising vocational interest tests is being carefully watched by educators. Another very important piece of work is that of the American Council on Education in coördinating the employment efforts of industry and the colleges—that is, industry is being induced to supply the colleges with real job specifications, and the colleges are being taught how to supply industry with facts concerning personal traits and qualities.

Until now most of the rather vague and generalized lectures and articles by employers written for college men are found by the teachers to be useless in giving students the information wanted. Similarly, for different reasons, most school records are useless to employers seeking employes. If industry and education can coöperate, one furnishing the needful occupational information and the other developing valid means of appraising men, there will be an enormous saving of man power.

But the individualizing of education is taking still other new forms. Not a little of the bewilderment and consequent flunking out of the student, especially of freshmen, has been due to sheer overorganization of higher education into courses, subjects and departments. It seems to have been forgotten that the course is merely a means to an end—the education of the student.

It is a common saying that the freshman "doesn't know what it's all about."

Thus the problem is to hook him onto the vital living current that nearly always exists in a college. Two new devices are being employed: One merely administrative—the freshman week; the other more fundamental—the survey, initiatory, gateway or orientation course, required of all freshmen. This is a new type of educational offering, designed to synthesize many fields of knowledge for the confused lad. The trouble has been that so many professors have hurled so many subjects at the boy, each in the pride of his own specialized field, without suggesting any unity or anatomy of knowledge.

These new courses ruthlessly wave aside the air-tight prejudices and once sacred integrity of different subjects and departments, and cutting across at will, seek to train the freshman to think, to study and to survey what lies ahead.

Also there is moving up from the school to the college the idea of sectioning on the basis of ability, which is a still further individualizing process. This scheme of sectioning, or segregation, seems to be based on an absolutely sound theory of both psychology and democracy and is opposed to the "ancient absurdity of throwing half-wits and geniuses into the same room."

To put the exceptionally gifted and exceptionally stupid pupil in the same class bores the one and humiliates the other. As has been said, the gifted boy can do the work with one hand on his hip pocket and the other on the steering wheel. Meanwhile the stupid lad acquires an inferiority complex.

Plato said that there is no greater inequality than the equal treatment of unequals, and gradually the public-school system is learning that its business is not to make equal children whom the great Creator has made unequal.

Thus we have as many as five sections based on ability in a given junior or senior high-school grade.

In the past too much educational effort has been directed to the lower end of the scale. But where there are several ability sections not only is there faster movement at the top but really less rejection of waste at the bottom. Administrative difficulties suggest themselves, but they must be overcome to break up the vicious old lock-step system.

It may not be possible to graduate the first of five high-school sections ahead of the others, but at least the top section can receive an enriched teaching content. In time the larger cities may have separate high schools for those not going to college, for those going at a normal age and for those going very young.

In college, ability-sectioning and the common use of the concentration or majors principle in junior and senior year are producing the swiftly spreading plan of honors courses. This striking method of higher education, although new with us, is a frank adaptation of the English system. It aims to encourage initiative and self-directed work. It implies less formal course relations with the faculty and a relaxation of attendance upon classes or upon ordinary course examinations.

Restoring Competitive Spirit

It is said that something like a hundred American colleges and universities are experimenting with the honors idea. The University of Toronto, which adopted it some years ago, reports that in the first year only 11 per cent of the men who went in for honors were plucked—that is, flunked—whereas 21 per cent of the pass men were plucked.

President MacCracken, of Vassar, said to the writer that the only way to rescue the American college is to get the student "on my side." Honors courses are an effort in this direction. They spell independent study, an outlet for brains at the top and concentration in fields where the student has aptitude. They are an admission that the student, at least the earnest and gifted one, should not be stuffed by the teacher.

The honors course seeks to get away from measuring the student wholly on credits in courses and to induce him to educate himself by reading in a chosen field. It decentralizes responsibility and asks that the youth proceed under his own steam, getting his mental discipline not so much from the professors' reproofs as from overcoming difficulties.

Honors courses seem to fit in well with a tutorial or preceptorial system, and with comprehensive examinations. The tutor does not hand down or hand out a course, like a slot machine emitting gum, but aids in the student's reading, counsels informally with him and helps to make him competent to pass the comprehensive examination.

The theory, at least, is that the tutor's interest is in the student rather than in the course. He is supposed to provide not so much a form of instruction as one of study. Since the honors course was introduced at Harvard, the percentage of those receiving degrees with distinction at graduation has grown from 20.8 per cent in 1922 to 28 per cent in 1926. President Lowell says:

"There is no doubt that the students work harder than they did. They have a more definite aim in their work; and it may be remarked also that something of the competitive spirit in their studies has been restored."

The Junior College

Objection is sure to be made to most of these experiments, especially to the tutorial or preceptorial system, because of the increased cost. When Princeton adopted preceptors something like fifty men were added to the faculty at one fell swoop. But the answer is plain. Only the institutions which have the ideals, determination and hard cash to individualize education and at the same time raise its quality will enjoy any real distinction in the future. As former President Suzzallo, of the University of Washington, said to the writer: "There will be no one frozen thing in American education." Those colleges which cannot be distinguished will be mediocre.

It is significant that the honors idea should be taking hold at the very time when the most striking and possibly the most important single experiment in higher education—namely, the junior college—is making such rapid headway. But honors courses and honors work, with their emphasis upon the so-called upper division of college, form only one of many forces, some of them urgent and powerful, which are hastening the development of the junior college.

Here is a social institution which should command universal attention, even on the part of those but slightly interested in education. Essentially a child of the restless and dynamic West, the junior college is just beginning to gain a foothold in the East. There are about three hundred such institutions in all, some thirty having developed on the Pacific Coast alone in the past few years. But there are numerous junior colleges in Texas, Kansas and Missouri, and the movement is on its way in such states as Illinois, Michigan, Indiana, New York, New Jersey, Connecticut and Massachusetts.

Advocates say the junior college will sweep the country, more especially the Middle West, in the next ten years. Yet there are many people in the East who have never even heard of it.

In the West and South especially there is a strong tendency for students who go to the smaller, weaker local colleges to transfer to the large, strong state and other universities at the end of sophomore year, and there pursue, as juniors and seniors, courses of an increasingly specialized and professional nature. Thus a weak four-year college may become a junior college by dropping off the last two years, and develop into a feeder to the few strong institutions, thereby avoiding difficult competition.

But more fundamentally the movement is an extension upward of the public high school to include the first two so-called college years. It is said there are now more private than public junior colleges, but the public type is increasing faster, having doubled in five years. However, there is nothing to prevent a private boarding or

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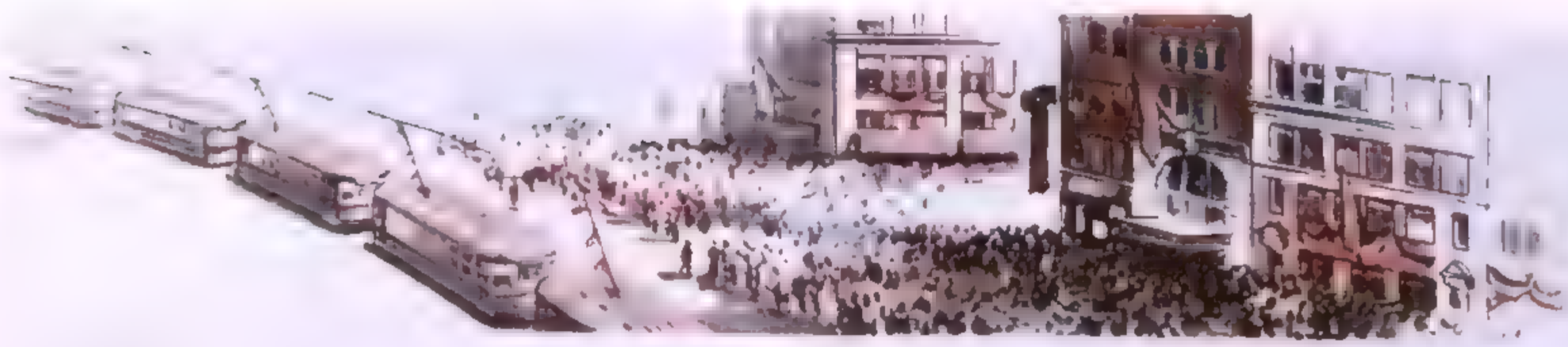

THOUSANDS CHEER

as street cars parade in Grand Rapids

GRAND RAPIDS caught the spirit of modern service when twenty-seven new trolley cars, light, speedy, and with comfortable seats, rolled smoothly, almost noiselessly, up the street.

Best of all, these cars saved 40% in power consumption, maintained faster schedules, and increased the number of passengers carried per car mile.

Grand Rapids, like scores of other cities today, is helping people to realize more and more

—that the public *must* be served.

The electric railways carry forty-four million people daily and are forced to take care of nearly one-half of these people during four hours of the day. This, too, although there are today forty-two times as many automobiles in the country as there were in 1912.

—that the demand for such a service will continue.

In 1925 the electric lines carried about seventeen times as many persons as all the steam roads in the United States (sixteen billion for the former as against nine hundred and two million for the latter).

—that more passengers can be carried by the trolleys with less traffic congestion.

In Baltimore the street cars carry 89% of the passenger traffic and consist of but 12% of the vehicles on the streets. In Chicago 75% of the people are carried in this way, while trolleys constitute but 10% of the traffic.

—that extensive improvements are being made.

In 1925 the electric railways spent over three hundred million dollars for new equipment, maintenance, and supplies.

Thousands cheered in Grand Rapids. Why? Because they appreciated the expression of service.

Ever since the inauguration of the first complete electric street railway system, in Richmond, Va., in 1888, General Electric engineers have continually contributed to the industry. G-E designed motors are used on Grand Rapids cars, and on subway cars, city and interurban lines, and electrified divisions of steam railways. G-E safety devices, brakes, and control are also a part of this complete, modern transportation service.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

When You Weary of *Watching the "Clouds"* Sail By

TIME after time, some one grows weary of watching the "Clouds" sail by him in traffic, on the broad highways, on the stiffest grades—so he buys a Reo Flying Cloud for himself.

Daily the demand for this pleasure car of unforgettable brilliance of performance, of unescapable beauty grows. And if you, too, are weary of watching the Flying Clouds sail by, come in and try one out. Learn from it that motoring can be a pleasure, as its "skipper" gets the enjoyment of "sailing" by in a Flying Cloud.

REO MOTOR CAR COMPANY, *Lansing, Michigan*

REO

FLYING CLOUD

SEDAN VICTORIA

BROUGHAM
SPORT COUPE
ROADSTER

NO OTHER AMERICAN CAR LASTS AS LONG AS REO · NOT ONE

(Continued from Page 50)

preparatory school from adding junior-college work.

To the writer the junior-college movement, whatever its defects, seems absolutely natural as well as inevitable. To quite an extent it is merely repeating, of necessity, the far longer experience of Europe in the training of youth. It is based on the natural cleavage in college between the first two years and the last two. The maturing process in a youth asserts itself toward the end of the sophomore year.

The first American educator who sought to build up a system of junior colleges on the basis of this fact was William Rainey Harper, president of Chicago University. He believed that the great break in the character of work to be done came at the end of sophomore year, and he designated the first two years as the junior college. His effort to set up separate colleges was a failure, but his vision is now being realized.

The fact is that the first two years of college are really of secondary character, just as much so as high school, and properly belong in school rather than in college. A long chain of evidence to support this assertion can readily be fashioned, and has been worked out in the most minute detail by Prof. L. V. Koos, of the University of Minnesota, foremost student of the junior-college movement.

The Juvenile Stage

In this chain of evidence the European analogy is only a single link, but a striking one. The European secondary school is somewhat longer than our high school, but its graduates have about the same education as our college students at the end of sophomore year. Over there the secondary school is a place for boys and the university a place for men. Here the colleges, and even the universities, have both boys and men. They labor under the intolerable burden of caring for the two different classes.

The high school or private school, by taking the boy one or two years further, completes his natural adolescent education and relieves the regular college or university of immature lads severed from home connections. As it is now the social atmosphere of the freshman-sophomore period hangs over the whole institution, and consequently, as President Wilkins, of Oberlin, says:

"Upper-classmen are inclined to spend their mental and physical energies on interests and indulgences which are essentially juvenile, and thus to develop a false sense of values."

The present high-school graduate merely goes on to more of the same kind of thing—to textbook teaching and the instructional type of education. The significant change comes later and not at the end of high school and beginning of college. The boy is cut off in the middle of what should be a continuous process, because the college and even the university now stand astride the line of natural division between adolescent and man, between the general and the special.

Two of the greatest although least noticed of educational changes have been the increasing age of college students and the depression or downward shift of college courses. This last statement means that work formerly done in college is now done in high school.

Another development, deplorable and demoralizing, has been the growing duplication or overlapping between high school and the freshman year of college. Not only does the high-school graduate repeat much of the same work in college but increasingly he is bored by finding that even the social attachments, class organizations, class dinners and the like are a mere repetition of what he had in high school. These facts show that the division between high school and the first year or two of college is illogical, and that the present boundary line cuts across a field of learning which is essentially inseparable.

It should be remembered that the elementary school and higher education developed at about the same time, with the secondary school coming much later. It is significant that the high school should now be extending both downward and upward, by means of junior high school and junior college. These two movements have come together, but without a conscious conjunction or apparent intention. The fact of conjunction means, however, that secondary education is elbowing its way in both directions. In the future we will probably have a shorter elementary course, a shorter college course and a longer and more fully integrated secondary course. There will be fewer separate units, more continuity and a valuable net saving in time.

Everyone knows that no educational institution is so vague as to aim and purpose as the college. This is because it is concerned with the unfinished business of another and lower institution. There seems no logical reason for its four-year course, as President Wilkins describes in detail, except that the University of Paris had a four-year course in the thirteenth century. It can be shown by a statistical analysis of the aims and purposes of all grades of education from elementary school through university that the most distinct break, the profoundest shift in emphasis, comes toward the end of college.

Although these facts point to the unavoidable coming of the junior college, or some other form of secondary-school extension, there are even more immediate arguments for it, closer at home, as it were. The young or immature youth can attend junior college, connected as it is with the local high school, and still have the advantages of home, church and community influences. Besides, it is far cheaper for the parent, and therefore is most democratic in effect.

It is hoped that the junior college will serve a selective or sifting function, weeding out those who seek still higher education without the capacity to absorb it. It is expected to act as a sieve to save the higher institutions from the mob level.

There are educators who ridicule this fond hope, and fear that junior colleges will only stimulate more youth to go on. What assurance, they ask, have we that people will be satisfied with this two-year course? Four years is still the thing, and youth will continue to demand what is fashionable. The junior college is urged on democratic grounds, on the plea that college attendance rises in direct ratio to local availability. Why then expect less instead of more?

But it is reasonable to anticipate that the junior college will provide more opportunity to test intentions than the high school. There are two more years in which the student, teacher and parent have time to find out whether the youth is really of college caliber. There is more time to stop, look and listen. Many are sure to drop their ambition to go on during this added period of secondary education.

Truncated Education

In any case the higher institutions are mechanically relieved where they most need relief—in the freshman and sophomore years. At present a large proportion of all freshmen and sophomores in the regular four-year colleges and universities are flunked out. Unless junior colleges are more generally provided, the rising tide of popular education simply means that eliminations from the higher institutions will increase.

This type of wastage spells a ruthless disruption of life plans. The four-year college program is intended for completion, and the great numbers who drop out are left hanging at loose ends, the victims of what Professor Koos calls a truncated education. As pointed out in detail in a previous article, this is one of the country's worst social maladjustments, destructive of youthful enthusiasm and spirit. This great evil, at least, the junior college almost automatically prevents. It is cheaper financially and less demoralizing to discover one's real and perhaps moderate mental level in junior college than in the four-year college.

In many cases the immediate or direct reason for starting a junior college is the fact that no higher facilities are available. High schools have increased so fast that there are not enough regular colleges to take over the graduates coming up. Higher education has been like a fast-growing boy with a pair of short pants.

So the first purpose of the junior college has been an isthmian one of providing two years of college work acceptable to the upper division of the regular colleges. There are many large universities which will not take women at all, and others which either discourage their attendance or limit their numbers more than in the case of men. In this particular respect the public junior college is a relieving factor.

But in the future the junior college will have to provide far more extensively for those who will not, cannot or should not go on. Above all else, people want something to show that they have finished. This should not be difficult, as the junior college need not and actually does not flunk students the way the traditional college is obliged to do. The four-year college is too intellectual for most people, founded as it is on the idea of scholarly training for the clergy. Few have the real ability or natural inclination to complete it. But they try because other facilities are lacking.

The Terminal Courses

In time the terminal or completion courses given by junior colleges should acquire sanction and confer dignity. They will of necessity be semiprofessional and occupational, but the graduate will have had at least a share in the culture of a general college course as well as rather definite preparation for life. With such a completion or terminal course he will be less inclined to push on where he is not fitted to go. As compared with the necessarily wholesale flunking and waste of the four-year college, the junior college should prove a salvage institution.

Unceasing efforts to put vocational work into the high schools have been none too successful, largely because the student is too young to be much interested in his life work at that stage. Even if he is interested, the law does not always permit him to take up the occupation at such a youthful age.

On the other hand, the whole environment and atmosphere of the regular colleges and universities is against the short technical vocational course. Yet we know that, as society becomes more complex, groups hitherto untrained must be educated by some type of college. The trouble is that with the four to seven year course in universities the student loses caste if he takes a one or two year course. This may not be as true in the tax-supported municipal universities now springing up, but it is only too generally the case. The sole way to avoid this difficulty is to educate the short-course man where no invidious comparisons can be made.

Like the high-school authorities of twenty-five years ago, the junior-college authorities of today are so concerned in the early stages with the isthmian function that the terminal courses have not been extensively developed as yet. But the students are at the right age for this type of work, and genuinely promising beginnings have been made. In the citrus district of California the Chaffey Junior College trains for that industry, and in the oil district there are junior institutions which educate for the prevailing local industry.

Other instances of semiprofessional completion courses are those given by the junior colleges in Kansas City and Detroit and the Crane Junior College in Chicago. Among the lines of work for which the

Lilac protects your skin

Open doors to infection

those invisible nicks

You can't see them—those invisible nicks of the razor that give germs and dust their chance at your skin!

So, apparently without warning, little infections develop.

Try this pleasant daily precaution: dash Pinaud's Lilac all over your face after each shave . . . Your skin is *always* smoothly clear!

For Pinaud's Lilac is a real antiseptic, yet it is healing, too. Its first quick tang—as each invisible nick feels the effect of the antiseptic—is followed by a smoothness you've never before felt after a shave.

You can buy Pinaud's Lilac at all drug or department stores. Buy it today! The genuine Lilac has the signature of Ed. Pinaud in red on the bottle. Pinaud, Paris, New York.

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CABINETS BY
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SAINT PAUL
The All Porcelain Cabinets by Seeger built exclusively for Electrical or Gas Refrigeration feature Vegetable Storage Compartment: CHILTRAY; No Drain.
Offered to discriminating people by leading systems of Electrical or Gas Refrigeration.
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junior college can educate are agriculture, secretarial science, nursing, library, practical electricity, drafting, architectural drawing, printing, surveying, hotel management, home economics and an enormous variety of business occupations, especially salesmanship.

Among the many specific positions for which the training should be given in junior college instead of in high school or the four-year college, according to Professor Koos, are those of managers of butter and cheese factories, managers of cafeterias, designers, forest rangers, lumber salesmen, foremen on truck farms, department-store buyers, life-insurance agents, dietitians, professional shoppers, engravers and decorators.

Many objections have been raised to the junior college. One is that the student misses the social life, athletics, spirit, charm, and glamour of the traditional four-year college. There is a real danger of the junior college being too small; if it is large enough there will be plenty of athletics and social life.

The writer visited one large junior college which had won nearly every athletic event in several years; there seemed to be no lack of spirit there. The normal boy or girl has a wholesome way of believing in his own institution. The principal of one junior college told me that when it started a few years ago most boys and girls felt they had to apologize for going there, but that this feeling was changing.

The High School Disappears

Many educators now feel that the junior college should become a four-year institution, not, of course, by going up, but by going down and robbing the high school of its last two years. The junior high school would then take care of the first two years of the present high school, which would eventually disappear; its building being used to house the junior college, which would then have its own campus and be able better to maintain all those so-called college activities so dear to the adolescent heart.

This is known as the 6-4-4 plan, and seems to have a sound physiological as well as psychological basis in the nature of adolescence. The age division would certainly be far more natural than now. The junior college would then take ages sixteen to twenty—that is, all boys—which is a sounder arrangement than that of the old traditional college of today, which takes ages eighteen to twenty-two—half boys and half men.

There are those who look for still further integration—that is, for the complete fusion of junior high school, high school and junior college into one adolescent or secondary institute. But that is a long jump ahead. Reorganization is a slow process, and as far as I can learn, there is as yet no complete 6-4-4 plan in operation. It is about to be realized, however, in several cities. In Pasadena, California, the shift is more than half made. The college was started only a few years ago, but enrollment has greatly exceeded expectations, although no effort has been made, so I was told, to induce pupils to attend.

One difficulty is that junior-high-school facilities must be increased to care for the first two years of what were formerly senior high. But there seems no doubt in the minds of both the theorists and of many of the men who are actually running the schools, that this form of integration will speed up and materially shorten the whole educational process, thus saving time and money.

One objection urged to this tendency is that it will squeeze out between secondary school and the strictly graduate or professional university the old traditional four-year college which has done so much to spread culture and idealism in America. The scheme of reorganization and integration just outlined is viewed with alarm as a piece of inhuman Teutonic efficiency intended to produce more engineers, doctors and specialists.

In at least one and perhaps two instances a heated controversy exists as to whether certain strong institutions of the combined college-university type shall drop their lower divisions entirely. But this is a rather local sectional issue. Perhaps the junior college and the old four-year college will exist side by side. To discuss the question in detail would carry us too far afield.

It seems to the writer, however, that, speaking generally, the traditional four-year college or university must either sink into a junior position or else develop into a very advanced type of institution. As a graduate of one of the older liberal arts colleges I have no fear of the outcome for my own alma mater. Relieved not only of the incubus of adolescent training but of the waste and grief of the flunking system, this type of institution will be restored to its true character of intellectual aristocracy and will have more prestige than ever.

It will take the pick of all offerings, and will gain immeasurably from the increased intellectual ability, earnestness and enthusiasm of its students. But in the future such an institution will be the exceptional rather than the general thing.

Truth is that the whole system is changing of its own accord without any prodding from junior-college enthusiasts or educational theorists, and whether the hurrah boy, football-loving type of student and alumnus likes it or not.

The marked tendency of college students, taking the country as a whole, is to end their general education near the middle of their course and take up specialized and professional work in the upper division, even if they do not take a medical or engineering training, which specifically requires two years of general college work. The almost universal use of majors in junior and senior year, whatever the intention of the authorities prescribing them may be, is to accentuate the occupational plans of the student and relegate to secondary school his freshman and sophomore years.

Another significant fact is the marked increase in graduate students in the universities. Will C. Wood, former state superintendent of schools of California, told the writer that in his opinion fifteen years hence as many students will be taking Master of Arts courses as now take Bachelor of Arts. With their present plant capacity and endowment the universities would be full enough merely with upper division—graduate and professional students—if all under-classmen were removed.

A Lever for Boosters

There are about as many graduate students in the University of California today as there were undergraduates in 1900. One-third of the members of last June's graduating class at Princeton expected to pursue further study either there or elsewhere. The upper division and graduate students at Leland Stanford now equal the entire enrollment of ten years ago.

The junior college, it seems to the writer, is hardly anything more than a belated recognition of and convenient adaptation to already accomplished facts.

One danger in the junior-college movement, which really belongs to the humorous column, but must be mentioned here because it is so real, is the effort in certain newer portions of the country to make four-year institutions out of them, not because of educational need but as instruments of city boosting. I refer obviously not to the four-year course which comes from extending downward into the high school but to the effort to duplicate already existing higher institutions.

This danger seems very real in California. Already the state university has had to create first a branch and later a coördinate institution at Los Angeles. When it was decided to erect this second state university in the south, more than twenty communities requested that it be located

(Continued on Page 56

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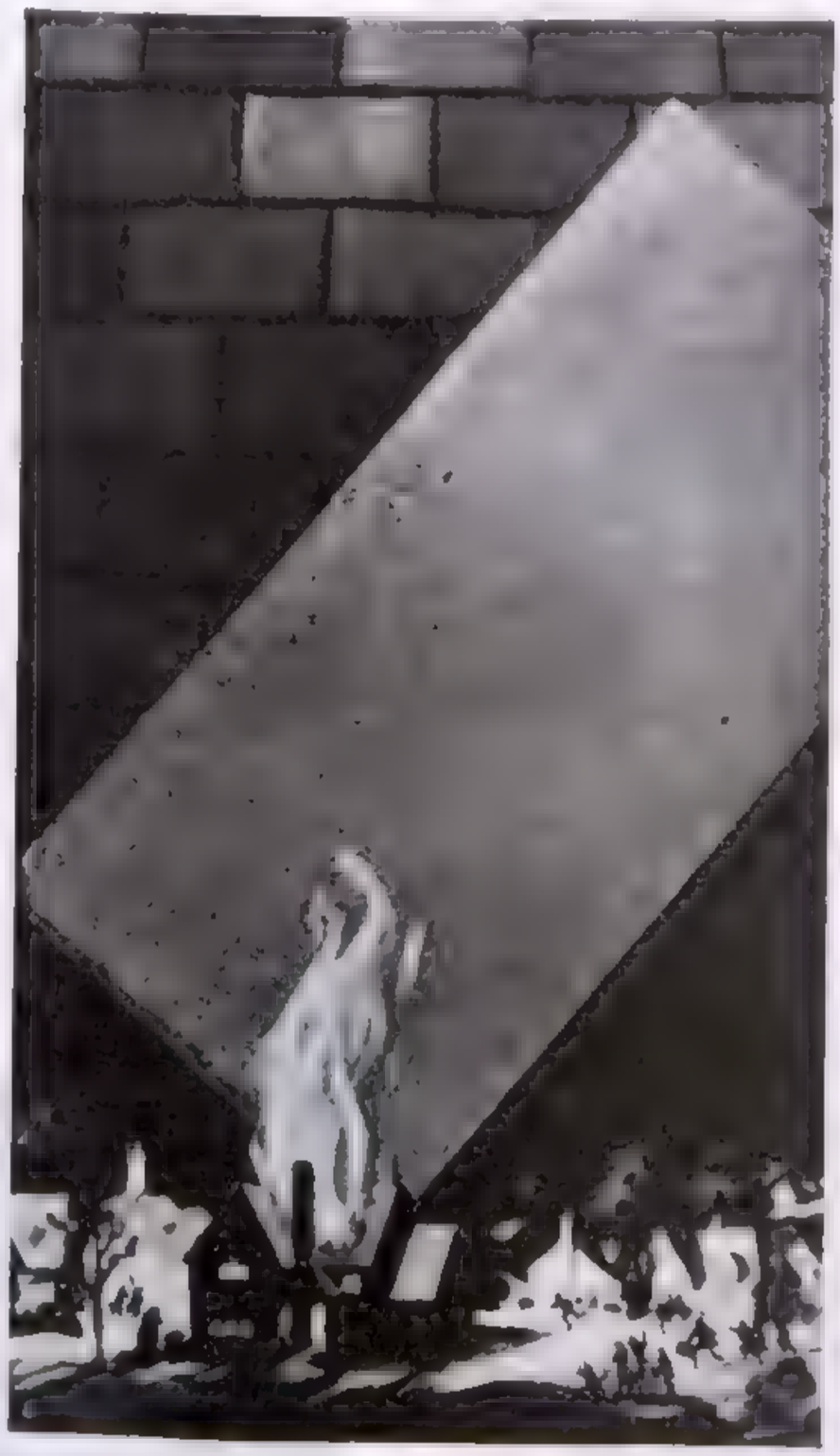

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(Continued from Page 54)

within their precincts. A year was taken to pick a site, and an entire book has been written on the subject of the selection. The whole affair was like a great political campaign.

This new foundation may have been a needed spillway for the overcrowded university at Berkeley, but there is something appalling in the idea that every community feels disgraced if it does not have a full-time university or college, just as it feels shamed without a factory. At least three cities in one state are now seeking to have junior colleges set up into regular four-year universities.

Junior-college educators deplore this tendency, since they are trying to improve secondary education, not to enter upon the higher branches. But local newspapers, chambers of commerce and realty boards do not always make such fine educational distinctions. They wish to increase population and pay rolls, and seek means to aid that ambition. But for every good-sized town to have a state university is, to put it mildly, a form of fiscal insanity.

Availability plays a large part in education. President Harper, of Chicago, would never have gone to college at all if he had not, as a boy, entered the campus of a small Ohio institution as a member of a band. On the other hand, there is not enough money in the whole universe to establish real universities or the higher type of advanced liberal-arts colleges in every town and city.

A real university must have an exceedingly large and excellent library and laboratories, and the advanced-arts college must have at least the library. Many departments, with a small attendance and therefore high overhead cost, must be maintained to afford a rounded faculty. Great scholars need the stimulus of men in related sciences. In the university another item of excessive cost is the research work. The state universities even now have enough difficulty in getting money for such inquiry. To multiply them indefinitely is the height of folly.

The Teaching Problem

"Even the University of California," says President Campbell, "with all its advantages and attractions, does not succeed in finding enough highly intelligent, well-trained professors to meet its requirements. No college should have juniors or seniors unless it has professors whose names are known. If any junior or senior students are so weak in mind and character that they cannot safely go a hundred or five hundred miles away from home, they certainly do not deserve to have a good college or even a poor college brought to their doorsteps. They should not go to college at all."

The first point of President Campbell's—that professors of the right sort are difficult to secure—brings us to the conclusion of the whole matter—namely, the question of teaching. The junior college is criticized for the supposedly poor quality of its teaching; it is said to be too much like high-school teaching, not enough like real college. Naturally in the early stages of a new institution defects exist. But most people miss the whole point, which is that junior college is not college at all but secondary school. The smaller classes, the emphasis upon recitation work and the lack of lectures fit the age group concerned.

Nor is it seemly for the colleges to talk much about the quality of teaching. President Harper, of Chicago University, long ago said that high-school teaching was better than that in the freshman and sophomore years of college, and it is a question whether this situation has materially changed. In any case the high schools have taken over much of what was college work fifty years ago; there is no longer any dividing line.

But the proof of the pudding is in the eating: junior-college products appear to do about as well in the upper divisions of the universities as any other students. In fact I have seen figures which show that in a number of cases they do better. In one junior college visited I found six hundred and fifty students registered in classes in political science, which were said by a visiting professor from Harvard to be as good as any college classes in the subject in that particular state. Certainly the head of the department is a man of marked teaching skill. Twenty members of the faculty of this high school and junior college have Phi Beta Kappa keys and many hold degrees as the result of graduate work.

But I am concerned, as I bring this series of articles to a close, with a much graver question than that of the quality of teaching in junior colleges—namely, with the teaching and administration question in the colleges and universities as a whole.

Fatal Fallacies

There is a powerful school of opinion which holds that more students might enter upon and finish regular college courses if only teachers had more ability to awaken latent possibilities. This inability is said to be due to the system of promotion in effect, which is asserted to put a premium upon research and scholarly production—that is, publication—as opposed to mere teaching. As the United States Bureau of Education says:

> Graduate students qualify for college teaching positions upon the basis of research which is only in the slightest degree related to the ability to instruct. In fact, research work of the type which places students upon the list of eligibles for college employment is frequently of such a nature that it unfits for teaching.

The high degree of specialization required of a young man to obtain his degree of Doctor of Philosophy, so necessary for a college teaching position, is said to rob him of human interests and sympathies. He is a pedant and nothing else. This is the view not only of countless men in public and other secondary school work but of college presidents, who on more than one occasion have told how ashamed the young research doctors are to have to teach at all.

But on the other hand, should college and university students expect to be taught? Their business is to learn, not to be fed like babies. Then, too, there is the point brought out by President Angell, of Yale. He admits that it is a tragic fallacy from which much suffering has resulted to suppose that a freshly baked doctor of philosophy is *ipso facto* equipped to teach freshmen. But he says the contrary fallacy is, in the long run, often more fatal.

"To imagine that a man who has the trick of enthusiasm, who is amusing and possibly, in a way, thought-provoking to a class of callow freshmen, will continue to display even these qualities, to say nothing of any of a more substantial character, if he has not the ambition and resolution to be a scholar, is to turn one's back on oft-repeated experience to enter into a peculiarly superfluous fools' paradise. Such men quickly run down, their jokes become stale with familiarity, the limitations of their learning presently undermine their prestige, and even their enthusiasm gradually oozes away, leaving disillusioned hacks."

This makes a neat topic for a highbrow debate, but it is rather technical and somewhat beside the point. Neither the pro-research nor the pro-teaching men are quite right. The universities and higher colleges must have a certain number of great, productive scholars, whether they be good teachers or not. Teachers in the technical pedagogical sense may be needed, but I doubt it.

The prime requisite is for scholars, either original or interpretative, who can stir the imagination, who can get the personal spark across to students. When we talk about teaching ability, what we really mean is personality. A few men have the gift of making their college courses dynamic, whatever technical method they employ, whether laboratory, conference, recitation or lecture, in small units or in large.

Among college teachers are some rather weak men, taking up the profession because it offers a sheltered, secure life in place of the buffets of the outside world. Dealing with immature boys, they come to think unduly well of themselves. Nor would the payment of large salaries entirely correct the situation, except that it would help to make it possible to get rid of inefficient men, which is not possible with the present low scale of salaries and the resulting labor-union regulations.

Vaughn Brook, Hallowell, Maine

An Obstacle to Education

I want to make my own position clear. Over a period of eleven years I was a part-time teacher in two different universities, one of them the largest in the country. For nearly fifteen years I lived in a small town where still a third famous university is situated. Many of my best friends are college professors, and I have unbounded respect, admiration and affection for great numbers of them.

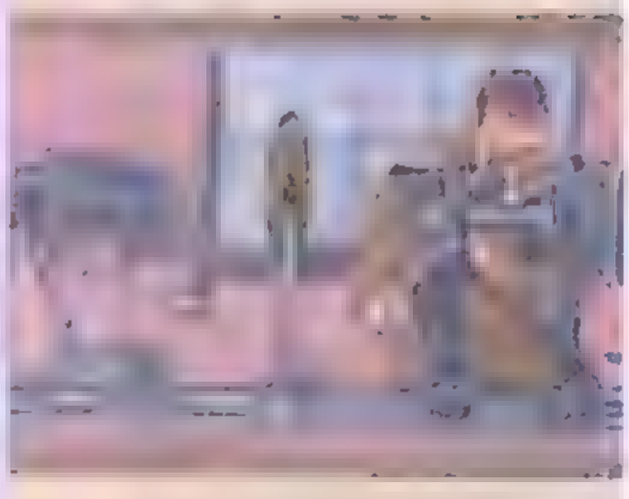
But the divine spark is rare. The man who is now President of the United States, also one of the ablest members of the country's most famous international-banking firm, and one of the highly respected members of the United States Supreme Court, all owe part of their character and self-mastery to a rather obscure clergyman who taught philosophy in a small New England college in the last half of the last century. But geniuses like Charles Garman are few.

At the end of an informal but detailed, thoughtful and penetrating discussion of many of the topics touched upon in this and preceding articles, Mr. Sutton, Recorder of the Faculties of the University of California, made this simple remark to the writer:

"None of the problems we have talked about is comparable in the colleges and universities to that of personnel—of getting dean and faculty material."

This is the upshot of the whole matter. Laws will not create higher education. Money cannot do it. It takes peculiarly gifted men, and the question is whether there is enough of this human cream to give a higher education to a million boys and girls. I, for one, doubt it.

Editor's Note—This is the last of three articles by Mr. Atwood.



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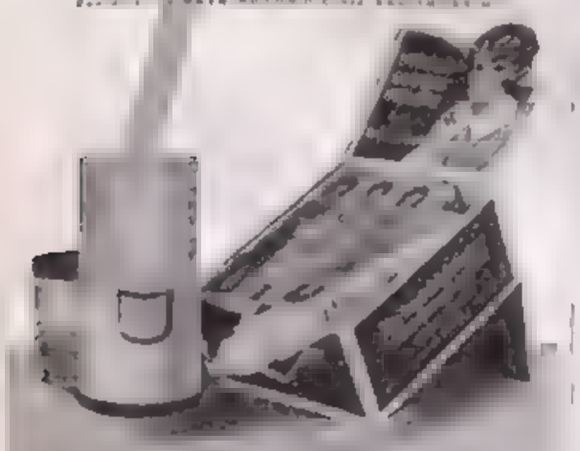

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THE BUBBLE REPUTATION

(Continued from Page 19

rise that later gave him those six millions, Jud. But young McNaughton was a smooth kid, and a persistent one, and finally Glenn gave in. He decided it wouldn't hurt him to take on a little more Amalgamated stock and let Herbert & Co. carry it for him.

"So he made McNaughton happy by opening an account with Herbert. He took 2000 shares of his Amalgamated out of his box and turned it over to the firm to serve as margin. Then he gave them an order to buy 2000 more for him at 25, which they promptly did—that is, they said they did. That made Glenn's account show 4000 Amalgamated in all against the debit of about $50,000, which the firm was supposed to have paid out for the 2000 shares he had ordered bought.

"That, you understand, was what the Herbert ledger showed. But Herbert & Co. was a bucket shop. All that Leon actually did, of course, was sell the 2000 shares that Glenn put up as margin and pocket the $50,000 proceeds, as any proper bucketeer would do. I suppose he made the necessary Stock Exchange transactions to cover up the fraud—he had a clever system for that—but the net result of the opening of that Glenn account was simply the conversion—the stealing—of the 2000 Amalgamated Motors.

"On the firm's books, however, Glenn stood credited with his own 2000 shares, and also the additional 2000 that had been reported bought for him; and he was debited with the latter's supposed cost of $50,000, or about that. And that's the way the books continued to stand. Glenn never made another transaction. He was no in-and-out trader, and he had no idea of doing anything but waiting for Amalgamated Motors to go up.

"He told me that both McNaughton and Leon Herbert deviled him all the time for more business. They pumped information and tips on other stocks into him and tried in every way to get him to trade in the market. But Glenn wouldn't. In a little while Amalgamated began to climb. Later it started to pay dividends which more than took care of Herbert's interest charges on the $50,000 debit. So Glenn was content to wait.

"And he waited two years—waited until Amalgamated got above 110 in the market. Then he decided he had profit enough in that Herbert account, and he sent the firm an order to sell out the whole 4000 shares and remit him whatever would be due. As I said that would have been about $400,000. But of course Herbert didn't have the 4000 shares. He didn't have any. A settlement with Glenn would have had to come off Leon's bank roll. I needn't tell you that a bucket shop doesn't let any such money get away from it, even if it has it.

"Glenn had sent his selling order to Herbert & Co. about a week before I had this interview with him. He told me the first response to it was a phone message from Leon advising him to postpone the sale for a few days. Leon said he would be sure to get a better price if he waited. Glenn said he didn't want to wait, but for four or five days after that both Herbert and McNaughton kept on giving him reasons for delay. Leon was stalling for time to pack up, you see. But naturally Glenn smelled a rat, and finally, on the morning of the day he came to see me, he and his secretary went to Herbert's office. They tendered a certified check for the $50,000, or whatever the debit then was, and demanded the 4000 Amalgamated Motors.

"Leon made no objection at all, Glenn said. He was cool and polite, but he explained that the firm was using most of the 4000 Amalgamated shares as collateral in its various bank loans, here and there. Therefore, Leon said, he would need another twenty-four hours to collect the stock. By the next day, however, he could and would deliver it all to Glenn's office. And the crook actually had the nerve to ask Glenn to leave the certified check with him in the meantime. That would have given him another fifty thousand to take to Mexico. Glenn wasn't quite foolish enough to do it, but he did swallow Herbert's excuse and agree to wait another day for his stock.

"And that's how things stood when Glenn came to my office. When he finished his tale, he said, 'That's all I can tell you. I have your promise that you won't name me to anyone in connection with any of it. If you break your word I'll deny whatever you say.'

"'Glenn,' I said, 'you can't mean that you'll let this swindler get away and take all the loot he hasn't yet spent. If you'll do your part I'll have Leon Herbert under arrest within an hour.'

"'I won't,' Glenn said. 'If my stock is gone it's gone. What I might recover wouldn't be worth the trouble and annoyance.'

"'You're not deceiving me,' I told him. 'It's the publicity you're afraid of. Why are you afraid of it?'

"By that time, you see, I understood him. He didn't deny it either. He simply said, 'I prefer to stand my loss and keep out of the thing.'

"'But what about other men?' I asked him. 'You're as dishonest as Herbert if you help him rob them. You may be rich enough to take your loss without feeling it, but that isn't so of two hundred others. Are you going to keep them from getting back some of theirs?'

"'I'm looking after myself,' he said. 'They'll have to do the same.'

"'The law has something to say about compounding a felony,' I told him. 'You're putting yourself in danger. Promise or no promise, I'm the district attorney, and if Herbert gets away there'll be no question as to your responsibility.'

"'I know something about the law,' he said. 'I'll take the chance. I will not advertise myself as a bucket-shop victim. I couldn't stand the ridicule of men who now respect me. I'm nearly sixty. For the few years I have to live I'm not going to be a joke. I won't sacrifice my position among the men with whom I associate. I have a certain reputation. I hold positions of trust because of it. I enjoy holding them, and I enjoy the esteem of men. I have that now and I won't throw it away, no matter what money of mine Herbert may get away with, and no matter what you may think about my duty to others. Neither will I get myself spotted with the mud of a dirty criminal trial. I've kept myself out of that sort of thing all my life, and I'll fight to keep myself out of it now.'

"Glenn didn't say all that at once, but that was his excuse. He stuck to it. I hammered him for two hours, and I wasn't sweet about it either. It did no good, but in that two hours I learned a lot about Philip Glenn. Later I learned a lot more. He was, first and last, a fine example of the stuffed shirt—and he knew it.

"He knew well enough that there wasn't anything in his record solid enough to stand against the discovery that he was a boob who had been an easy mark for a swindler—a sucker dealing with a bucket shop. He knew that his reputation was a bubble that wouldn't outlast one prick of that kind, in spite of all his money. Why, I beat him down to where he was making feeble little arguments to justify himself!

"'Herbert hasn't robbed me of much,' he said. 'All I can actually lose is 2000 shares of Amalgamated Motors that cost me about 22 more than two years ago. That's the stock I gave him as security, and it's all he got from me. The rest is merely on paper. I have 23,000 Amalgamated lying in my box. It's worth two million and a half. I can afford to lose what I gave Herbert, but I can't afford to have people think me senile.'

"I gave Glenn two bad hours that day. He was pretty well used up when I let him go. But I couldn't break him. He sat there and took all I gave him and went on saying no. So, of course, Leon Herbert got away. He was well watched, but I was looking for a complainant, and the next night he slipped off on his yacht. The day after that his bucket shop failed for nearly three million. What he owed Glenn wasn't in that total, either, for Glenn gave the firm a full release. It kept his name out of the thing, you see.

"He wouldn't have recovered anything anyhow. Nobody did. There were no assets but the office furniture and a few odds and ends. Herbert turned everything else into cash and government bonds and took them with him. It amounted to nearly a million—nearly a million that Glenn could have saved for two hundred-and-odd other losers, even if he didn't want any of it himself.

"And there's your sweet Philip Glenn—the high-minded, farseeing, successful gentleman capitalist. You men may not see it as I do, but there's very little that I credit him with. He hadn't even ordinary business intelligence and prudence, or he never would have been on Leon Herbert's books. And he wasn't honest, or he wouldn't have made others suffer just to keep himself out of the papers. And there's something else! He had more fear, more dread, of the spotlight than an honest man should have. I sensed that. I've had experience with gentlemen who don't want publicity. Call it prejudice, if you like, but it's my suspicion that Philip Glenn's record wasn't so lily-white as it was supposed to be. Men don't wait till they're sixty to develop the character he showed me."

We sat silent and resentful. It seemed so trivial to dig that up and hold it against dear old Phil Glenn! To try to spatter his name with it! Spleen on Croll's part, I thought, and I wondered why.

At length Westbay said coldly: "It's weak, Stephen. You're biased, and you show it. You're sore, and you show that. I remember the newspaper attacks on you when Herbert disappeared, and you——"

"They crucified me," snapped Croll. "That's true. They went as far as they could to say that I connived at Herbert's get-away because of his political pull. They found out that I knew of the crook's plans and they pounded away on that. Day after day they wanted to know why I hadn't stopped him, and I couldn't answer without breaking faith with Glenn. That's what I should have done, but I didn't. And it damaged me. That Herbert hullabaloo was one reason why I didn't stand for a renomination that year. I am sore. I admit it. But that doesn't alter what I've told you about Glenn."

"But you're unfair," Westbay told him. "Your inferences aren't justified. They're exaggerations. Most men in Glenn's place would have done as he did."

Croll said hotly: "Name a few who would. Make a list. Begin it here at this table. Put yourself down first. Leave me out. How about you, Davy?"

Tony Parrish broke in: "Hold on, Stephen! There may be one or two things you don't know. Tell me this: Did Phil Glenn tell you or show you that sympathy for a man in Herbert's position—sympathy for any man who'd been caught doing wrong—was one of his peculiarities?"

Croll snorted: "What rot! I've told you Glenn had no sympathy for anybody or anything but himself and his overblown reputation. That's what I've been talking about."

"Well, you're wrong," said Tony. "I knew Phil nearly thirty years. I was as close to him as any man, I suppose. I can understand well enough that fear of being

(Continued on Page 60

MONARCH

Catsup and Chili Sauce

The Silver Lining

If your Grocer handed you a bottle of Monarch Catsup or Chili Sauce in a velvet-covered, satin-lined jewel case you'd be astonished, but the high quality of Monarch Catsup and Chili Sauce would deserve such distinction.

The tomatoes for Monarch Catsup and Monarch Chili Sauce are grown in our own gardens from selected seeds. Fully matured and red ripe they are picked and speedily brought to the kitchens in the fields. There, cooking in glass-lined kettles, they are blended with Monarch Spices and pure sugar—nothing else. Leaving the kettles the catsup passes through *silver-lined* coils to be filled into sparkling sterilized bottles.

From vine to bottle, which rarely takes more than an hour, the tomatoes and catsup are cautiously guarded so they touch only glass and pure silver. That's why Monarch Catsup and Monarch Chili Sauce retain the natural red-ripe color and flavor of freshly picked tomatoes.

MONARCH *is the only nationally advertised brand of Quality Food Products sold exclusively through the men who own and operate their own stores.*

Following is a partial list of Quality Foods bearing the Monarch label:

Coffee
Tea
Cocoa
Peanut Butter
Maple Syrup
Sweet Pickles
Sweet Relish
Preserves
Jellies
Figs in Syrup
Olive Oil
Olives
Spices
Pastry Flour
Mincemeat
Grape Juice
Ginger Ale
Jelly Powder
Food of Wheat
Pork and Beans
Tomato Soup
Vegetable Soup

Orange Marmalade
Thousand Island Dressing
Mayonnaise
Salad Dressing
Salad Mustard
Prepared Mustard
Sweet Cucumber Slices (Pickled)
Yankee Beans with Pork
Cooked Spaghetti
Tomato Purée
Whole Green Stringless Beans
Early June Peas
Golden Bantam Corn
Sweet Crosby Corn
Corn on Cob
Red Kidney Beans
Sweet Potatoes

Asparagus
Sweet Corn
Sweet Peas
Tomatoes
Wax Beans
Lima Beans
Pumpkin
Succotash
Beets
Okra
Carrots
Spinach
Pimientos
Hominy
Sauer Kraut
Salmon
Sardines
Shrimps
Lobster
Tuna Fish
Crabmeat
Clams

Apricots
Bartlett Pears
California Pears
Yellow Cling Peaches
Sliced Peaches
Gage Plums
Egg Plums
Grape Fruit
Fruit Salad
Sliced Pineapple
Crushed Pineapple
Royal Anne Cherries
Red Pitted Cherries
Raspberries
Strawberries
Blackberries
Blueberries
Loganberries

Monarch Teenie Weenie Specialties:

Sweet Pickles
Sweet Mixed Pickles
Sweet Relish
Sweet Chow
Sweet Onions
Sweet Ringlets
Peanut Butter
Sardines

Sweet Peas
Early June Peas
Green Beans
Lima Beans
Diced Carrots
Beets
Sweet Corn
Asparagus Points

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LET the sunshine in through French doors, but be sure the doors you choose will not warp, stick or sag. French doors, due to the large amount of glass, are heavy, yet they have less bracing than wood paneled doors.

Laminex French doors have stiles and rails built on a core of stress-balancing blocks and any attempt of one block to warp, swell or shrink is immediately counterbalanced by forces in the opposite direction exerted by neighboring blocks.

All parts of a Laminex French door are held together firmly by Laminex cement, which is absolutely waterproof and actually stronger than wood. The bottom rails are quadruple doweled and the top rails are double doweled into the stiles. Laminex French doors are put together to stay, regardless of temperature or moisture conditions. You could, and retail dealers frequently do, soak a Laminex door in water to prove that dampness can never make it warp, split or come apart.

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LAMINEX DOORS

Will not shrink, swell or warp

(Continued from Page 58)

laughed at—fear of losing his reputation, as you put it—had a good deal to do with the stand he took. You or I or any man would have felt like dodging that too. But there was something more to influence Glenn.

"Always—for as long as I knew him—he was on the side of the man who's been caught. He and I have argued that time and time again. He had a theory that somehow, sometime in their lives, all men do wrong. He believed that every man, if the need is great enough or the temptation strong enough, takes the easiest way to get what he wants if he thinks he can do it without being seen. And Phil believed that getting caught was only an accident, and an exceptional one.

"I remember once when he spent a weekend with me up in the country. We came back to town together in the morning train and walked out of the Grand Central just as a police van was backed up there unloading four or five men who were being taken to Sing Sing. We stood on the sidewalk and watched them—each man handcuffed to a guard and a crowd looking on. Phil put his hand on my shoulder, and I could feel it shaking. 'But for God's grace,' he said, 'there goes Philip Glenn—and Tony Parrish too.'

"It riled me, I suppose, and I said, 'Speak for yourself. I haven't joined the club yet.'

"'We've been lucky,' said Phil. 'You and I haven't been tempted enough, or we haven't been caught. These poor devils have been both.'

"Why, Stephen, it was an obsession with him! I don't believe he showed it to many, and certainly he wasn't a cynic in other respects. But you couldn't shake his conviction that there's a great deal more wrongdoing in the world than is represented by the men who are caught at it. He used to say of jailbirds, 'They're no more evil than most men. They're the unlucky minority.'"

Croll said thoughtfully, "Rather interesting, that. Sweet theory, isn't it? Wonder where he picked it up."

"Perhaps," Westbay suggested, "he worked it out of the things that you and I and every lawyer knows. As a young man Glenn practiced law, you know."

Croll looked up in surprise. "I never knew that," he said. "Where? Not here in New York?"

"Somewhere in the South," Westbay answered; and Davis Kneeland roused himself to say, "In Kentucky. He was a lawyer when I first knew him. That was how I met him."

"When was that, Davy?" Croll asked.

"Before he came here to live," Davy rumbled. "It was back in the 90's, when I was in the old Pine Street National—before we consolidated, you know. It's a queer story too. We'd been caught on a forgery and were in for quite a little loss. It's been so long ago that I can't remember the details. Glenn came on here from Kentucky—from Covington, or some such place—and walked in one day to talk to us about the thing.

"The Government had run down a gang of counterfeiters, as I remember it, and Glenn was attorney for one of them who had a fair chance of proving an alibi, or something like that. This fellow was mixed up in our forgery somehow, and Glenn showed us how we could get back some of our loss if we went about it right and didn't talk too much. It's all vague now, but that's how I met Phil Glenn."

Croll stared at Jud Westbay, and he smiled a little before he asked Davy, "And when did Glenn come to New York to stay?"

"Not long after that," Davy said. "He wrote me saying his business plans would make him locate here. When he came I helped him with a few introductions, for I liked Phil Glenn from the first, and he put his account with us. But he didn't open a law office. He didn't come here to practice. He went into industrial financing on his own hook—managed to get into some of the syndicates that were putting steel plants together in those days. That's the way he began."

"Then," said Croll, showing interest, "Glenn had money when he came here. He was a capitalist even then."

"Oh, he wasn't broke," Davy explained. "He had investments—securities, I mean. We made him his first loan—loaned him a hundred thousand on a lot of railroad bonds he owned. I think that collateral was about all he had. It was more then than it would be now, but it wasn't a fortune. But that hundred thousand he got from us was what his fortune grew from. You know what development there was in the steel trade from that time on. For the men who got in early and sat tight the profits were big. That's what Glenn did—sat tight and took his profits. Those first steel combinations blossomed into others, and the man who had patience came out wonderfully well."

Croll nodded. "Yes; and as I understand it, Glenn repeated that program in automobile companies."

"He did. Of course he had more capital then. He saw what was coming in the motor industry. He got into the right things at the right time, and waited. Don't make any mistake about Glenn, Stephen. He had foresight and judgment and nerve, and plenty of patience. And I know of no man who always had such good friends to advise him. Besides, he had the good sense not to splash."

"But he didn't hew any wood or draw any water himself," Croll said, nagging. "You'll admit that."

"Well, what of it?" Davy demanded testily. "The man came here thirty years ago with only a little money, no experience and no friends. He died worth five or six million, respected and honored. Gad, I went to the services at St. Thomas'. It was like a chamber-of-commerce reception."

"To which end," said Croll grimly, "he had recently compounded a crime and done a couple of hundred little men out of a million."

Davy growled: "Don't talk rot. Glenn wasn't a god of course. Naturally he didn't want the kind of publicity you tried to give him. Neither would I. What man would? In fact, Phil Glenn was always sensitive in that way. He never wanted people to know what he was doing. Why, he showed it thirty years ago with that first loan we made him! He took all kinds of precaution against having it leak out that he was a borrower. I remember I had to guarantee him that no one outside the bank would know. His collateral was railroad bonds, and he never would let us collect their interest coupons for him for fear somebody would suspect he had the bonds in pawn with us.

"I can't remember how many renewals of that loan we made him, but it must have been four years before he paid it off, and all that time—every six months—he would come in and take the coupons away and collect them himself. Then he'd hand most of the money over to us to meet the interest on the loan. I used to joke him about it, but he had his own idea and he stuck to it."

Croll grunted: "A canny lad—then and forever after. How do you suppose such a careful man ever came to play the stock market in a bucket shop?"

"That," said Davy, "I can't understand. It's the most surprising part of your story. It was stupidity—nothing else."

Westbay said: "Well, all men make mistakes. You know that, Davy. Men who know most about values and securities die leaving junk that makes you wonder how they ever could have thought of buying it. Do you remember the stuff that Hugh Jeffreys had tucked away? He was no fool, but he left thousands of shares of little mining-company stocks, none of them worth a whoop, and never had been. Old Seth Morley's collection was as bad. I can name you a dozen others. Those men were

(Continued on Page 63)

The FLORSHEIM SHOE

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and 2 other important factors

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This NEW way provides absolute protection, besides ending forever embarrassment of disposal

By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND, *Registered Nurse*

FEW women today still employ the hazardous hygienic methods of yesterday. There is now protection that is absolute—protection that enables one to meet every day unhandicapped; never a precious moment marred by slightest doubt or fear.

Wear gayest gowns and sheerest frocks under circumstances once adjudged impossible. Dance, motor, go about for hours in confidence and security. The dangers of the old-time method have definitely been ended.

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Kotex is more than a "sanitary pad"—it is scientific protection in the full sense of the term.

(1) Kotex is the only sanitary pad in the world today filled with *Cellucotton* wadding, the super-absorbent of modern scientific attainment. Thus Kotex absorbs *16 times its own weight* in moisture! Thus Kotex is 5 times as absorbent as ordinary cotton!

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Ask for them by name—Kotex

"Genuine Kotex" is plainly stamped on every box. If offered a substitute said to be "like Kotex"—beware. Insanitarily made imitations are, we are told, being offered for the sake of higher profit, by some stores, as the "same as Kotex." They are not. *Watch out.*

Only Kotex itself is "like" Kotex. Obtain at any store in boxes of 12 pads. Two sizes, Kotex Regular and Kotex-Super. Eight in 10 better-class women, throughout America, employ this unique and *certain* protection.

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PROTECTS—DEODORIZES

Kotex Regular: 65c per dozen

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No laundry—discards as easily as a piece of tissue

*Supplied also through vending cabinets in rest-rooms by West Disinfecting Co.

(Continued from Page 60)

not idiots, you know, but they did foolish things now and then. Every man does."

"And was that true of Phil Glenn?" Parrish asked.

"No," Jud said, hesitating. "We found one worthless thing among all Glenn's securities, and only one; and he seemed to have forgotten all about that. His affairs were in remarkable shape. Everything was clean and in its place. Practically his whole fortune was in securities, most of them motor and motor accessory company things. His books were in perfect condition. There were practically no loose ends. Considering the size of the estate, it was astonishing.

"But one of his boxes did give us a shock. It was full of odds and ends—old personal papers, letters, diaries and things of that sort. Under them all was a big package, sealed. When we opened it we found a hundred and fifty bonds—$150,000 Ohio and Mississippi 6 per cents, due in 1920.

"Due in 1920, mind. This was 1925. That issue of bonds had matured and had been paid off five years before. Yet here were a hundred and fifty of them lying forgotten.

"They weren't on Glenn's lists. His books showed no record of them. Neither his bookkeeper nor anyone else in touch with his affairs knew anything about them. And every bond had nearly twenty years' coupons still attached to it—twenty years of interest that hadn't been collected."

Davis Kneeland stared and said: "That's damned odd, Jud. Ohio and Mississippi sixes. I knew Glenn owned those bonds—a hundred and fifty thousand—of course—go on."

Westbay was staring then. "You knew he had them?" he asked. "Do you know where he got them?"

"No," said Davy, "I don't know that. . . . Go on, Jud."

"Well," Westbay said, "the bonds showed that the Samaritan Trust Company was the trustee of the mortgage, and I went in there and told Jim Brewer about them. Jim's their vice president in charge of such things, you know. He said, 'That's queer. Those bonds were refunded, and I'm sure every one of them was turned in. Send in your lot, and I'll let you know about them.'

"So I had the bonds delivered to the Samaritan, and two or three days later Jim phoned me to come over and see him. When I got there he said, 'I thought you might like to see your bonds cremated. We have a fine new furnace in the basement, and it will be a great place for them.'

"'All right,' I said, 'but suppose you first hand over a check for a hundred and fifty thousand and nearly as much more uncollected interest.'

"Jim laughed. 'No checks today,' he said. 'Those bonds are counterfeit.'"

Westbay stopped, and Davis Kneeland croaked, "Good God! Not those ——" Then something took him by the throat, and he went into a great fit of coughing. He came out of it quite purple and trying to say, "But they weren't! They couldn't be!"

Croll must have guessed the truth immediately. I caught the glint of his eyes as he slid down in his chair and threw back his head comfortably. "Why not?" he asked very softly, and I knew he was laughing, but I did not know why.

"But, Davy, they were," Westbay said briskly. "Counterfeits, every one of them. Oh, I made sure! They weren't so very well done either. Brewer had a specimen of the original bonds there to show me. The engraving people dug it up for him. When you compared the two, there wasn't any doubt. The Samaritan's records were straight enough too. The Glenn bonds were forgeries, Davy. Tell me what you know about them."

Kneeland gulped, "Why—nothing—not much ——" and was strangled again.

"Out with it!" said Westbay. "Was he swindled? Where did he get them?"

"What—where—how do I know?" Davy floundered badly. "He had them before—oh, a long time."

"Canny," murmured Croll, addressing the ceiling. "As I said a while ago he was a canny lad. He must collect the coupons himself. That was good!"

Westbay's mouth stood open, and he looked from one to the other. Then he swallowed hard and stammered, "But you can't mean ——"

I began to see the light then. But Tony Parrish said impatiently, "What is all this? I don't understand."

Croll rolled his head lazily and spoke to Westbay: "They may have been his fee, you know. Or maybe they were souvenirs of the gang—keepsakes, eh?"

"But," said Jud, wide-eyed, "it's impossible." He stared at Davy, who was scowling at the white cloth crumpled in his hand.

Croll returned his attention to the ceiling. "Sympathetic—and worth six million," he chuckled. "The little acorn begetteth the tall oak, but first the little acorn must be planted—planted with care."

Davy's flush deepened at that, and Tony Parrish, with a queer note of uneasiness in his voice, said sharply: "Don't mumble. I want to understand this. Are you hinting that those bonds—the bogus bonds—were what Phil Glenn used to borrow money from Davy's bank years ago—that Phil knew they were frauds?"

No one spoke, but Croll lifted his head and regarded Tony with curiosity. Somehow the decision was left to him, and it came promptly. His eyes suddenly flamed, and he barked indignantly: "Where did you get that idea? What damned nonsense!" He turned hotly to Kneeland. "Tell him so, Davy."

Davis Kneeland is a forthright man and not given to dissembling, but he proved himself capable. "Certainly not. Certainly not," he growled, glaring at Tony fiercely. "Those bonds? Lord, no! Not the same at all—quite different bonds—nothing of the kind."

Tony straightened and said, "Well, then, what are you all chattering about? What if Phil Glenn did make a foolish mistake or two in his life? Nobody's infallible."

Croll, as if atoning for his flare, said, "That's true. We all make mistakes. We make some that we never discover, thank heaven."

"Yes," Tony snapped disagreeably, "and some that we don't choose to correct, eh? Take your own case. No doubt you'll prefer to go on snarling at Phil Glenn for the rest of your life."

Croll made his smile apologetic as he answered slowly. "Well, it shocks a man's faith so, Tony, to find that he's been all wrong. Too much of that shocking is bad, you know."

"Shocks his faith in himself?" sniffed Tony.

"Or in someone else," said Croll, shrugging

"Or in both," said Davy Kneeland heavily, and held off another choking long enough to add, "and that's more than twice as bad."

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 28)

Though the streets below are very hot and gritty,
We'll be cool up there and have a lovely view!
Eighteen stories up above
Where the people push and shove,
We'll be sweetly making love and sitting pretty,
In the moonlight or the glow
Of electric signs below,
In our penthouse on a roof in New York City!

When I come home from the office I will look up in the sky,
And I'll see you waving at me from the parapet up high;
Then I'll take the elevator to our happy paradise,
Where I know you will be waiting—it will certainly be nice.
If you don't like keeping house, dear, we will order what we want,
And just have it sent up to us from the downstairs restaurant;
From the troubles and the worries of the world we'll be aloof,
In our cozy little penthouse on the roof.

CHORUS

In a penthouse on a roof in New York City,
When the children come they'll have a place to play.
We can keep a dog and maybe have a kitty,
And from home we'll very seldom want to stray.
With our friends our home we'll share,
We can give swell parties there,
And they'll say, "There is a pair that's sitting pretty!"
Where the rambler roses twine,
I'll be yours and you'll be mine,
In our penthouse on a roof in New York City!

—*Berton Braley.*

Propaganda

ONE more degenerate
Looted a shop—
Tried to at any rate—
Wounded a cop:
Lock her up tenderly,
Feed her with care;
Stockinged so slenderly;
Lovely blond hair.
Line up for photographs,
Pose her with grace;
Let all the rotographs
Blazon her face.
Sob-sister interview—
Millions demand it;
Here's the old headline, too,
"Pretty Robbed Bandit!"
Detail the clothes she wears,
Play up her swank;
Probe her for love affairs;
Bid her be frank.
Check up each slip of hers;
Flock to her trial,
Note that red tip of hers,
Smiling denial.
Make frenzied scrutiny
Into her mutiny;
Drape about rottenness
Rose-colored fruits,
Life is monotonous,
Youth must have thrills!
Furbish stupidity,
Camouflage slime,
And with avidity
Advertise crime!

—*Corinne Rockwell Swain.*

To Save, to Spend; Ay, There's the Rub

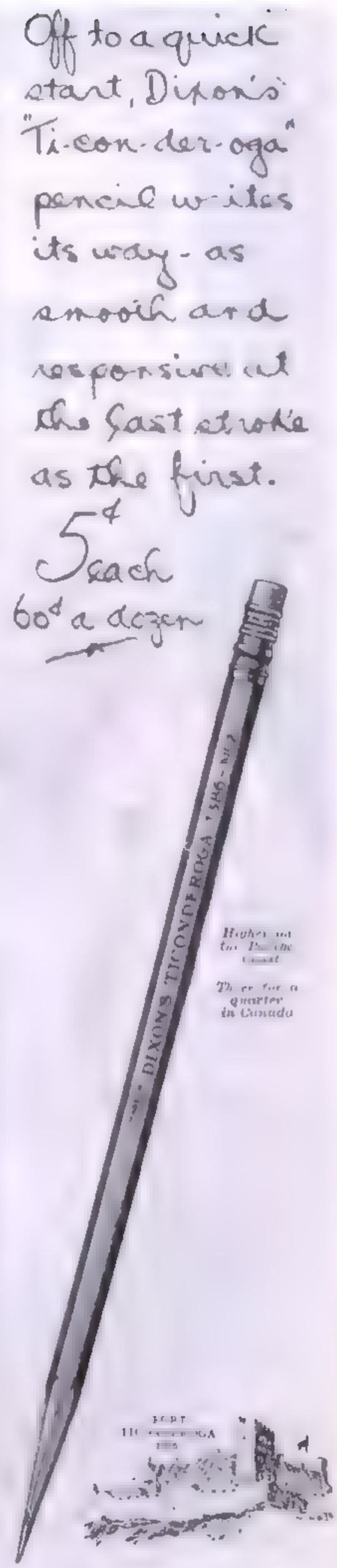
"SAVE up your money!" advises the Trust
Company; likewise the local insurance
Agents proclaim that the populace must
Save and economize, lest into durance

Vile they shall fall. For the lucky ones who
Buy the good bonds with gilt edges, and put
Their money in mortgages, mock at a few
Wallops from hard-hearted Destiny. But

"Spend, spend your money!" vociferate the
Dealers in jewelry, autos, and so
Forth; they assert that by spending do we
Stimulate trade and prosperity, though

These counsels are hardly compatible. Yet
The proof of the logical error is not the
Thing that concerns me, but where I can get
A couple of dollars till Tuesday; so what the ——

—*Morris Bishop.*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1827 THE 100TH YEAR 1927
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Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake,
candy man,
Buy Wrigley's Double Mint,
fast as you can!
But as fast as you get it, the
good people come
To get this delicious REAL
PEPPERMINT *gum!*
MOTHER GOOSE UP-TO-DATE.

Do you like a real, lasting, *built in*, full strength flavor REAL Peppermint?

Then get Wrigley's Double Mint at your dealer's.

It is a new and better *Peppermint* flavor.

H79 ...*"After every meal!"*

The Poets' Corner

The Fool Who Will Never Learn

IN THE primal years when life was hard
And death stood a foe at hand,
Necessity drew its bitter ring
Around each savage band,
And the way of fate was a narrow path
Of ambush and of dread,
And there wanted but a straying step
Between the quick and the dead.
The day was full of hidden traps
As the night was full of fear;
The wild beast lit the dusk with eyes;
Dawn brought the hidden spear,
From the mountainside disaster fell;
From haunt of bittern and hern,
From the forests' depths came the certain end
For the fool who will never learn!

Then life grew easier with the years
For the fool who will never learn,
As if it hoped that patience spent
Might teach him to discern
Just what thing wasn't to be done,
Just what thing was to do.
But the fool now smirked and called it "luck"
And "somehow muddling through."
Since there fell no longer the old, strict test
Men had a freer range,
And the wise man took the hint and throve.
But the fool, he scorns to change;
For a while he grins and rides the crest
And meets the foremost strife;
Then the drift of Nature finds him out,
The certain probe of life!

In jail and poorhouse, on the freight,
In the cast ways of the world,
The fool who will never learn is found
With his banner still unfurled
Life's beach comber, fate's broken shard,
Stranded and heaved aside;
He'll never admit his vast mistake
For the sake of his little pride.

One blames it on women, one on wine,
And one on God or fate;
One swears that he was born too soon—
Another, born too late;
He'll never admit he broke the rules
Or acted out of turn;
He surely never blames himself,
The fool who will never learn.

Though he's ground to nothing in the end
In fate's remorseless quern,
For there's little room, there's certain doom,
FOR THE FOOL WHO WILL NEVER LEARN!

—Harry Kemp.

Song

I AM too happy to be wise!
They say that only tear-dimmed eyes
Can clearly see.

I am too happy to be great.
Fame is for those who work and wait
For things to be.

I am too happy to awake
Out of a dream. Ah, come and break
My heart for me!

Mary Dixon Thayer.

Bravery

I MUST be brave when we have a son.
If I see a mouse I mustn't run

I must be brave when we have a daughter,
And not catch my breath at the cruel word,
water.

I must be brave, it's the only way.
And if there's a thunderstorm I can pray.

But now while there's only just you and me,
I can be as frightened as I want to be!

Mabel Cleland.

Vacation Song

TENTS of brown and tents of white,
Dreaming in the drowsy night.
Lakes of jade where trout are leaping,
While the world is sleeping, sleeping.

Fir trees black against the sky;
Slanting sea birds drifting by;
Tents of white and tents of brown!
Let's forget the noisy town.

Nothing's real but shadows slipping
Through the trees, and paddles dripping.
Nothing's real but lake and sky:
And you and I, and you and I!

Mary Carolyn Davies.

Grafton Notch, Maine, After a Storm Has Cleared the Atmosphere

ONE Million ANSWERS!

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AMERICAN POLICY IN NICARAGUA

(Continued from Page 9)

prominent families of Granada closely related by ties of blood and friendship. During that period, as a rule, they did not seek to continue a single man in power as president for many terms; but by mutual consent within this oligarchy of powerful families, they determined which of their members should succeed in holding the reins of government.

Revolutions against them were attempted a number of times, but none of them were successful until one in 1893 placed José Santos Zelaya, a Liberal, in the presidency. He remained in office for seventeen years, until 1910, when a revolution occurred which again placed the Conservatives in power. Zelaya's reign as dictator prior to 1910 had been a ruthless one. There had been many attempted revolts against him prior to the successful one and he had suppressed them with great severity. As his long term of power progressed it became characterized more and more by tyranny and oppression over his enemies. Consequently, after his deposition in 1910, the country was in a condition of turmoil and unrest worse than any which it had known for many years.

During the period of violence which accompanied and immediately followed the deposition of Zelaya, the American Government sent its naval forces to Nicaragua to protect American life and property on both the east and west coasts. In 1912 these forces were twice drawn into serious combat with revolutionary bodies, on one occasion the marines taking by assault the difficult and almost impregnable hill of Masaya.

After these forces were withdrawn a legation guard of 100 marines was left at the capital, Managua, on the request of the Nicaraguan Government, for the purpose of assisting by its presence to stabilize the country. It remained there until August, 1925, some fourteen years, without taking part in any fighting or violence. But probably in part owing to the moral impression produced by the presence of these 100 men, no very serious or successful attempt occurred at revolution during the time that they were there.

The Conservatives remained in power after the deposition of Zelaya from 1910 until 1924. This party again followed its group or family system of having each president after his term succeeded by another chosen by the group.

The Central American Treaties

As I shall point out later, the United States, ever since we recognized their independence, has in many ways endeavored to lend its assistance to the five Central American countries in their progress along the difficult road to orderly self-government. Here it is relevant to recall only some of the more recent efforts. In 1907 Mr. Roosevelt's Administration invited their representatives to a conference at Washington, where, with the assistance and advice of American representatives, mutual treaties of peace and amity were entered into by the five Central American nations, seeking to remove several of the chief causes of revolutions. Among other things, these nations agreed with one another not to recognize any government "which may come into power in any of the five republics as a consequence of a coup d'état or of a revolution against a recognized government so long as the freely elected representatives of the people thereof have not constitutionally reorganized the country."

Again, in 1923, another conference was held at Washington in which this mutual agreement not to recognize governments which might come into power by revolution or violence was renewed and made even more specific. And the United States itself, though not a party to the treaty, announced that it would follow the same course of conduct in according or withholding recognition.

Of course, such a mutual covenant not to recognize a revolutionary government did not get at the root of the evil. So long as the custom of government-controlled elections continued, revolution offered the only means of deposing the party in control of the government.

Under existing conditions, revolution was an essential part of the system, and to forbid revolution simply tended to perpetuate the power of the party or individual who happened to be in control of the government.

These facts were self-evident and were recognized among the Nicaraguans themselves. As far back as 1920 the United States, through the Department of State, began to use its influence to try to reach the root of the evil and assist the Nicaraguans to purify their elections. With the approach of the election of that year the department suggested to President Emiliano Chamorro the advisability of a reform in the electoral laws in order to insure a more nearly popular election. To secure such a reform it suggested that an expert should be sent from the United States to make a study of the system and suggest possible revisions in the law. President Chamorro, however, rejected this advice, claiming that the existing law was sufficient and uttering personal assurances that the election would be free. When, however, the registration and election came off, disorder and violence prevailed, and, as usual, the party favored by the government won.

More Scraps of Paper

Two years later, however, in 1922, the Nicaraguan Government accepted the recommendation of the State Department and appointed Dr. H. W. Dodds, of Princeton, as an expert to study the electoral situation. Doctor Dodds drafted an electoral law and that law was passed by the Nicaraguan Congress, although not until changes in it had been made which seriously weakened its integrity. The Liberal, or opposition, Party formally requested the United States to supervise the presidential elections to be held under this law in 1924, but President Martinez, being in control of the government, refused to join in the request.

Nevertheless, election reform was in the air. It was known that the American State Department was keenly interested in having the election go off in a fair and free manner, and that unless this took place the American Government might not recognize the legality of the president who should be declared elected. Finally the moderate Conservatives and the Liberals united on a coalition ticket composed of Carlos Solorzano, candidate for president, and Dr. Juan Sacasa, candidate for vice president. The extreme Conservative faction presented an opposition ticket headed by a former president, Emiliano Chamorro. The coalition ticket was declared elected by a vote of 48,072 to 28,760 for the Chamorro ticket; but although the election had been comparatively free from overt violence, charges were insistently made that the government had aided the victorious ticket by widespread fraud and these charges were so current and widespread that the incoming administration entered office without either prestige or strength.

For many years the United States had been seeking to withdraw its marines from Managua, but had been restrained by the importunities of the Nicaraguan Government. Many months prior to the 1924 election our Government gave notice that the marines would be withdrawn on January 1, 1925, immediately after the inauguration of the new administration. On the urgent request, however, of President Solorzano we were prevailed upon to leave them there a few months more in order that his administration might have time to become steady in the saddle. The marines were then withdrawn on August 4, 1925.

Order lasted just three weeks thereafter. The friends of General Chamorro, the defeated extreme Conservative candidate, had been making preparations for trouble. President Solorzano had appointed a coalition cabinet composed of both Liberals and Conservatives. On August twenty-fifth, while the Liberal cabinet officers were attending a banquet, they were seized and locked up. Thereafter the Chamorro conspiracy rapidly progressed. On October twenty-fifth his supporters seized the Loma, the fortress which overlooks the city of Managua, and the possession of which dominates the capital. Vice President Sacasa and subsequently President Solorzano left the country, claiming to be in fear of their lives. The membership of congress was reconstituted by expelling eighteen Liberal and moderate Conservative members and their places were filled by adherents of Chamorro. He was then elected by congress as a designate, or substitute, for the presidency and assumed the functions of that office on January 16, 1926.

All this was done over the protest of the American Government and against its warning that under the policy of the Washington conferences of 1907 and 1923 Chamorro could not expect to be recognized as a legitimate government either by us or by the other four Central American republics. He, however, persisted in his purpose; and as he came into possession of a full treasury resulting from the long period of peace while our marines were in Managua, he succeeded for nearly ten months in holding his own against the Liberal revolutions which promptly broke out against him. The first such revolution broke out in May and was quelled. By August the situation had again become so disturbed that we were obliged to send naval vessels to Bluefields and Corinto to protect Americans at those points. This action was taken only after many repeated requests had been received from different parts of the United States for the protection of American interests.

During the entire period of Chamorro's incumbency our Government never ceased its moral pressure to induce him to withdraw. The representations of our chargé d'affaires at Managua were so insistent as to bring forth angry protests from the dictator. On January 22, 1926, and again on August 27, 1926, our Secretary of State addressed to the Nicaraguan Government formal communications expressing disapproval of Chamorro's action in violating the treaties of 1923, which he himself had signed as a delegate. By October the combined pressure caused by the disapproval of this country which prevented him from raising any additional money by foreign loan, the increasing vigor of the revolutionists and finally dissatisfaction within his own party, the Conservatives, began to tell even upon Chamorro, who is an extremely determined and self-willed man, and he became ready to yield.

A President Elected

A conference was held during that month at Corinto on board the U. S. S. Denver, to which both Chamorro's government and the Liberals sent delegates to try to arrive at a settlement. This proved unavailing, and on October thirtieth Chamorro turned over the reins of government to Senator Uriza, who had been appointed the second designate by congress.

The United States refused to recognize Uriza as president on the ground that he had been elected by the same illegal congress which elected Chamorro. Thereupon a new extraordinary session of congress was convoked. The eighteen senators and deputies who had been expelled by Chamorro from the previous congress were invited to return and resume their seats. Of these, three returned to their seats and six others were represented by duly qualified alternates who had been legally elected in 1924. This congress thereupon, on November tenth, elected Adolfo Diaz as first designate. At this session fifty-three members of congress were present out of a total membership of sixty-seven. Of these, forty-four voted for Diaz and two for Solorzano, the balance abstaining from voting.

The Nicaraguan constitution provides in Article 106:

> In case of the absolute or temporary lack of a President of the Republic, the office of Chief Executive shall devolve on the Vice President, and in default of the latter, on one of the emergency candidates in the order of their election. In the latter case, if the Congress is in session, it shall be its duty to authorize the entrustment of the office to the Representative whom it may designate, who must fulfill the requirements for President of the Republic.
> —*From Foreign Relations, Edition of 1918.*

At the time of this election President Solorzano was in California and Vice President Sacasa in Guatemala, the latter having been out of the country nearly a year. Thereupon, on November seventeenth, the United States Government extended recognition to President Diaz.

I think the foregoing simple statement of the facts will dispose of many of the thoughtless and baseless criticisms that have been uttered against the action of our Government in Nicaragua. Some have not hesitated to charge that we have intentionally sided with the Conservatives and against the Liberals; they have even gone so far as to assert that our naval forces were used for the direct purpose of promoting the candidacy of President Diaz.

The Power of Recognition

The facts are that we accorded our recognition to a coalition administration elected in 1924 containing Doctor Sacasa, a Liberal, as its vice president; that when this administration was overthrown by the Conservative, Chamorro, we not only refused him recognition but used every effort consistent with diplomatic usage to persuade him to withdraw and reconstitute a legal government. When our ships were sent to Nicaragua in August they were not sent to support any administration, but to protect American lives and property. Chamorro was then still in office and we were doing our best to get him out. Diaz had not been thought of as a candidate by anybody, Nicaraguan or American. Even when Chamorro finally resigned we did not recognize Uriza, to whom he delivered the reins of government, but declined to do so, and it was not until every effort had been made to restore the legal status quo created by the election of 1924, and a properly reconstituted congress had in the manner provided by the constitution elected Mr. Diaz as a designate, that we finally extended to him the recognition of our Government.

It may be well also to remember here that the American officer who is vested by our American Constitution with the duty of determining which claimant in a foreign government is legitimate is the President of the United States and no other. Neither the Senate nor Congress shares that duty. When the President in good faith has decided, as he did in November, 1926, that a given foreign government is legitimate and is recognized as such by us, so far as our Government is concerned the process is ended. His action can no more be officially reviewed on the floor of the Senate than it can in the columns of this periodical.

The President's decision was not only rendered in good faith but was, in my opinion, perfectly correct according to the facts. Diaz was elected designate by an overwhelming majority of a congress which had been reconstituted so that its membership was identical with that legally created by the general election of 1924. The action of this congress therefore could not be rightly

(Continued on Page 71)

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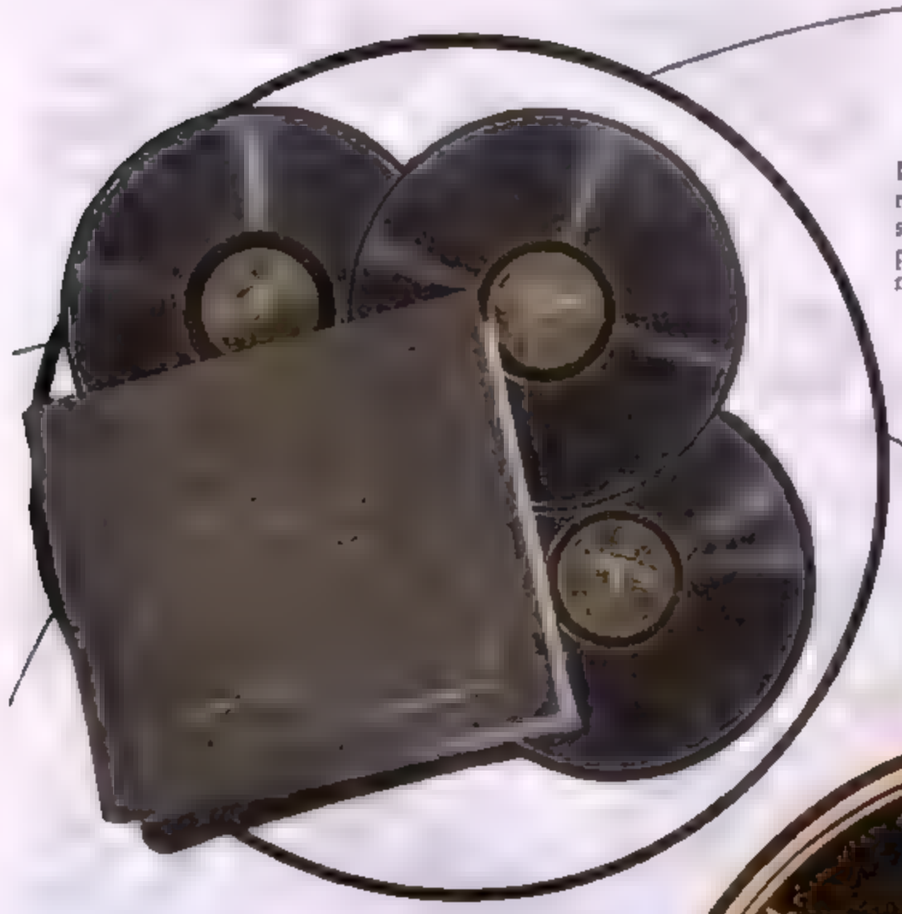

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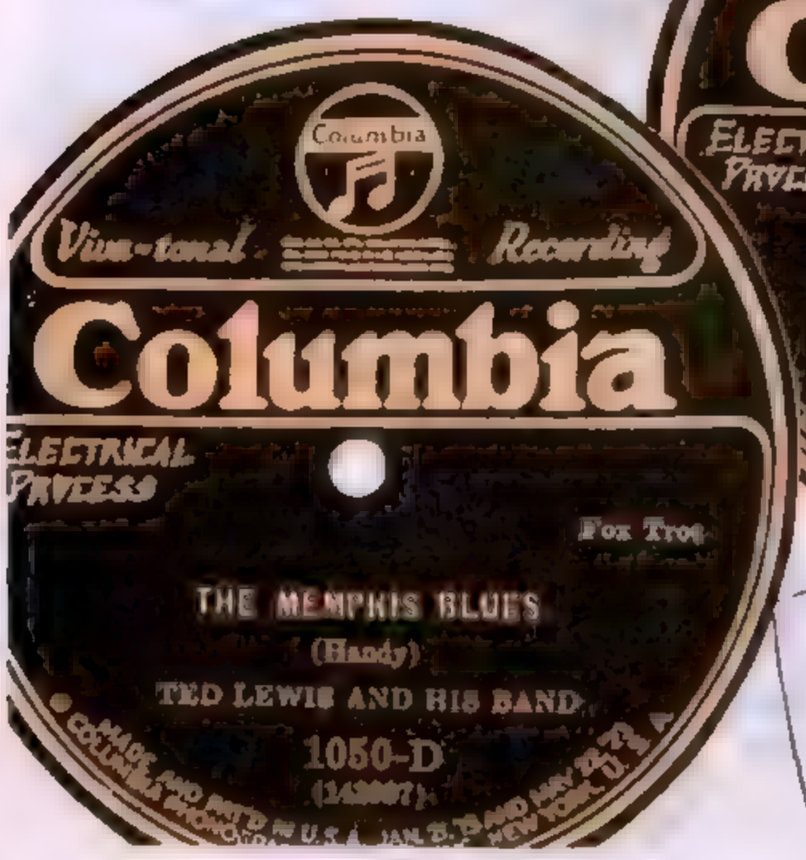

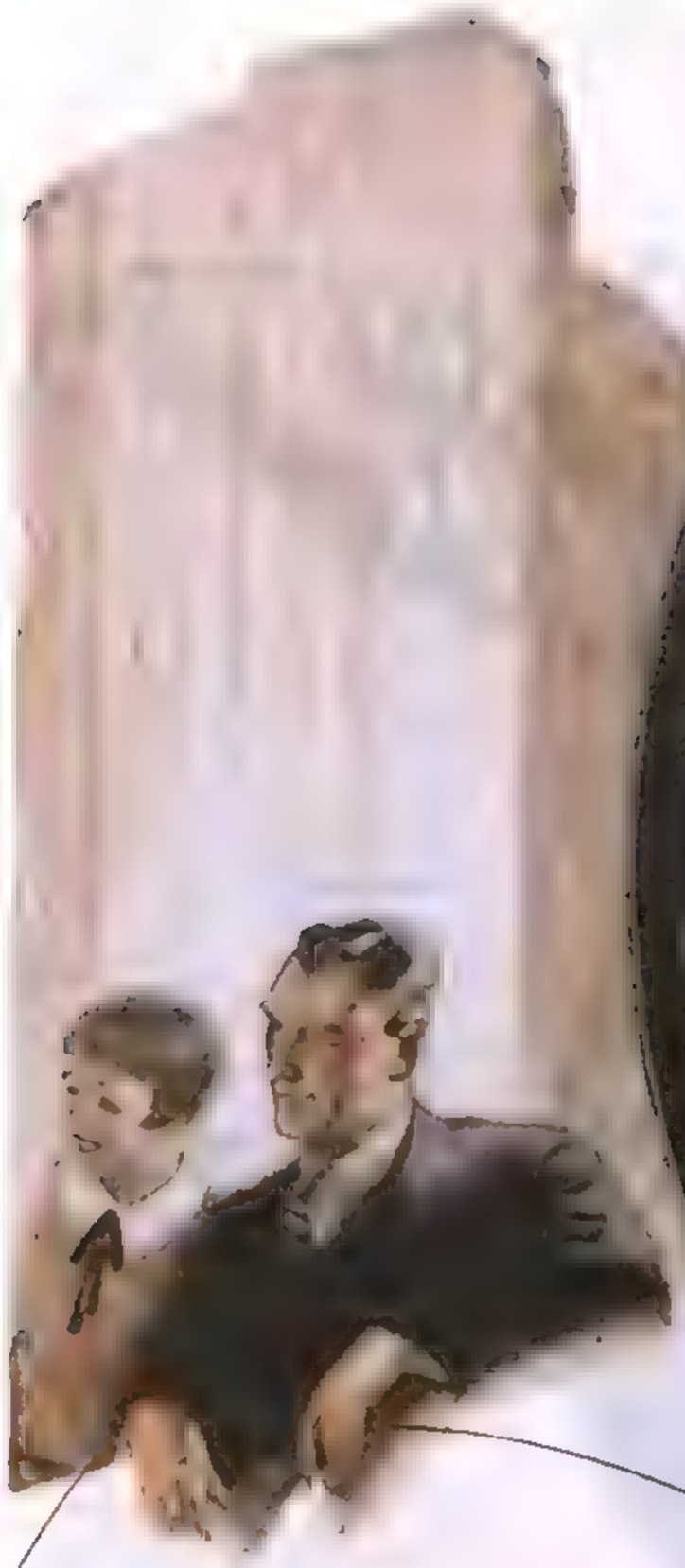

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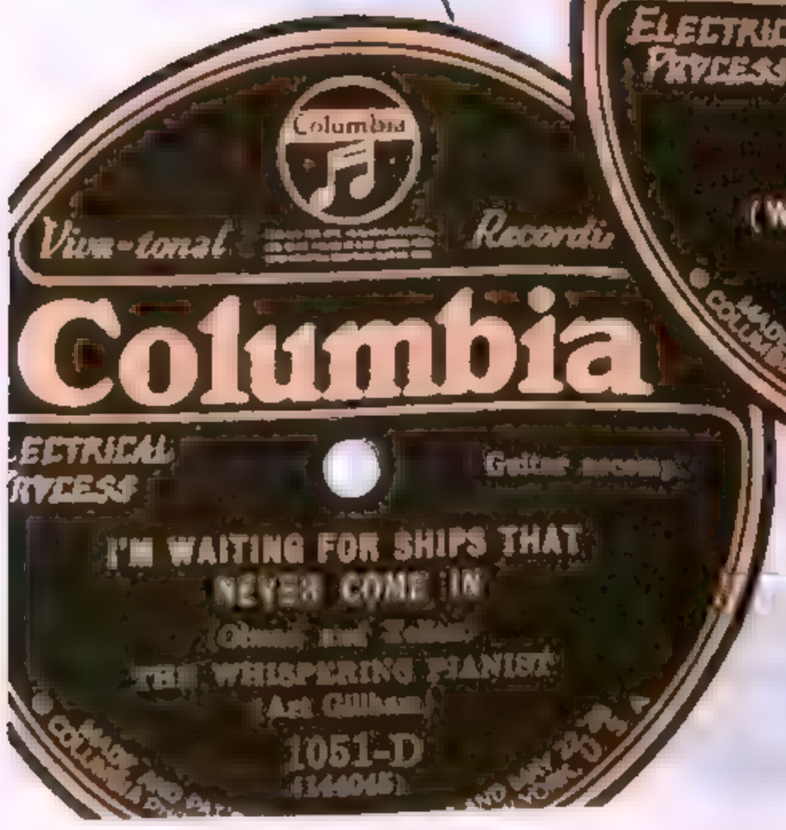

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(Continued from Page 66)

claimed to be tainted by the coup d'état of Chamorro, nor could it be rightfully said that Diaz was disqualified in any other way. True, he was a Conservative, but the legally elected congress was also Conservative in complexion. In former days he had been a political friend of Chamorro, but he had opposed Chamorro's coup d'état. That he was not a part of a Chamorro conspiracy is further indicated by the fact that the person whom Chamorro had chosen to succeed himself was not Diaz but Uriza, whom we refused to recognize.

When Diaz had peacefully and without violence been thus seated in office and had come into undisputed control, as he did, of the regularly organized government, occupying all the chief cities and practically all the territory of Nicaragua except the wild and uninhabited district where the revolution against Chamorro was still being waged, he was evidently both *de jure* and *de facto* the ruler of Nicaragua.

Even if we should attempt to go behind the action of the reconstituted Nicaraguan congress and interpret for ourselves the Nicaraguan constitution, instead of following the interpretation which that congress adopted, we could not produce the result that Sacasa was the lawful president. For if we should disregard Sacasa's absence from the country on the ground that he had been illegally driven away by Chamorro, exactly the same thing had happened to Salorzano, the president. The latter, quite as much as the former, was the victim of Chamorro's violence, and if we were to insist that any absentee should be seated in office by us regardless of his absence, it must necessarily have been Salorzano and not Sacasa. Our recognition of Diaz as the legitimate president was immediately followed by that of Great Britain, France, Germany, Italy and Spain; also by that of the neighboring Central American countries of Salvador, Guatemala and Honduras.

Not until all this had happened did Sacasa appear on the scene. He had personally visited Mexico, seeking material and moral assistance for his cause. On December 1, 1926, two weeks after our recognition of Diaz had been proclaimed to the world, he landed at Puerto Cabezas, a small town on the wild eastern coast of Nicaragua, immediately adjoining the boundary line of Honduras, which thus offered a convenient refuge in case of attack, and surrounded by a small group of followers, proclaimed himself the constitutional president of Nicaragua and the commander in chief of the revolutionary forces. He was then immediately recognized by Mexico as the president of Nicaragua.

The Arms Embargo

Undoubtedly it was the sovereign right of the republic of Mexico to recognize as president of Nicaragua whomever she chose; but having regard to all the circumstances of the case and the time and manner in which it was done, I think it would be difficult for any friend of Mexico to say that, as between our recognition of Diaz and her recognition of Sacasa, hers was not the more provocative action; or that it was not the more violative of the spirit of the convention of 1907, of which her government with our own had been a sponsor and promoter.

Arms and munitions were shipped from Mexico to the revolutionists even before Mexico had recognized Sacasa as president. These were carried from Mexico to Nicaragua by four successive vessels, the steamships Foam, Concon, El Tropical and Superior, the first of these ships proceeding in August and the last in December. On the other hand, our Government had, in October, 1926, placed an embargo on the shipment of arms and munitions to all parties in Nicaragua and had requested the other Central American states and Mexico to join in this embargo with a view to minimizing the bloodshed. The four Central American countries agreed to follow our suggestion and to coöperate in the embargo. Mexico declined. As to this, President Coolidge said in his message to Congress on January 10, 1927:

"As a matter of fact, I have the most conclusive evidence that arms and munitions in large quantities have been on several occasions since August, 1926, shipped to the revolutionists in Nicaragua. Boats carrying these munitions have been fitted out in Mexican ports, and some of the munitions bear evidences of having belonged to the Mexican Government. It also appears that the ships were fitted out with the full knowledge of and, in some cases, with the encouragement of Mexican officials, and were in one instance, at least, commanded by a Mexican naval reserve officer."

It was not until after it had thus become abundantly clear that the revolutionists were receiving assistance from Mexico that our Government decided to lift its embargo and permit the Nicaraguan Government on its part to purchase arms and munitions. Otherwise we should have been unfairly siding against and hampering the efforts of the very government we had recognized as legitimate in defending itself against its assailants.

With the aid of these Mexican arms and munitions, the revolution gained in violence and spread. Soon after he came into office President Diaz formally notified our Government that, owing to this Mexican assistance, it would be impossible for the Nicaraguan Government to protect the lives and interests of American citizens and other foreigners residing in Nicaragua. Shortly afterward the British, Belgian and Italian governments sent us formal notice to the same effect and requested us to extend our protection to their citizens in Nicaragua.

The Landing of the Marines

Finally, in February, 1927, the British Ambassador in Washington notified our Secretary of State "that the hostilities between the rebels and government troops have now resulted in a situation which threatens the safety of British lives and property in Corinto, Leon, Managua, Granada and Matagalpa." And after reminding our Government that the British Government looked to us for protection to their British subjects, he informed us that they had decided to send a man of war to the west coast of Nicaragua, hoping that the presence of this vessel might have a moral effect on the situation, and it would be a base of refuge for British subjects.

In response to these requests from our own citizens and the governments of other countries notifying us that foreign lives and property were in danger, and also in response to the warning of the Nicaraguan Government itself that it could not protect such lives and property, our marines were landed in Nicaragua. Discretion as to how this well-known duty of protection should be carried out was properly left to our naval representative on the spot, Admiral Latimer. He performed it in the way by which such protection has commonly been maintained in similar cases—namely, by establishing neutral zones within which there should be no fighting and where consequently foreigners and their property might be safe.

On January eighth, a guard of 175 men was placed at Managua for our legation, and in addition marine guards were placed along the railway which forms the sole route of communication between Managua and the sea.

In taking this step Admiral Latimer proceeded with special care to avoid infringing upon the rights of either of the combatants. Thus, when he arrived at Bluefields in August, 1926, where the early fighting was taking place, finding it necessary to declare a neutral zone there for the protection of American and foreign lives, he obtained the consent of both the warring parties to the arrangement, and this consent was subsequently ratified in writing by both of them on October 26, 1926. The same course was subsequently followed in the establishment of a neutral zone at Corinto.

Criticism has been made that our Government deliberately established these zones for the purpose of interfering with the operations of the revolutionists by preventing them from capturing cities which they would otherwise have taken. Such accusations are easily made in the heat of conflict, and it is no doubt often simpler for a military commander to obtain his military objective if he does not have to conform to the usages of international law and spare the lives of neutrals. But that our naval commander had any other purpose than to carry out his plain duty of protection in the establishment of these zones will not be believed by anyone familiar with him or with the situation.

That he did not side with the Conservatives as against the Liberals is sufficiently indicated by the fact that Sacasa himself was conspicuously benefited by the establishment of the neutral zone at Puerto Cabezas, under the protection of which he remained until the end of the war, issuing therefrom freely his revolutionary edicts and pronunciamientos.

The Situation Last Spring

To summarize the situation and its causes as it existed in March, 1927, when I was requested by the President to go to Nicaragua:

A coalition Conservative-Liberal government having been lawfully established in 1925, our Government removed from Managua the legation guard which had been there for fourteen years and endeavored to leave Nicaragua to its own resources for the maintenance of order. Thereupon Chamorro, the defeated Conservative candidate, immediately overthrew the coalition government by violence.

Pursuant to the policies of the treaties agreed upon among the Central American states, with our approval and that of Mexico, we refused to recognize this Conservative government of Chamorro and endeavored to persuade him to withdraw. Chamorro refused and defied us, remaining in office for nearly a year.

Revolutions broke out against him which he was able to suppress or defeat so long as his money lasted. Finally, and chiefly through the failure of his finances, he was forced to resign and a legal government was reconstituted under Diaz, which we then recognized. Subsequently Mexico recognized the revolutionary government of Sacasa. On notice not only from our own citizens but from many foreign governments that American and foreign lives and property were in danger, we sent our naval forces to Nicaragua to protect them. This last took place while Chamorro was still in office.

In March, 1927, Diaz, the Conservative president, was in complete possession of the populous western portion of Nicaragua, including the capital, Managua, and the principal cities of Granada, Leon, Chinandega and Corinto.

The revolutionists, partly because of the skill of their commander, Moncada, and partly by reason of the arms and munitions and money furnished from Mexico, had captured many of the smaller towns at the Atlantic Seaboard and had made their way through the mountainous interior until they had come in contact with Diaz's main forces in the interior, not far from the town of Matagalpa; fighting had been stubborn and losses extremely heavy.

The long-continued disorder and violence had also produced a general disintegration in the social fabric of the country; semi-independent bands of marauders were taking advantage of the situation to plunder even the settled districts. Our minister had reported to Washington that a general condition of anarchy was probably approaching.

The events of my mission will be the subject of another article.

Editor's Note—This is the first of three articles by Mr. Stimson. The next will appear in an early issue.

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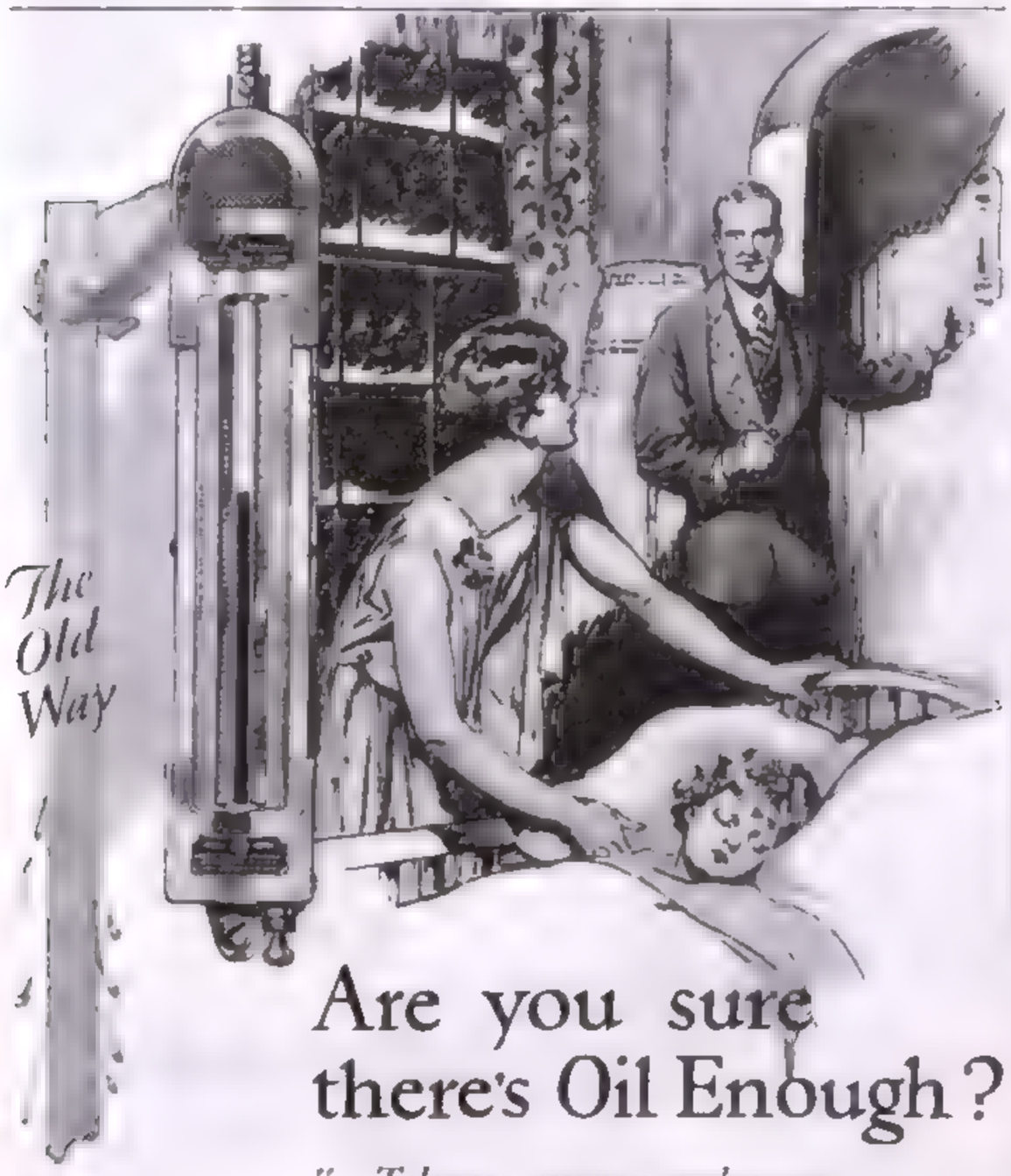

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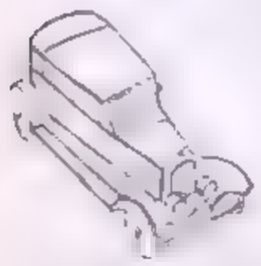

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CRUSADE

(Continued from Page 21)

each door and wall. He called to Miles and went with him for a walk around the castle. He measured the place, pacing his steps.

He turned to Miles: "Did you say that Arab had the wrong side of the bargain?" Miles looked at him in surprise. "You're a good judge of a man and a good judge of a horse, Miles, and you've got the technic of a captain general, but, my God, boy! Can't you see this place is not built for war? We're done." He put a hand on Miles' shoulder.

"We'll fight outside then."

"We'll have to," De Lacy agreed. "Even at that, we're between cavalry and a wall. I'll drop into Jerusalem and see if we can't get some help."

While he was gone Miles scented around to see if there were any way of erecting a hampering barrier of stones, knowing as he did that Arab horses could not jump, but the terrain was too wide. One could not tell from what angle the Arab would strike. He had to content himself with placing bowmen and kerns, uncertain even if he had placed them right, but trusting for the best. The Teutonic knights were stupid and useless. Every detail of food and water O'Neill had to supervise himself. At midnight De Lacy clattered back.

"Any luck?"

"Curse them!" De Lacy was coldly furious. "Moral support and talk of high politic! At any rate, there's this: It will be a family quarrel for the present. The Sultan of Damascus won't meddle. . . . Miles," he said suddenly, "after all, this isn't your fight. I asked in Jerusalem if the Temple wouldn't let you go through Palestine in the robes of the order, and they will. From Jaffa you can take ship to Cyprus."

"Thanks, De Lacy. But I won't leave you and the Irishmen."

"You know," the big man worried, "if Cohreddin gets us into Damascus we'll be beheaded as lousy pirates. As to me, the sultan would be right. But you're different."

"I'm not going, De Lacy. And we haven't lost yet. We've got to keep the men cheerful."

"All right, Miles, let's go the rounds."

On the fourth day the Arabs struck. They galloped down with dawn. They came quietly like ghosts on horseback, like threatening ghosts on fleet horses. There was not enough light for effective archery, and before the bowmen could form into files of pikes so as to withstand the assault, the Arabs were in, slashing and backhanding with their double-bladed Damascus swords, keen as razors. De Lacy was everywhere, an unassailable tower of defense. His terrible boring charge and heavy battle-ax swept every knot down. But the bowmen were retreating. It was then that O'Neill gave the loud cry of "Red Hand!" and that the kerns, mad for fighting, leaped at the horsemen with their long knives. They pulled the Saracens out of the saddle. They hacked and thrust, half cursing, half sobbing, until the unaccustomed battle, as with mad dogs, put a panic on horses and horsemen. Sunlight shot up from the east like a lighted beacon, and the archers, reforming under their Yorkshire sergeant, began to find the range. Twang! Hiss! Thud! And suddenly the white ghostly company faded off, with the soft drumming of their mounts' unshodden hoofs.

VII

O'NEILL knew, when he dragged the big Turk from his horse and hit him that savage backhander, with the edge of his flattened mailed right hand on the burly neck, that he had killed the man, but in the instant afterward, when a rider had swung a mace at his own head, he was sure he too was dead. He had dropped into a gulf of blackness. And now he was swimming, with incredible pain and weariness, through an oily trough of pain and weariness into life again. He tried to lift his head, but he felt it a jagged star of agony. He tried to lift his left hand to it. He felt the shoulder move, but the arm did not respond. He knew his arm was broken. The sun, like molten brass, poured into his eyes when he opened them. He closed them again and listened. There was no shouting, no nervous treading of horses. The fight was over then. And De Lacy had lost it, or Miles would not be lying there in the cruel Asian sun. He wondered if De Lacy had escaped.

He had felt somehow that morning that he was not going to die. Something told him he would emerge from the fight alive. But De Lacy, he knew, had felt he would never see Miles again. They had, in the ghostly hours before dawn, laid out their plans of battle, tactically occupying the top of the gorge through which they knew the Damascene riders were coming. De Lacy had given his last instructions and Miles was walking off with a "See you after it, Ulick!" when De Lacy went after him and put an arm around him.

"Miles, avick," he said, "could you find it in you to forgive me for bringing you here?" His wide gesture embraced all Asia.

"I can never thank you enough, De Lacy. Stop fretting. I'm all right."

"I trust to God you are."

"If I were as sure about you," Miles said, "as about myself. Listen, Ulick, don't take your helmet off and fight bareheaded. You underrate those Saracen archers. And that red poll of yours is a mark in a hundred."

"Good luck to you, boy!"

They had known, after that first attack in Bethlehem, that the Saracen would come again, and come again in sufficient force. Whatever policy was behind Cohreddin's inaction, the Sultan of Damascus was not going to let his brethren in the faith be slaughtered without reprisal. In Jerusalem De Lacy had learned through the Templar spies that the raid they had beaten off was led by the Emir Yussuf himself, one of the crack cavalry leaders of Transjordania, the uncle of the outraged lord of Bethlehem. The Templars were delighted with the result of the fight, but still could not meddle. Some of the knights of Mount Joye, however, offered to come in with De Lacy. Somewhence O'Neill's commander got money and a hundred and fifty more men.

"If there were anything to defend, they'd be a good lot," De Lacy mused. He took O'Neill aside. "I've got an idea, Miles. This crowd in Jerusalem"—he nodded backward—"are too fixed in their ideas of warfare. Give them something like Mount Joye or Acre to defend and only sickness and famine will beat them. Or give them a game of chess with companies of troops in the field. We haven't got anything to defend and we have damned few men. My Miles, we have got to use our heads."

The big man may have looked stupid and heavy to the Templars, but he knew what he was about. He had scented in the air, and from the Templars' petulance, that some treaty of accord was being drawn up between the emperor—"Red Whiskers," as he translated Barbarossa—and the quiet Sultan of Damascus. Cohreddin would not meddle in the Bethlehem fight as a Moslem prince, he knew. The peace-loving Mohammedan would hardly imperil the unsigned agreement. But he would send unofficial help. That the unofficial help would be forthcoming within ten days he knew.

If De Lacy could defeat the next raid heavily, Cohreddin might let him remain in possession of Bethlehem. Once in undisputed possession, the Polish knight could be handled, even if Barbarossa did not hang him. If the worst came to the worst, the Saracen owner would ransom the fief handsomely. But first the forces from Damascus must be beaten.

(Continued on Page 74

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PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

(Continued from Page 72)

He had an idea, De Lacy said, picked up from the Irish and Scottish wars. If instead of waiting to be attacked, they attacked first, in this manner: By ambushing the Saracens. They would come up naturally from the old *seigneuris* of Kerak, skirting the Dead Sea, through Zoar and Carmel, and if he could hit them on the edge of the barony of Hebron, between Carmel and St. Abraham.

"Now listen," he told Miles. "The Templars have their spies everywhere. A runner on a racing dromedary will let us know when they are coming. The heavy crowd I'll keep with me—bowmen and pikes, and the few knights. I'll give them sweet bell for a while and then I'll fall back. You know what the Arabs are when you start staggering. They go in to finish you. Then you'll come in."

"Where'll I be?" Miles asked.

"You'll be quietly on the hillside, out of sight behind the bowlders. When we've got a good block of them in the gorge, you and some of the Irish troops will start rolling the bowlders down on them, following it up with a pike charge. The crowd behind will bolt. When we've got them nicely, I'll turn. By God! Miles," he swore, "I believe we'll beat the sultan our two selves. Now leg up and we'll look over the ground. You want a work party to cut olive clubs for levering the rocks."

On the seventh day a Templar brother came to tell them that black tents were pitched in Tophila, and that the gathering seemed mostly Bedouin—the usual unit of two Bedouins to one camel, one to ride and one to lead, and both to fire with light bows from behind the kneeling beast. They were evidently, said the Templar brother, waiting for cavalry from Damascus and Busrah and Jerash.

"No! Not really!" De Lacy murmured politely.

A day later a Bedouin rode in to say that the horsemen had arrived and the caravan of camels was starting.

"How many horsemen?" De Lacy asked.

"Many!"

"I said how many?"

"Many!"

"Damn your black face!" De Lacy was furious. "I should have sent out myself and not trusted these Templar fools." It occurred to Miles that the Templars were not such fools as it seemed. If there had been a huge force, De Lacy might have retired, and above all things the Templars wanted to keep up the tradition of Christian battle. So their spy may have been more knave than fool. No matter, he thought, they'd have to fight now anyway. He cantered off with De Lacy to inspect the terrain.

It seemed to Miles, in the hushed gray morning, as he lay concealed behind his bowlder, the small Provençal trumpeter beside him, and watched the Arabs file into the gorge, that everything was not going to be quite as De Lacy had imagined it. First came a troop of horsemen—light cavalry; he could tell by their step—probably armed with lance and scimitar, and after that a great pushing wave of camels. He could hear their groaning in the darkness. How many were there? One hundred—a hundred and fifty? De Lacy had thought they'd be behind the horsemen. And now the gorge would be choked with the wretched beasts. And now there was the jangle of chains—the real body of cavalry. De Lacy must soon be at work.

Ah, there went the calls. North of him he could hear stamping, clatter of steel, the screaming of a frightened horse. Faintly he could hear De Lacy's voice, like the ghost of a voice at that distance. He wondered, with a sickly grin, what De Lacy would make of those camels. That living rampart was genius! Ha! If they would only not underrate these Saracens! The early zodiacal light began to throw a ghostly illumination in the gorge. The cloaked riders went on ahead as though nothing were happening. A Saracen scout galloped back alongside the hill, avoiding the main body, and near enough to Miles to be hit by a thrown pebble. He tore recklessly down the hill. Miles wondered how young FitzGibbon, from Mount Joye, was standing the strain on the other side of the gorge.

He waited for as long as he could count five hundred, expecting every instant a runner from De Lacy to tell him what was going on at the mouth of the gorge. There seemed to be a great shouting, and now the shouting grew less loud. And all the time beneath him the river of horsemen flowed. How many were there? The green light faded into gray—gray of a cat—and there was already—or perhaps he only imagined it—a faint blush of rose in the east. The gaunt rocks of Hebron began to take ghostly threatening shapes. He could wait no longer.

"Give her a blow, boy!" he told the trumpeter.

The golden hunting call soared over the grim gray valley. At the second bar the bowlders began to fall. There was a sort of chink as great stone struck small stone on its way downward. Miles could hear the men grunting as they heaved at the levers of olive wood. There was a rustle as the stone began rolling, like the rustle some great reptile might make as it went over dry ground. Then a thudding as of some vast playing ball as it hit the ground from a hurling stick. FitzGibbon's piper began his mad shrilling.

"Pikes short! Under the armpit!" Miles ordered. "Don't run! Quick walk!"

He felt, swinging down the hillside, his feet timing to the distant pipes, that there was some vast mistake about all this; that the dim hosting below him was a hosting of shades. There had been no screaming, no panic, such as he and De Lacy had imagined. He would not be surprised, he thought, if when he would hit a man of them, his blade went through air. There was talk in Ireland by the firesides, of riders who rode by night from the great burial ground of Tallaght to the strand of the Irish Sea—the cavalry of dead Parthelon, from Carthage, or perhaps of Atlantis. Who knew?—and Danish and Norman patrols who had set to receive their charge had felt only a wind blowing over them as from the snowy mountains at the Pole.

"MacHugh O'Hara," he called to the ensign of the pikes, "make your men scatter out! They're clumping!"

Then the sun rose. There was in his ears the tweeting of birds; apart from the skirl of the pipes, he could hear them. The miracle of light came. It came down from the blue sky like a rich transparent wine. The last stars guttered. Across the gorge he could see FitzGibbon's men trotting like dogs. He felt their teeth were bared, like wolf dogs' teeth. High on the hill the piper strutted, his kilt flirting like the tail of a bird. Then Miles looked down.

They sat like rocks on their glossy horses. They sat with their heads and faces muffled in their black cloaks, with their right arms free. Their blades were upright in their hands. In the very quietness of them there was the threat of doom. They were like the heads of snakes, raised to strike. He looked down the gorge to the south. Everywhere black cloaks and bared swords.

"Are you ready, O'Hara?"

"We're ready, captain of my heart."

O'Neill chose three runners. The men came with unwillingness. It needed a sharp word to take them from the fight. Toward the south O'Neill could see the Arabs coming in a sweeping fanlike movement up each side of the gorge. They were trapped. The ensign was looking impatiently at his men. O'Neill looked at him.

"Good-by, O'Hara."

"Good-by, captain," the ensign smiled. "Pikes! Ready! Full shaft! Go!"

They wouldn't last half an hour, O'Neill feared. He saw that the Arabs' leader had drawn back his men from the clutter of dead men and horses and great stones, and that these were a sort of rampart for them. He saw the pikes on each side begin to climb. Then the Arab cavalry charged. He watched the troops galloping up from the southward; the fanlike movement was turning in like the horns of the moon. High over the screaming and the cursing, the piper was piping away.

"You will get back to the Sieur de Lacy somehow," he told the runners, "and tell him from me that there is no hope; that I put the Saracen at not less than fifteen hundred men. You will tell him that he must save himself; that there is nothing else to do." He paused.

"Anything else, sir?"

"Yes; say Red Hand is happy. Go!" He counted slowly up to twenty. "Go!" he told the second runner. "But keep higher uphill." He counted up to forty. "Go!" he told the third man. "Take the trumpeter with you. No, boy, you must go! Now off!"

Like a mirage in the desert, it seemed to him, this battle in the gorge below. The savage shouting of the kerns had ceased and he knew now they were in a grim, silent struggle for their lives, gaunt, broken-headed men, wielding their pikes as protection. Even the piper's piping had ceased, and O'Neill, looking up to see if he could spot his body, saw that the man was not dead at all. He had flung down bag and reeds, and with drawn knife was bounding down the hill to die with his comrades.

"Am I the only man left unfighting in this cursed place?" Miles laughed. A loose mount came bounding up the hill—a small black Arab mare. He caught it by the bridle. "You'll do, lady," he said. Under the low authoritative voice, she stood as quietly as at her rack. He pulled his surcoat of chain over his hips and settled the light helmet on his head, snugged the chain mittens over wrists and backs of hands, drew his blade and dropped the scabbard to the ground. "Too light!" he thought, taking a trial cut. "I should have brought the other one."

He crossed himself on forehead and breast. "Save me from the lion's mouth, O Lord," he prayed swiftly, "and my lowliness from the horns of the unicorns!" He pivoted into the saddle, set the mare slithering downhill. Before him was a knee-high barricade of dead horses and great stones and dead and wounded men. He slapped the mare with the flat of his blade. "Hip!" he broke her into a canter and set her at it. She took the obstacle by the roots and sent him flying through the air. His light Italian weapon broke off at the hilt as he fell. "I should have remembered these damned Arabs can't jump."

A line of pikesmen were rallying after having been pushed back to the barricade. Their mouths were tight lines and their eyes were bitter. He made for them.

"Where's Black MacHugh?"

"He's underneath, captain."

"Where's the Templar knight, FitzGibbon?"

"We don't rightly know, but we think he's underneath too. Look out, captain!"

Three Arab horsemen came driving at them. O'Neill picked up a pike, and slipping to the left, out of reach of the troopers' sword arms, brought the mount of the nearest down with the shaft between his forelegs. As the rider scrambled to his feet and came rushing at him, O'Neill drove the blade of the pike into his face. A second of the trio was killed by a hulking Kerryman. The third galloped back.

"Come on! Get into a ring!" O'Neill directed. "Is there no sense to you at all? Is it children I'm dealing with? Pike out and right knee on ground! We'll get out of this yet!"

"If my captain pleases," the huge Kerryman said, "I won't leave this place until I've tallied my dozen."

"Are you all right? Are any of you wounded?"

"We're all right, but our throats are cracked on us."

"'Tis better than your necks," O'Neill said, and they laughed. "Who seems to be chief of the attack?"

"'Tis that big one on the gray horse yonder, captain. 'Tis him that downed FitzGibbon, captain, and has the tricky, inciting head. A great devil, surely."

"I'll have a crack at him," O'Neill decided. He went toward a dead Saracen and picked up his heavy cleaving blade. "Keep the ring and bring any others you can find into it." He walked swiftly toward the horseman. Four Arabs came charging at him. He waited until they were almost on him, and ran out at right angles. Before they could turn he was slipping on hands and knees through the second line.

"Ho! Such a one!" he called in Arabic, and the man turned.

He did not seem an Arab, the big man. His huge frame and cruel bony face had in them something of the Tartar men from the long plains beyond Damascus. He had small greenish eyes. His sparse mustaches were like those of a cat. The great gray horse, O'Neill noticed, was a crusader's captured mount, a great heavy-boned animal of Flanders. The Saracen's blade was long and double edged, and his shield small, round and rimmed with studs like an Irish chieftain's. Instead of device, it bore Arabic lettering, running over it like fleeing lizards.

The big man smiled. He smiled by hardening his eyes and opening his mouth. His teeth were sharp and cruelly white, like the teeth of wolves. His blade hissed over as O'Neill jumped. Miles could feel the sharp lash of it, like the lash of a whip on his chain mail. His own beautifully timed stroke the Tartar caught by raising his shield shoulder high. Miles felt his steel sink into the shield as an ax sinks into a tree. He gave a tug. He could not unloose it. He felt the Tartar smile above him. The horseman brought back his blade in a slow sweeping arc.

It seemed to Miles that inside his own brain another brain was functioning—of itself, so quickly did it act. He stood, as it were, outside himself and watched himself act, wondering how he did it. He slipped back, as though slipping a wrestler's hold. He jumped in again, grasping the horse's right ear with his left hand and catching its nose with his right. He gave the head a vicious twist, kicking savagely at the forelegs. Man and charger came down in an appalling, clumsy crash.

He waited an instant until the Tartar got to his feet. The man's right hand went to his belt for a knife. Before it got there O'Neill swooped in and caught the Tartar's right wrist with his left hand. He twisted the wrist inward. The Tartar bent forward, his neck outstretched like the neck of a hissing goose. O'Neill brought the edge of his right hand, like the edge of a sword, down in a savage chop—a bog fighter's trick, a portion of his head told him. But there you were! There was the huge man, dead as a rabbit.

But he was not done with the big man yet, for as the hulk fell, some buckle or metal loop in his belt caught the edge of Miles' soft otter-skin shoes and held him as by a ball and chain. He tried to kick himself free, but could not. And now the Arabs, who had watched the fight quietly, expecting the Tartar's victory as a certainty, came riding at him. The foremost was a Bedouin chief, brown-black as his native basalt. He swung a light mace as he rode. Queerly, O'Neill watched the charge of the horse instead of the weapon. He knew the weapon would strike him, but he felt it unnecessary to be knocked about by the horse.

"Yes," he decided, "that madman is going to barge right into me."

But before the horse struck him the mace did. He flopped forward like a scarecrow boys might kick about. Through the tossing welter of pain he heard a voice speaking to him in Arabic. It was a clear, flutelike voice. "Are you dying?" it said.

He had turned over on his back, his head resting against a stone. He opened his eyes wearily. His questioner was a young man, his face wrapped in his headdress. O'Neill could see only black eyebrows and an eye clear as his own, gray as lake water. Some northerner of the hills.

Continued on Page 79

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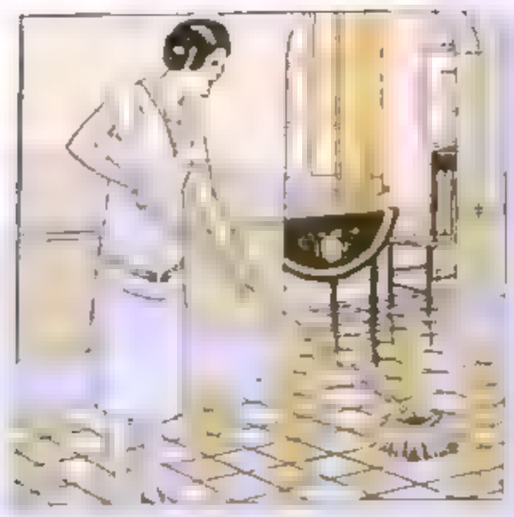

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(Continued from Page 74)

"I said are you dying?"

"I don't know," O'Neill answered. "I don't think so. I'm just badly mauled. Could you give me a drink of water?"

"Did you kill Ali Khan?" the voice went on. There was something like clear cold water in the young man's voice, like the water of a little stream going over pebbles.

"Oh, the big fellow, do you mean? Yes, I did for him. . . . What about some water?"

The boy did not move. O'Neill saw he was dressed as a Damascene—red shoes and great baggy breeches of silk; silk shirt sprigged with gold, and coat of rich peach-colored silk. In his girdle was a dagger with a beautifully chased gold-and-turquoise hilt. His headdress was of rich brocade with fringes of gold. A queer thought came into O'Neill's head—that though he thought he was speaking, he was not speaking at all—that he was dumb. A blow on the head did strange things to you.

"Are you a Christian boy?" he said.

"I am an Arab of the Arab." And the slight figure drew itself up proudly. Then O'Neill understood that he wasn't dumb.

"Oh, I'm sorry for having asked you for water," he said wearily. "I didn't know."

"You shall have water," the boy decided, and walked away.

O'Neill closed his eyes wearily. He seemed to wake out of a half dream to find his face being moistened by a wet cloth and water poured on the palms of his hands. A little cup of hammered brass was held to his lips. Thank God for the cool water!

"Did you kill, as they say, Mansur Khan with your empty hands?" the cool voice asked.

"I had to," O'Neill said. "I had no weapon." The weakness rode over him like a wave; passed as a wave passes. He looked at the young Arab. He could see little of his face. But his hands he saw; small, white, beautifully kept. Behind him a vast negro stood, with flattened nose and a mouth like an ugly healed blue wound. There were barbaric rings of coarse gold in his ears. From his great fat bulk, as of some harridan fishwife, O'Neill judged him to be a eunuch bought in Jeddah. So the young Arab was but out of the harem, out of his mother's hands. His first fight, perhaps.

"Are my men all dead?"

"No, many escaped. And your leader and his main body are safe, not in Bethlehem, but in Jerusalem."

"Thank God!"

"And yet you are left hurt here!"

"That is the luck of fighting," O'Neill said. It was wearying to talk. He wished the young Arab would go away and allow him to sleep. He heard faintly the thud of the feet of horses. "May I have some more water?"

There was a mysterious delay. The young sheykh seemed to be whispering to the black eunuch. He came to O'Neill. "Will you eat this?"

"But I don't wish to eat anything."

"Please," the voice insisted; "please eat this." He opened his eyes. It was a piece of thin Arab bread. "After that you will have water." He tasted it. It was salt as the Dead Sea. "I suppose," O'Neill hinted, "there are many ways of killing a man." He wondered how long it would be before the poison began to rack him. The young Arab flushed red with anger, became white as his headdress.

"There are some customs we have not yet learned from the Christians," he said. His voice was no longer cool. It was cold as the snow of Lebanon. It was withdrawn, far off. "Give him water, thou!" he told the negro.

O'Neill heard the clatter of horsemen, the jingle of harness, the shuffle of men dismounting. The negro put his dry, scaly hand at the back of O'Neill's neck and held the brass pannikin to his lips. O'Neill saw three men before him; an old, very simply dressed man with gravity and authority in his face. A big, sinewy Arab was with him, wearing a twisted green pilgrim's turban. There was a slim youth who looked like the old man's squire.

"What is this?" the old man asked.

"This is my prisoner, father of Ali." The young Arab stood up before the old sheykh.

"Did you not know"—the old man's voice was grave—"that no prisoners are taken this day? That is a compact."

"This is the knight," the young man said, "who killed Mansur Khan with naught in his hands."

"Did you kill Mansur Khan?" the second Arab—the big, fighter-looking man—asked.

"If I didn't," O'Neill answered shortly, "there has been a grievous mistake." The big Arab smiled.

"Also there is bread and salt between this man and me," said the young Arab. "And he is my prisoner."

"Oh, sister of Ali"—the old man turned—"what mad thing hast thou done this day?"

It was all like some Italian mummers' play to O'Neill, or some dream a man might have, lying in the open under the mad rays of the moon. "Look at me," O'Neill called. "I am no woman's prisoner. Oh, you who spoke"—he appealed to the big Arab—"I am not so wounded as I seem. Help me to my feet and lend me a sword and we will finish it, you and I. It would be very honorable of you." But the big Arab shook his head.

"Sir," he appealed to the old man, "surely in war no woman can take a man prisoner."

"We are the Beni Iskander," the old sheykh answered, "free of all custom and of every tribute save a yearly sword and a spray of almond blossom to the Commander of the Faithful. Among us a woman may be admitted to the Council of Sheykhs, and what one sheykh of the Children of Alexander does, the others abide and are bound by. You are the prisoner of the sister of Ali."

"Curse the sister of Ali!" O'Neill cried. His eyes and her eyes met in a duel of anger. The headdress had fallen from about her face, and even in his pain and shame he was surprised to see the classic Greek beauty of her features—the straight nose and small clean mouth of northern folk. So the children of Alexander the Great were not a myth, like so many tales that are told, one part of his head thought, while the rest of his brain seethed with anger. "Ho, fighter"—he appealed to the big Arab—"I will not be a damned woman's prisoner!"

The old man was fumbling at his beard. "Oh, sister of Ali," he asked, "for how much wilt thou sell this prisoner?"

O'Neill looked at her. What a fool he was to have taken her for a boy. She was only a slight young girl—slight, fine as a young almond tree. She spoke very quietly to the old man. "Oh, father of Ali," she said, "if he were of any worth I would give him to you. But from me it would be a gift which insults. I sell him for a copper piaster."

"And I buy him, sister of Ali."

The big Arab lieutenant came and bent over Miles, felt his chest, ran his hands over him until he found the broken left arm. "Agh!" he said in sympathy. He looked at the wound in the head, trying to slip off the chain mail. "Oh, Uncle Haroun," he told the old sheykh, "we need a litter and a physician here." He slid his arm around O'Neill's shoulders and helped him to sit up. "Oh, young man," he half whispered, "thank the sister of Ali for her bread and salt. But for that, of a certainty you would have felt the headsman's sword."

O'Neill felt a sickening sense of shame go through him. And he had suggested she was poisoning him! He looked toward her. She was standing by the old man, talking to him, her light leather whip rapping the ankles of her red boots. Beside the old man, heavy with years and wisdom, she seemed so young, she gave the sense of the spirit of youth, like the young moon the Jews blessed when its thin blade hovered in the west, or like the flash of silver on the blossoming pear tree.

"Sister of Ali," he said, "I did not understand. I thank you for the bread and salt."

She turned to him. Once more the headdress was adjusted around her shoulders, and behind the folds of brocade small firm mouth and small firm chin were withdrawn like a garden behind walls. He could see only the gray eyes smiling at him, and her voice came, gentle as the little bell of Mass.

"It is nothing." And then the eyes grew cold, hard as ice, and the voice had the cut of a Bedouin whip: "Each day I give more to the lepers outside Damascus' wall."

VIII

HE FOUND himself, now that he was aiding the Cornish knight Trelawney, a figure of importance in Jerusalem. Though the Kentish boy, Josselyn, had not known his name, it was because he was recently over from England. But the Templars and the heavy Germanic knights insisted that he should be henceforth the hero of Rouge Garde, as the gully near St. Abraham was called. Mansur Khan, Cohreddin's Turkoman leader, was well-known to the knights of Irak, and there was increasing wonder at the man who had killed him.

"If I had been told he was as dangerous as all that," O'Neill commented quite truthfully, "I'd have let him alone." But everyone insisted this was only modesty; only his gay Irish way. His position now was chief aide to the Cornishman, doing everything from drilling troops to gathering information as to landing places, and marking routes.

Trelawney was a fat quiet man, great-framed as De Lacy was, but without the Irishman's joyous blackguardism. He was stupid-looking, but underneath it he was a negotiator of great skillfulness, though what exactly he was negotiating O'Neill could not tell. He heard a lot of "His Grace," and "the Duke of Cornwall," and "when a certain person comes." But beyond having a shrewd suspicion that there was treason against the emperor in the air, he was utterly ignorant of what was toward. Sir Odo was cheek by jowl with the Master of the Temple; Sir Odo was friendly with the Patriarch; Sir Odo helped the poor Abyssinian Christians. Sir Odo's funds were boundless, it would seem.

"Who is this duke?" O'Neill asked Josselyn once.

"I've seen him only once, Miles. He is a dour, scheming man."

"Where does he get all his money?"

"From the tin mines of Cornwall and the coal mines of Wales."

"And what does he want to be?"

"Emperor of Germany, I've heard."

"Too deep for me." O'Neill gave it up. So many people wanted to be so many things. Just now in Cyprus, Alice the queen was claiming the throne of Jerusalem. She was half sister of King John de Brienne's wife. That made three claimants to the throne. Mentally, it was very fatiguing. But so long as they were well horsed, cleanly fed and regularly paid, O'Neill and Josselyn bothered not a whit about the intricacies of succession. Miles was glad that it was practically by force of the Temple that De Lacy was made to quit the neighborhood. The big man had ridden far and near looking for Miles' body, or for news of him; had wandered around the shores of the Dead Sea disguised as a Hospitaler friar. Only when he was satisfied there was nothing more to be done had he fled. The remains of the Irish troop he had sold to a German baron, giving them their back pay out of the proceeds. O'Neill was glad to hear how the big man had behaved.

He was now with Queen Alice of Cyprus, of the body of knights urging her to attack Jaffa. Good old De Lacy! Miles wrote him in Cyprus, giving the letter to the care of an Armenian trader, but having little hope of its ever getting there. Even if it were delivered to him—Miles laughed to himself—he would think it some chandler's account or notary's instrument, and

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make the bearer eat it. And if the bearer told him it was a letter from Sir Miles O'Neill, he would consider it only a dirty native's trick and send a servant for his whip. Ah, well, Miles would always have a corner in his heart warm for him.

Sir Odo, in the name of the mysterious "Duke," began a work of piety which was really a police measure. Now that the emperor and the pope were at war, and that the Templars were busy with their campaign against the Sultan of Aleppo, there was none whose duty it was to keep a show of order in the Church of the Holy Sepulcher. Or rather there was none who had time or money to spend on it, and what with differences of nationality and differences of rites, keeping order there was necessary. First there were the European friars, following the ritual of Rome, shaven tonsured men, mostly Italian and French, with an occasional English monk. They kept to themselves, and tended the Sepulcher and their altar on Calvary. The other sects gave them respect if not reverence, for behind them was the mailed hand of the Templars.

Next came the Georgian sect, the traditional keepers of Calvary, small tonsured men, chattering in their mysterious tongue which was supposed to be Chaldean. The Greeks, with their pasty faces, their straggling beards and treacherous eyes, kept the Chauncel. Their warrant was from Constantine. The Syrians denied purgatory and kept four Lents in the year and used Greek in their service. They were the aboriginal Christians. There were also Gosti, or Egyptian Christians, who kept the cave beneath Calvary, where they claimed Adam's skull was buried. They were timid, oppressed men. The Armenians kept the Pillar of Scourging and looked down on all other Christian sects, because their Catholicos, they claimed, was the earthly representative of Saint Peter, who was first Bishop of Antioch. They fasted on Christmas Day, when the other sects were feasting. The Nestorians guarded the prison where Christ was kept, and were mainly Mongols and Persians. There were also the Jacobites, some of whom were frail Indian men. Half crazed with hunger and devotion, the Maronites lay at the church door. They had no rights in the church, and nobody to feed them and none to protect them.

Of all the sects in Saint Sepulcher, the most curious and most mysterious of all were the Abyssinians. The church adjoining the Sepulcher's self was theirs. They were slight men, like gangling young girls, and black as night, except on the palms of their hands, which were pink. Their heads were shaven, and on each of their foreheads a cross was burned. Their frail necks and long African skulls gave them the appearance of strange exotic ghosts. Their copes were of gold, surpassing in richness the vestments of the Greeks, and none offered them injury. They were subjects of Prester John, whose letter to Manuel, Prince of Constantinople, had produced amazement and fear and hope in the Christian and Saracen worlds.

"Should you desire to learn the greatness and excellency of our exaltedness and of the land subject to our scepter," he had written the Byzantine monarch, "then hear and believe: I, Presbyter Johannes, Priest by the Almighty Power of God and the Might of our Lord Jesus Christ, King of Kings and Lord of Lords, surpass all under heaven in virtue, in riches and in power: seventy-two kings pay us tribute. . . . In the three Indies our magnificence rules, and our land extends beyond India, where rests the body of the holy Apostle Thomas; it reaches toward the sunrise over the wastes, and it trends toward deserted Babylon near the Tower of Babel. Seventy-two provinces, of which only a few are Christian, serve us. Each has its own king, but all are tributary to us.

"Our land is the home of elephants, dromedaries, camels, crocodiles, metacollinarum, cametennus, tensevetes, wild asses, white and red lions, white bears, white merles, crickets, griffins, tigers, lamias, hyenas, wild horses, wild oxen and wild men; men with horns, one-eyed, men with eyes before and behind; centaurs, fauns, satyrs, pygmies, forty-ell-high giants, Cyclopes, and similar women; it is the home, too, of the phœnix, and of nearly all living animals. We have some people subject to us who feed on the flesh of men and of prematurely born animals, and who never fear death. When any of these people die, their friends and relations eat them ravenously, for they regard it as a main duty to munch human flesh. Their names are Gog and Magog, Anie, Agit, Azenach, Fommeperi, Befari. We lead them at our pleasure against our foes, and neither man nor beast is left undevoured, if Our Majesty gives the requisite permission. When all our foes are eaten, then we return with our hosts home again."

One does not offer hurt or indignity to the subjects of an emperor such as this. Both Maimonides and Benjamin of Tudela had confirmed the truth of his existence and state, and they, being Jews, were impartial. Nevertheless, the people at Jerusalem found the Abyssinians to be a quiet-walking, quiet-spoken folk. But the natives at Jerusalem discovered even that to be sinister. They saw in the Middle Indians the quiet glossiness of deep, fatal water.

Their services were like no other services in Saint Sepulcher. They stood in a ring wearing their golden copes, and they held little clappers of gold in their hands, and some had little bells of gold. They sang in high quavering voices and danced in a weird shuffling rhythm. Once O'Neill had a layman of their cult translate their chanting into Arabic for his information. The officiant stood in the middle of the circle and piped in his thin, aged voice:

"Before I am delivered up to them, let us sing a hymn to the Father, and go forth to what lieth before us. Glory to Thee, Father!"

And the circle sang:

"Glory to Thee, Word! Glory to Thee, Grace! Amen.

"Glory to Thee, Spirit! Glory to Thee, Holy One!

"Glory to the Glory, Amen."

"Now, whereas we give thanks, I say," the patriarch chanted,

"I would be saved and I would save. Amen.

"I would be loosed and I would loose. Amen.

"I would hear and I would be heard. Amen."

And then the circle would sing:

"I would be understood, being wholly understanding. Amen."

"Grace is dancing," the old man would pronounce. The circle would begin shuffling. "I would pipe. Dance, all of you. Amen."

Under the dome of the vast church the shuffling feet gave a sense of strange movement, as of the fated exact eternal stars. The golden clappers and the minuscule bells gave an eerie ghost of music, like something one might hear from vast distances, as from a star.

"The Twelfth number is dancing above. Amen.

"And the Whole that can dance. Amen.

"He that danceth not, knoweth not what is being done. Amen."

And now O'Neill and the guard had to watch that no Byzantine fanatic with a knife drove through the dancing circle at the African prelate. If he did, all the Greek priests would disclaim the act and suggest the man was a Frank. The Greeks came as close as they dared and there was murder in their eyes. Their teeth showed, cruel as ferrets'. The English guards, with clumsy humor, drove them back with the butts of their pikes.

"I am a lamp to thee who beholdest me. Amen.

"I am a mirror to thee who perceivest me. Amen.

"I am a door to thee who knockest at me. Amen.

"I am a way to thee, wayfarer. Amen."

The music of the golden clappers ceased. The dancing stopped. In the middle of the circle, what with the gloom of the great church, the old officiant's black head seemed to disappear and the stiff golden cope seemed not to hold a body, but a spirit.

The aged voice became a whisper:

"Be ye also persuaded, therefore, beloved, that it is no man whom I preach unto you to worship, but God unchangeable, God invincible, God higher than all authority. If ye then abide in him, and in him are builded up, ye shall possess your soul indestructible."

O'Neill translated as much of the service as he could remember for the benefit of Sir Odo's chaplain, Father John of Tewkesbury.

He was a big-boned, white-haired man, a great favorite with the soldiers, and more deeply read in theology than was customary for a private chaplain.

"What do you make of it?" O'Neill asked him.

"There is enough heresy in it to burn the world with hell-fire," the chaplain told him.

"But Your Reverence," Miles laughed, "has discovered foul heresies in the Eastern Christianities. Are we of the West then the only orthodoxy?"

"The very only."

"What about this crowd of primitive Christians in France—the men with the white smocks?"

"Dangerous heresy."

"In Scotland they're not so orthodox."

"No, unfortunately."

"And in Ireland."

"In Ireland they are most bloody pagans."

"And the Order of the Temp——"

"Hush, for God's sake! For the sake of God's Church and our own poor lives, hush!"

O'Neill stopped his questioning. Father John of Tewkesbury's honest ruddy face had gone white as a winding sheet.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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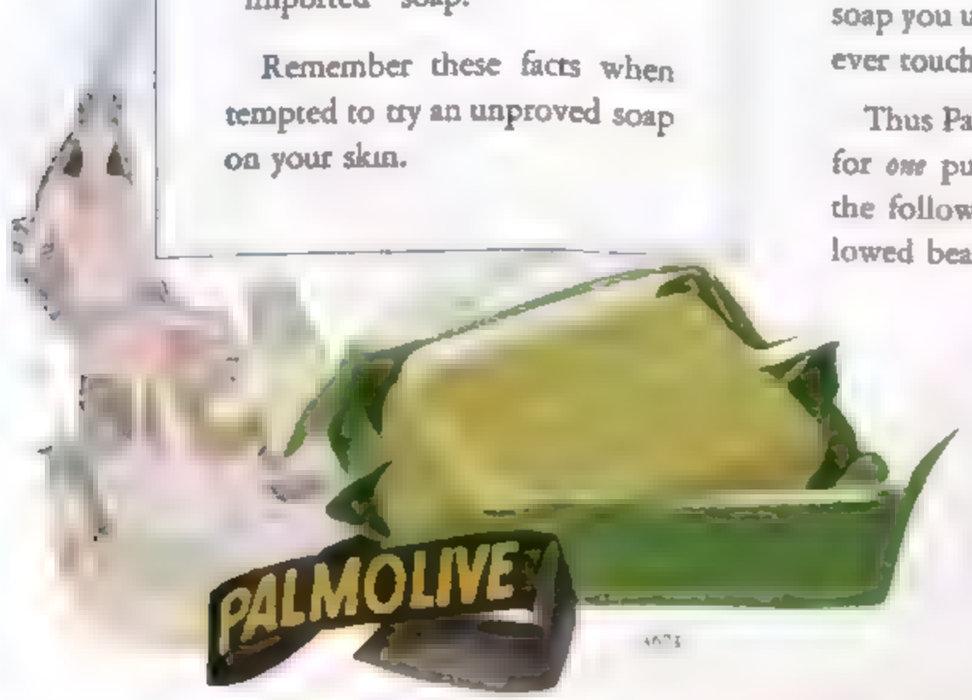

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THE BELLAMY TRIAL

(Continued from Page 25)

cannot wait any longer for fear that Mr. Patrick Ives should come and not find that most urgent note. So very quiet I slip in when I think no one look, and I put that note quick, quick in the book, and I start to come out in the hall; but when I get to the door I see there is someone in the hall and I step back again to wait till they are gone."

"And who did you see in the hall, Miss Cordier?"

"I see in the hall Mr. Elliot Farwell and Mrs. Patrick Ives."

"Did they see you?"

Miss Cordier lifted eloquent shoulders. "How do I know, monsieur? Maybe they do, maybe they don't -me, I cannot tell. I step back quick and listen, and after a while their voices stop and I hear a door close, and I come out quick through the hall and into the door to the kitchen without I see no one."

"Did you hear what Mr. Farwell and Mrs. Ives were saying?"

"No, that I could not hear even when I listen, so low they talk, so low that almost they whisper."

"You heard nothing else while you were there?"

"Yes, monsieur. While I stand by the desk, but before I take out the book, I hear mademoiselle go through the hall with the children."

"Mademoiselle? Mademoiselle who?" The prosecutor's voice was expressionless enough, but there was a prophetic shadow of annoyance in his narrowed eyes.

"Mademoiselle Page."

"You say that she was simply passing through the hall?"

"Yes, monsieur—on her way to the stairs."

"You had not yet touched the book?"

"No, monsieur."

"You waited until she passed before you did so?"

"Yes."

"Was Mrs. Ives in the hall at the time that you placed the note in the book?"

"Ah, that, too, I do not say. I say only that she was there one minute—one half minute after I have put it there."

"Could she have seen you place it in the book from the position in which you saw her standing?"

"It is possible."

"Was she facing you?"

"No, monsieur; it is Mr. Farwell who face me. Mrs. Ives had the back toward me."

Again that shadow of fierce annoyance, turning the blue eyes almost black. "Then what makes you say that she might have seen you?"

The dark eyes meeting his widened a trifle in something too tranquil for surprise—a mild, indolent wonder at the obtuseness of the human race in general, men in particular, and prosecutors more particularly still. "I say that because it might well be that in that little minute she have turn the back to me or, if she have not, then it might be that she see in the mirror."

"There was a mirror?"

"But yes, on the other side of the hall from the study door there is a long, long chair—a what you call a bench—where the gentlemen they leave their hats. Over that there hangs the mirror. And it was by that bench that I see Mr. Farwell and Mrs. Ives."

"And the desk and the bookcase were reflected in the mirror?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"I see. Now did you notice anything at dinner, Miss Cordier?"

"Nothing at all; everything was as usual, of an entire serenity."

"It was at the usual hour?"

"At quarter past seven—yes."

"Who was present?"

"Mrs. Patrick Ives, Mrs. Daniel Ives, Mr. Ives, as usual."

"Do you recall the conversation during dinner?"

"Oh, no, monsieur, I recall only that everyone talk as always about small things. It is my practice, like an experience waitress, serious and discreet, to be little in the dining room—only when serving, you understand." The serious and discreet waitress eyed her interrogator with a look of bland superiority.

"Nothing struck you as unusual after dinner?"

"No, no."

"You saw no one before you turned out the lights for the night?"

"Oh, yes, I have seen Mrs. Daniel Ives at that time, and she ask me whether Mrs. Ives have return, and I say no."

"No one else?"

"Only the other domestics, monsieur. At a little past ten I retire for the night."

"You went to sleep immediately?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"Breakfast was just as usual the next morning?"

"As usual—yes."

"At what time?"

"At nine, as on all Sundays. Mrs. Patrick Ives have hers at half-past nine, when she gets home from church."

"Nothing unusual in that?"

"Oh, no; on the contrary, that is her habit."

"And after breakfast, nothing unusual occurred?"

"I do not know whether you call it unusual, but after breakfast, yes, something occurred."

"Just tell us what it was, please."

Miss Cordier spent an interminable moment critically inspecting a pair of immaculate cream-colored gloves before she decided to gratify this desire: "It was just so soon as Mr. Ives and his mother have finish breakfast, a few minutes before half-past nine. Mr. Ives he go directly to his study, and I go after him with the Sunday papers and before I go out I ask—because me, I am desirous to know—'Mr. Ives, you have got that note all right what I put in the book?' And he say ——"

"Your Honor, I object! I object! What Mr. Ives said ——"

This time there was no indecision whatever in the clamor set up by the long-suffering Lambert, and the prosecutor, eying him benevolently, raised a warning hand to his witness. "Never mind what he said, Miss Cordier. Just tell us what you said."

"I said, after he spoke, 'Oh, Mr. Ives, then if you have not got it, it is Mrs. Ives who have found it. She must have seen me put it in the book while she was in the hall.'"

The prosecutor waited for a well-considered moment to permit this conveniently revelatory reply to sink in. "It was after this conversation with Mr. Ives that you decided that you would no longer remain with Mrs. Ives?"

"No, monsieur, it was later in the morning that I decide that."

"Something occurred that made you decide it then?"

Miss Cordier's lacquer-red lips parted, closed, parted again. "Yes."

"What, Miss Cordier?"

"At half-past eleven I have heard that Mrs. Bellamy have been killed." The dark eyes slipped sidelong in the direction of the quiet young woman who had not so long since been her mistress. There she sat, leaning easily back in the straight, uncomfortable chair, ankles crossed, hands linked, studying the tips of her squarely cut little shoes with lowered eyes. The black eyes traveled from the edge of the kilted skirt to the edge of the small firm chin and then slid slowly back to the prosecutor: "When I heard that, I was not content, so I no longer stayed."

"Exactly." The prosecutor plunged his hands deep in his pockets and cocked a flagrantly triumphant eye at the agitated Lambert. "You no longer stayed. That will be all, Miss Cordier. Cross-examine."

"Miss Cordier, you knew perfectly that if for one second it came to Mrs. Ives' attention that you had been acting as go-between in the alleged correspondence between her husband and Mrs. Bellamy you would not have remained five minutes under her roof, did you not?"

Miss Cordier leaned a trifle farther over the edge of the witness box to meet the rough anger of Lambert's voice, something ugly and insolent hardening the creamy mask of her face.

"I know that when Mrs. Ives is angered she is quick to speak, quick to act—yes, monsieur."

At the fatal swiftness of that blow, the ruddy face before her sagged and paled, then rallied valiantly. "And so you decided that you had better leave before Mr. Ives questioned her about finding the note and you were turned out in disgrace, didn't you?"

"I have said already, monsieur, that I leave because I have heard that Mrs. Bellamy have been murdered and I am not content." The ominously soft voice pronounced each syllable with a lingering and deadly deliberation.

Mr. Lambert eyed her savagely and moved heavily on: "You say that you were cut off from escaping through the hall by the fact that you saw that it was occupied by Mr. Farwell and Mrs. Ives?"

"That is so."

"Why didn't you go back through the dining room to the pantry?"

"Because I hear Mr. Dallas and Mr. Burgoyne talking from the dining room, where they try one more cocktail."

"Why should they have thought it unusual to have you come from the study?"

"I think it more prudent that no one should know I have been in that study."

"You were simply staying there in order to spy on Mrs. Ives, weren't you?"

"I could not help see Mrs. Ives unless I close my eyes."

Mr. Lambert was obliged to swallow twice before he was able to continue. "Did you tell Mr. Ives that Mr. Farwell was in the hall also at the time that you saw Mrs. Ives there?"

"I do not remember whether I tell him or whether I do not."

"Mr. Farwell was facing you, was he not?"

"Yes."

"What made you so sure that it was Mrs. Ives who took the note, not Mr. Farwell?"

"Because when I hear the door close, then I know that Mr. Farwell he has gone."

"And how did you know that?"

Once more Miss Cordier raised eloquent shoulders. "Because, monsieur, I am not stupid. I look out, he is standing by the hat stand; I go back, I hear a door close, I look out once more, and he is not there. But that is of the most elementary."

"You should be a detective instead of wasting your time waiting on tables," commented her courtly interrogator. "The plain truth is, isn't it, that anyone in the house might have gone out and closed that door while Mr. Farwell went back to the living room with Mrs. Ives?"

"If you say so, monsieur," replied Miss Cordier indifferently.

"And the plain truth is that Mr. Farwell was frantically infatuated with Mrs. Bellamy and was spying on her constantly, isn't it?"

"It is possible."

"Possible! Mr. Farwell himself stated it half a dozen times from this very witness box. It's a plain fact. And another plain fact is that any one of a dozen other people might have passed through the hall and seen you at work, mightn't they?"

"I should not believe so—no, monsieur."

"Whether you believe it or not, it happens to be the truth. Six or eight servants, eight or ten guests —— What reason have you for believing that Miss Page herself did

(Continued on Page 84)

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not notice something unusual in your attitude and turn back in time to see you place the note after you believed that she had passed?'"

"No reason, monsieur—only the evidence of all five of my senses."

"You are a highly talented young woman, Miss Cordier, but you can't see with your back turned, can you?"

"Monsieur is pleased to jest," remarked Miss Cordier, in the tone of one frankly undiverted.

"Don't characterize my questions, please—answer them."

"Willingly. I do not see with my back turn."

"So it comes down to the fact that ten—twelve—fourteen people might have seen you place this urgent and mysterious note that you so boldly charge Mrs. Ives with taking, doesn't it?"

"That is monsieur's opinion, not mine."

Monsieur glared menacingly at the not too subtle mockery adorning the witness' pleasing countenance.

"And furthermore, Miss Cordier, it comes down to the fact that we have only your word for it that the note was ever placed in the book at all, doesn't it?"

"Monsieur does not find that sufficient?"

Monsieur ignored the question, but his countenance testified eloquently that such was indeed the case.

"Just how did you happen to select a book in Mr. Ives' library as a hiding place for this correspondence?"

"Because that is a good safe place, where he can look without anyone to watch."

"What made you think that someone else might not take out that book to read?"

"That book? Stone on Commercial Paper, Volume III? Monsieur is pleased to jest!"

Monsieur, scowling unattractively at some openly diverted members of the press, changed his line of attack with some abruptness. "Miss Cordier, you know a man called Adolph Platz, do you not?"

Miss Cordier's lashes flickered once—twice. "Of a certainty."

"Did you see him on the afternoon of the nineteenth of June?"

"Yes."

"How did you come to know him?"

"He was for a time chauffeur to Mrs. Ives."

"Married, wasn't he?"

"Married, yes."

"Mrs. Platz was a chambermaid in Mrs. Ives' employ?"

"Yes."

"They left because Mrs. Platz quarreled with you, did they not?"

"One moment, please." The prosecutor lifted an imperious voice. "Are we to be presented with an account of all the backstairs quarrels, past and present, indulged in by Mrs. Ives' domestics? To the best of my belief, my distinguished adversary is entering a field, however profitable and entertaining it may prove, that I have left totally virgin. Does the court hold this proper for cross-examination?"

"The court does not. The question is overruled."

"I ask an exception, Your Honor. . . . Miss Cordier, when you were turning out the lights that night, did you go into all the downstairs rooms?"

"Into all of them—yes."

"Did you see Mr. Patrick Ives in any of them?"

"No, monsieur."

Sue Ives leaned forward with a swift gesture, a sudden wave of color sweeping her from throat to brow. Mr. Lambert looked diligently away.

"You have placed great stress on your skill, experience and training as a waitress, Miss Cordier. Are you a waitress at present?"

"No."

"Just what is your present occupation?"

"At present I have no occupation. I rest."

"In the boarding house in Atlantic City where you have been occupied in resting for the past three or four months, you are not reposing under the name of Melanie Cordier, are you?"

The black eyes darted toward the prosecutor, who stood leaning, shrewd and careless, over the back of a tilted chair. "Is it particularly germane to this inquiry whether Miss Cordier chooses to call herself Joan of Arc, if she wants to?" he inquired.

"I propose to attack the credibility of this witness," said Mr. Lambert unctuously. "I propose to prove by this witness that while she is posing here as a correct young person and a model servant she is actually living a highly incorrect life as a supposedly married woman. . . . Miss Cordier, I ask you whether for the past three months you have not been passing as the wife of Adolph Platz, having persuaded him to abandon his own wife?"

In the pale oval of her face the black eyes flamed and smoked. "And I tell you no, no, and again no, monsieur!"

"You do not go under the name of Mrs. Adolph Platz?"

"I do not persuade him to abandon that stupid doll, his wife. Long before I knew him he was tired and sick of her."

"You do not go under the name of Mrs. Adolph Platz?"

"That is most simple. Monsieur Platz he have been to me a excellent friend and adviser. When I explain to him that I am greatly in need of rest he suggest to me that a woman young, alone and of not an entire lack of attraction would quite possibly find it more restful if the world should consider her married. So he is amiable enough to suggest that if it should assist me, I might for this small vacation use his name. It is only thing I have take from him, monsieur may rest assured."

"You remove a great weight from my mind," Mr. Lambert assured her, horridly playful; "and from the minds of these twelve gentlemen as well, I am sure." The twelve gentlemen, who had been following the lady's simple and virtuous explanation of her somewhat unconventional conduct with startled attention, smiled for the first time in four days, shifting stiffly on their chairs and exchanging sidelong glances, skeptically jocose. "It is a pleasure to all of us to know that such chivalry as Mr. Platz has exhibited is not entirely extinct in this wicked workaday world. I hardly think that we can improve on your explanation as to why you are known in Atlantic City as Mrs. Adolph Platz, Miss Cordier. That will be all."

The prosecutor, who did not seem unduly perturbed by these weighty flights of sarcasm, continued to lean on his chair, though he once more lifted his voice: "You had saved quite a sum of money during these past years, hadn't you, Miss Cordier?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"It proved ample for your modest needs on this long-planned and greatly needed vacation, did it not?"

"More than ample—yes."

"Mr. Platz had left his wife some time before these unhappy events caused you to leave Mrs. Ives, hadn't he?"

"Of a surety, monsieur."

"That's all, thank you, Miss Cordier."

Miss Cordier moved leisurely from the stand, chic and poised as ever, disdaining even a glance at the highly gratified Lambert, and bestowing the briefest of smiles on Mr. Farr, who responded even more briefly. Many a lady, trailing sable and brocade from an opera box, has moved with less assurance and grace than Mrs. Ives' one-time waitress, the temporary Mrs. Adolph Platz. The eyes of the court room, perplexed, diverted and faintly disturbed, followed her balanced and orderly retreat, the scarlet camellia defiant as a little flag.

"Call Miss Roberts."

"Miss Laura Roberts!"

Miss Laura Roberts also wore black, but she wore her black with a difference. A decent, sober, respectful apparel for a decent, sober, respectful little person—Miss Roberts, comely, rosy faced, gray eyed, fawn haired and soft voiced, had all the surface

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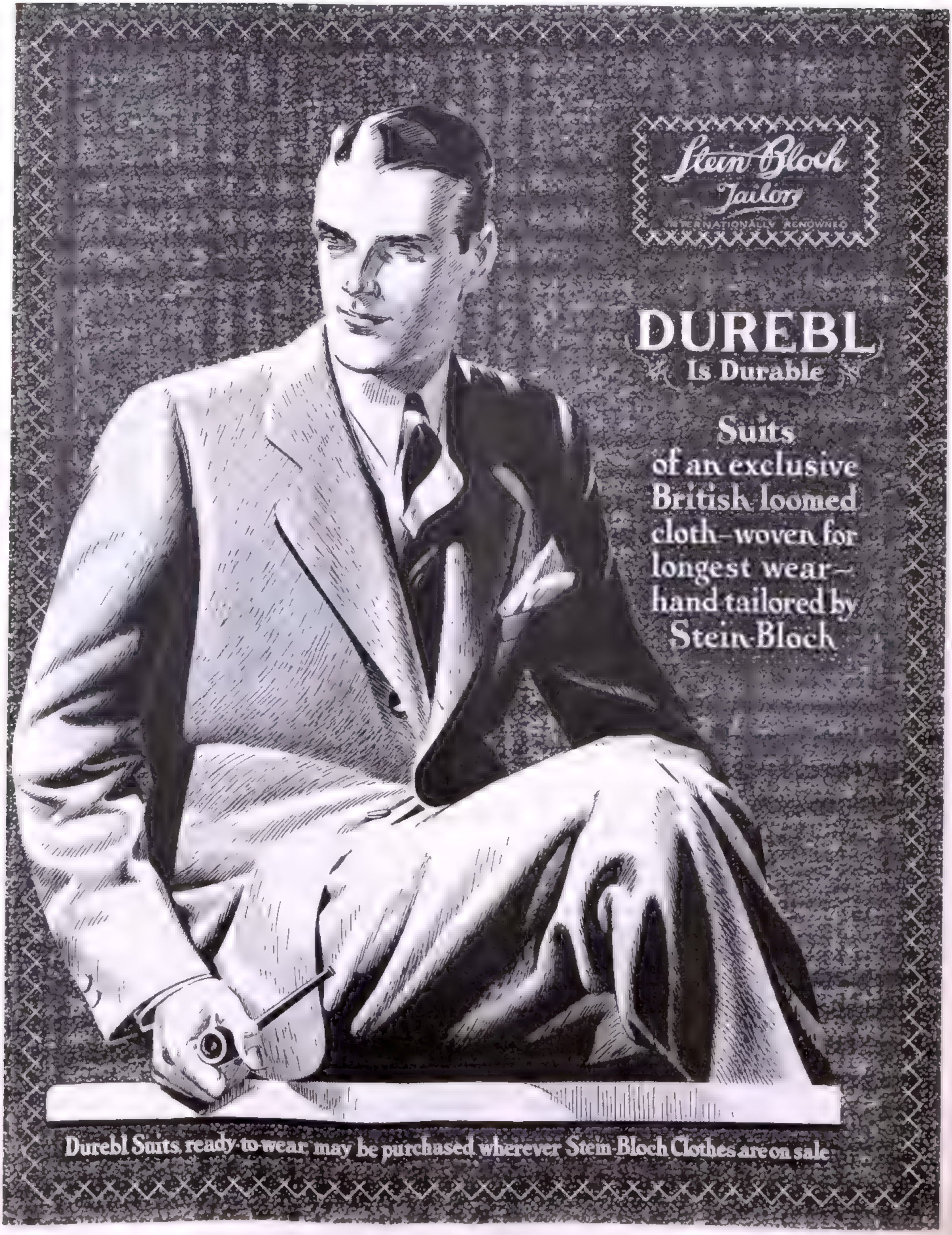
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(Continued from Page 84)

qualifications of an ideal maid, and she obviously considered that those qualifications did not include scarlet lips and scarlet flowers. Under the neat black hat her eyes met the prosecutor's shyly and bravely.

"Miss Roberts, what was your occupation on June nineteenth, 1926?"

"I was maid and seamstress to Mrs. Patrick Ives, sir."

The pretty English voice, with its neat, clipped accent, fell pleasantly and reassuringly on the ears of the court room, which relaxed with unfeigned relief from the tensity into which her Gallic colleague had managed to plunge each one of them during her tenure of the witness box.

"Did you see Mrs. Ives on the evening of the nineteenth?"

"Not after dinner—no, sir. I asked her before dinner if it would be quite all right for cook and me to go down to the village to church that night, and she said quite, and not to bother about getting home early, because she wouldn't be needing me again. So after church we met two young gentlemen that we knew and went across to the drug store and had some ices, and sat talking a bit before we walked home, so that it was well on to eleven when we got in, and all the lights were out except the one in the kitchen, so I knew that Mrs. Ives was in bed."

"What time did you leave the house for church, Miss Roberts?"

"Well, I couldn't exactly swear to it, sir, but it must have been around half-past eight; because service was at nine, and it's a good bit of a walk, and I do remember hurrying with dinner so that I could turn down the beds and be off."

"Were you chambermaid in the household as well as seamstress-maid?"

"Oh, no, sir; only it was the chambermaid's night off, you see, and then it was my place to do it."

"I see. So on this night you turned down all the beds before 8:30?"

"Yes, sir—all but Miss Page's, that is."

"That wasn't included in your duties?"

"Oh, yes, sir, it was. But that night when I got to the day nurse's door it was locked, and when I knocked, no one didn't answer at first, and then Miss Page called out that she had a headache and had gone to bed already ——"

Miss Roberts hesitated and looked down at the prosecutor with honest, troubled eyes.

"Nothing extraordinary about that, was there?"

"Well, yes, sir, there was. You see, when I was coming down the hall I heard what I thought were voices coming out of those rooms, and crying, and I was afraid that the little girl was having more trouble with her ear. That's why I started to go in without knocking, but after I'd been standing there a minute I heard that it was Miss Page crying herself, fit to break her heart. I never heard anyone cry so dreadful in all my life. It fairly gave me a turn, but the moment I knocked there wasn't a sound, and then after a minute she called out that she wouldn't need me, just as I told you, sir. So I went on my way, of course, though I was still a bit worried. She'd been crying so dreadful, poor thing, that I was afraid she would be right down sick."

"Yes, quite so. Very much upset, as though she'd been through an agitating experience?"

"Oh, yes, indeed, sir."

"You were mistaken about the voices, weren't you? It was just Miss Page crying?"

"No, sir. I thought I heard voices, too." The soft voice was barely audible.

"The little girl's?"

"No, sir. It sounded—it sounded like Mr. Ives."

The prosecutor stared at her blankly.

"Mr. Patrick Ives?"

"Yes, sir."

"You could hear what he was saying?"

"No, sir, I couldn't; it stopped as soon as I tried the door. I thought he was talking to the little girl."

Mr. Farr continued to contemplate her blankly for a moment, and then with an eloquent shrug of the shoulders dismissed Mr. Ives, Miss Page and the locked door for more fruitful pastures.

"Now, Miss Roberts, your duties included the care of your mistress' wardrobe, did they not?"

"Yes, sir."

"You are quite familiar with all its contents?"

"Oh, quite."

"Will you be good enough to tell us if it contains today all the articles that it contained on the nineteenth of June, 1926?"

"No, sir, it doesn't. Mrs. Ives gives away a lot of her things at the end of every season. We sent a big box off to a sick cousin she has in Arizona, and another to some young ladies in Delaware, and another to the ——"

"Never mind about the things that you sent at the end of the season. Did you send anything at about the time of the murder—within a few days of it, say?"

The roses in Miss Roberts' cheeks faded abruptly and the candid eyes fled precipitately to the chair where Susan Ives sat, playing idly with the crystal clasp of her brown suède bag. At the warm, friendly, reassuring little smile that she found waiting for her, Miss Roberts apparently found heart of grace. "Yes, sir, we did," she said steadily.

"On what date, please?"

"On the twentieth of June."

The court room drew in its breath sharply—a little sigh for its lost ease—and moved forward the inch that separated suspense from polite attention.

"To whom was the package sent?"

"It was sent to the Salvation Army."

"What was in it?"

"Well, there were two old sweaters and a Swiss dress that had shrunk quite small, and a wrapper, and some blouses and a coat."

"What kind of a coat, Miss Roberts?"

"A light flannel coat—a kind of a sports coat, you might call it," said Miss Roberts clearly; but those who craned forward sharply enough could see the knuckles whiten on the small, square, capable hands.

"Cream-colored flannel?"

"Well, more of a biscuit, I'd call it," replied Mrs. Ives' maid judicially.

"The coat that Mrs. Ives had been wearing the evening before, wasn't it?"

"I believe it was, sir."

"Did you see the condition of this coat before you packed it, Miss Roberts?"

"No, sir, I didn't. It wasn't I that packed it."

"Not you? Who did pack it?"

"Mrs. Ives packed it herself."

"Ah, I see." In that sudden white light of triumph the prosecutor's face was almost beautiful—a cruel and sinister beauty, such as might have lighted the face of the youngest Spanish Inquisitionist as the stray shot of a question went straight to the enemy's heart. "It was Mrs. Ives who packed it. How did it come into your hands, Miss Roberts?"

"The package, sir?"

"Certainly, the package."

"It was this way, sir: A little before eight Sunday morning Mrs. Ives' bell rang and I went down to her room. She was all dressed for church, and there was a big box on her bed. She said, 'I rang for you before, Roberts, but you were probably at breakfast. Take this down to MacDonald and tell him to mail it when he gets the papers. The post office closes at half-past nine.'"

"Was that all that she said?"

"Oh, no, sir. She asked me for some fresh gloves, and then she said over her shoulder like as she was going out, 'It's those things that I was getting together for the Salvation Army. I put in the coat I was wearing last night too. I absolutely ruined it with some automobile grease on Mr. Bellamy's car.'"

"Nothing more?"

"Well, then I said, 'Oh, madam, couldn't it be cleaned?' And Mrs. Ives said, 'It isn't worth cleaning: this is the third year I've had it.' Then she went out, sir, and I took it down and gave it to MacDonald."

"Was it addressed?"

"Oh, yes, sir."

"How?"

"Just Salvation Army Headquarters, New York, N. Y."

"No address in the corner as to who it came from?"

"Oh, no, sir. Mrs. Ives never ——"

"Be good enough to confine yourself to the question. You are not aware, yourself, of the exact nature of these stains, are you, Miss Roberts?"

"Yes, sir, I am," said the pink-cheeked Miss Roberts firmly. "They were grease stains."

"What?" The prosecutor's startled voice skipped half an octave. "Didn't you distinctly tell me that you didn't see this coat?"

"No, sir, no more I did. It was Mrs. Ives that told me they were grease stains."

The prosecutor indulged in a brief bark of mirth that indicated more relief than amusement. "Then, as I say, you are unable to tell us of your own knowledge?"

"No, sir," replied Miss Roberts, a trifle pinker and a trifle firmer. "Mrs. Ives told me that those stains were grease stains, so I'm certainly able to say of my own knowledge that it was absolutely true if she said so."

There was something in the soft, sturdy voice that made the grimy court room a pleasanter place. Sue Ives' careless serenity flashed suddenly to that of a delighted child; Stephen Bellamy's fine, grave face warmed and lightened; the shadows lifted for a moment from Pat Ives' haunted eyes; there was a grateful murmur from the press, a friendly stir in the jury. The quiet-eyed, soft-voiced, stubborn little Miss Roberts was undoubtedly the heroine of the moment.

Mr. Farr, however, was obviously unmoved by this exhibition of devotion and loyalty. He permitted more than a trace of annoyance to penetrate his clear, metallic voice. "That's all very pretty and touching, naturally, Miss Roberts, but from a crudely legal standpoint we are forced to realize that your statement as to the nature of the stains has no weight whatever. It is a fact, is it not, that you never laid eyes on the stained coat that Mrs. Ives sent out of her house within a few hours of the time that this murder was committed?"

"Yes, sir, that is a fact."

"No further questions, Miss Roberts. Cross-examine."

"It is a fact, too, that Mrs. Ives frequently sent packages in just this way, isn't it, Miss Roberts?" inquired Mr. Lambert mellifluously.

"Oh, yes, indeed —often and often."

"Was she in the habit of putting her address on packages sent to charitable institutions?"

"No, sir. She didn't want to be thanked for her charities—not ever."

"Precisely. That's all, Miss Roberts—thanks."

"Call Orsini."

"Loo-weegee Aw-see-nee!"

Luigi Orsini glanced darkly at Ben Potts as he mounted the witness stand, and Mr. Potts returned the glance with Nordic severity.

"What was your occupation on June 19, 1926, Orsini?"

"I work for Miss Bell'my."

"In what capacity?"

"What you say?"

"What was your job?"

"I am what you call handy—do everything there is to do."

The spacious gesture implied Gargantuan labors and superhuman abilities. A small, thick, stocky individual, swarthy and pompadoured, with lustrous eyes, a glittering smile and a magnificent barytone voice, he suggested without any effort whatever infinite possibilities in the rôle of either tragedian or comedian. The redoubtable Farr eyed him with a trace of well-justified apprehension.

"Well, suppose you tell us what your principal activities were on the nineteenth of June."

"Ah, well, that day me, I am very active, like per usual. At six o'clock I arise and after some small breakfast I take extra-fine strong wire and some very long sticks ——"

"No, no, you can skip all that. You heard Mr. Farwell's testimony, didn't you?"

"For sure I hear that testimony."

"Was it correct that he stopped around noon at the Bellamys' and asked for Mrs. Bellamy?"

"All correct, O. K."

"Did he tell you where he was going?"

"Yes, sair, he then he say he get her at that cottage."

"Nothing else?"

"Not one other thing else."

"You didn't see him again?"

"No, no; I do not see him again evair."

"When did you last see Mrs. Bellamy?"

"It is about eight in the evening—maybe five minute before, maybe five minute after."

"How do you fix the time?"

"I have look at my watch—this watch you now see, which is a good instrument of entirely pure silver, but not always faithful."

The prosecutor waved away the bulky shining object dangled enticingly before his eyes with a gesture of almost ferocious impatience. "Never mind about that. Why did you consult your watch?"

The owner of the magnificent but unfaithful instrument swelled darkly for a moment, but continued to dangle his treasure. "That you shall hear—patience. I produce the instrument at this time so that you note that while the clock over the door it say twenty minutes before the hour, this watch it say nine minute—or maybe eight. You judge for yourself. It is without a doubt eccentric. But on that night still I have consult it to see if I go to New York at 8:20. I wait to decide still when I see Mrs. Bell'my run down the front steps and come down to the gate where I stand."

"Did she speak to you?"

"Oh, positive. She ask, 'What, Luigi, you do not go to New York?'"

"How did she know that you were going to New York?"

"Because already before dinner I have ask permission from Mr. Bell'my if I can go to New York that evening to see a young lady from Milan that I think perhaps I marry, maybe. Mrs. Bell'my she is in the next room and she laugh and call out, 'You tell Marietta that if she get you, one day she will find herself marry to the President of these United State.' I excuse myself for what may seem like a boast, but those are the words she use."

And suddenly, as though he found the memory of that gay, mocking young voice floating across the heavy air of the court room more unbearable than all the blood and shame and horror that had invaded it, Stephen Bellamy's face twisted to a tortured grimace and he lifted an unsteady hand to lowered eyes.

"Look!" came a penetrating whisper. "He's crying, ain't he? Ain't he, Gertie?"

And the red-headed girl lowered her own eyes swiftly, a shamed and guilty flush reaching to the roots of her hair. How ugly, how contemptible, one's thoughts could sound in words!

"What reply did you make to Mrs. Bellamy?"

"I tell to her that I think maybe I had better not go, as that afternoon I have invest my money in a small game of chance with the gardener next door and the investment it have prove unsound. I say that how if I go to New York to see my young lady, it is likely that I must request of her the money to return back to Rosemont—and me, who am proud, I find that indelicate. So Mrs. Bell'my she laugh out and look quick in the little bag that she carry and give me three dollar—to make the course of true love run more smooth, she say—and then she call back over her

(Continued on Page 90)

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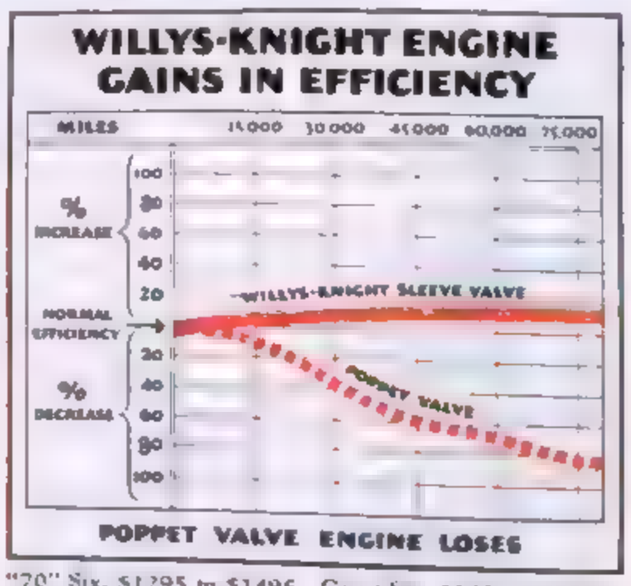

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(Continued from Page 87)

shoulder, 'Better hurry, Luigi, or you miss that train.' So I hurry, but all the same I miss it—by two small minute, because, chiefly, this watch he is too eccentric."

In spite of its eccentricity, he returned it tenderly to his vest pocket, after a final flip in the direction of the harassed Farr and the enraptured audience.

"Did you notice anything else in the bag when Mrs. Bellamy opened it?"

"Oh, positive. The eyes of Luigi they miss nothing what there is to see. All things they observe. In that bag of Mrs. Bell'my there are stuff in two, three letters—I dunno for sure—maybe four. But they make that small little bag bulge out so—very tight, like that." Mr. Orsini's eloquent hands sketched complete rotundity.

"You never saw Mrs. Bellamy after that?"

"Not evair—no, no more—not evair."

For a moment the warm blood under the swarthy southern skin seemed to run more slowly and coldly; but after a hasty glance at the safe, reassuring autumn sunlight slanting across the crowded room, the color flowed boldly back to cheek and lip.

"You say that you missed the train to New York. What did you do then?"

"Then I curse myself good all up and down for a fool that is a fool all right, and I go back to my room in the garage and get into my bed and begin to read a story in a magazine that call itself Honest Confession about a bride what —— "

"Never mind what you were reading. Did you notice anything unusual on your return?"

"Well, maybe you don't call it nothing unusual, but I notice that the car of Mr. Bell'my it is no longer in the garage. That make me surprise for a minute, because I have heard Mr. Bell'my tell Nellie, the house girl, that it is all right for her to go home early to her mother, where she sleep, because he will be there to answer the telephone if it should ring. But all the same, I go on to bed. I just think he change his mind, maybe."

"What time did you get back to the garage?"

"At twenty-two minutes before nine I am in my room. That I verify by the alarm clock that repose on the top of my bureau, and which is of an entire reliability; I note it expressly, because I am enrage that I have miss that train by so small an amount."

"Orsini, do you know what kind of tires Mr. Bellamy was using on his car?"

"Yes, sair, that, too, I know. There are three old tires of what they call Treble Track make—two on back and one on front. On the left front one is a good new Wearever, what I help him to change about a month before all these things have happen. For spare, he carry a all new More. And that is all there is."

"You're perfectly sure that the More wasn't on?"

"Oh, surest thing."

"When did you last see the car?"

"When I go down to the gate, round half-past seven."

"And the More was still on as a spare?"

"That's what."

"Did you see Mr. Bellamy again on the evening of the nineteenth?"

"Yes, that evening I have seen Mr. Bell'my again."

"At what time?"

"At five before ten."

"Was he alone?"

"No: with him there was a lady."

"Did you recognize her?"

"Yes, sair, I have recognize her."

"Who was this lady, Orsini?"

"This lady, sair, was Mrs. Patrick Ives."

At those words, pronounced with exactly their proper dramatic inflection by that lover of the drama, Mr. Luigi Orsini, every head in the court room pivoted to the spot where Mrs. Patrick Ives sat with the autumn sun warming her hair to something better than gold. And quite oblivious of the ominous inquiry in those straining eyes, she turned toward Stephen Bellamy, meeting his startled eyes with a small, rueful smile, lifted brows and a little shake of the head that came as near to saying "I told you so" as good sportsmanship permitted.

"You are quite positive of that?"

"Oh, without one single doubt."

"How were you able to identify her?"

"Because I hear her voice, as clear as I hear you, and I see her clear as I see you too."

"How were you able to do that?"

"By the lights of Mr. Bell'my's car, when she get out and look up at my window, where I stand and look out."

"Tell us just how you came to be standing there looking out, please."

"Well, after a while I begin to get sleepy over that magazine, and I look at the clock and it say ten minutes to ten, and I think, 'Luigi, my fine fellow, tomorrow you rise at six to do the work that lies before you, and at present it is well that you should sleep.' So I arise to turn out the light, which switch is by the window, and just when I get there to do that I hear a auto car turn in at the gate. I think, 'Ah-ha! There now comes Mr. Bell'my.' And then I look out of that window, for I am surprise. It is the habit of Mr. Bell'my to put away that car so soon as he come in, but this time he don't do that. He stop in front of the house and he help out a lady. She stand there looking up at my window, and I see her clear like it is day, but it is all dark inside, so she can see nothing. Then she say, 'I still could swear that I have seen a light,' and Mr. Bell'my he say, 'Sue, don't let this get you. I tell you that there is no one here—I saw him headed for the train. Maybe perhaps it was the shine from our own lamps what you see. Come on.' And she say, 'Maybe; but I could swear ——' And then I don't hear any more, because they go into the house, and me, I stand there like one paralyze, because always I have believe Mr. Bell'my to be a man of honor who love ——"

"Yes—never mind that. Did you see them come out?"

"Yes, that I see, too. In five-ten minutes they come out and get quick into the car, and drive away without they say one word. They start off very fast, so that the car it jump."

"Do you know at what time Mr. Bellamy returned that night?"

"No; because then I wake only half up from sleep when I hear him drive that car into the garage, and I do not turn to look at the clock."

"It was some time later?"

"Some time—yes. But whether one hour—three hours—five hours, that I cannot say. What I am not sure of like my life, that I do not say."

"Exactly; very commendable. That's all, thanks. Cross-examine."

Orsini wheeled his lustrous orbs in the direction of Mr. Lambert, whose ruddy countenance had assumed an expression of intense inhospitality, though he managed to inject an ominous suavity into his ample voice. "With those vigilant and all-seeing eyes of yours, Mr.—er—Mr. Orsini, were you able to note the garments that Mrs. Bellamy was wearing when she went past you at the gate?"

"Oh, positive. A white dress, all fluffy, and a black cape, quite thin, so that almost you see through it—not quite, maybe."

"Any hat?"

"On the head a small black scarf that she have wrap also around her neck, twice or mebbe three time. The eyes of Luigi ——"

"Exactly. Could you see whether she had on her jewels?"

"Positive. Always like that in the evening, moreover, she wear her jewels."

"You noticed what they were?"

"Same like always—same necklace out of pearls, same rings, diamond and sapphire, two on one hand, one the other—I see them when she open that bag."

"Mr. Bellamy was a person of moderate means, wasn't he, as far as you know?"

"Oh, everybody what there is around here knows he wasn't no John P. Rockfeller, I guess."

"Do you believe that the stones were genuine?"

Mr. Orsini, thus appealed to as an expert, waxed eloquent and expansive. "Oh, positive. That I know for one absolute sure thing."

"Tell us just how, won't you?"

"Well, that house girl, Nellie, one night she tell me that Mrs. Bell'my have left one of her rings at the club when she wash her hands, but that Mrs. Bell'my just laugh and say she should worry herself, because all those rings and her pearls they are insure big, and if she lose those, she go out and buy herself a new house and a auto car, and maybe a police dog too."

"I see. Had it ever occurred to you that Mrs. Bellamy was using the cottage at the Orchards for other purposes than piano practice, Mr. Orsini?"

Orsini's smile flashed so generously that it revealed three really extravagant gold fillings. "Well, me, I don't miss many things, maybe you guess. After she get that key three-four times, I think to myself, 'Luigi, it is funny thing that nevair she give you back that key until the day after, and always those evenings she go out by herself—most generally when Mr. Bell'my he stay in town to work.' So one of those nights when she ask for that key I permit myself to take a small little stroll up the road in the Orchards, and sure thing, there is a light in that cottage and a auto car outside the door. Sufficient! I look no further. Me, I am man of the world, you comprehend."

"Obviously."

"Just a moment, Mr. Lambert," interrupted Judge Carver. "Is your cross-examination going to take some time?"

"Quite a time, I believe, Your Honor."

"Then I think it best that we adjourn for the noon recess, as it is already after twelve. The court stands adjourned until 1:10."

"Well, here's where we get our comic relief," said the reporter with unction. "That son of sunny Italy is going to give us an enviable imitation of a three-ringed circus and a bag of monkeys before he and Lambert get through with each other or I miss my guess. He's got a look in his eye that is worth the price of admission alone. What's your mature opinion of him?"

"I think that he's beguiling," said the red-headed girl somewhat listlessly. Little shadows were under her gray eyes, and she curled small limp paws about a neglected notebook. Something in the drooping shoulders under the efficient jacket suggested an exhausted baby in need of a crib and a glass of hot milk and a firm and friendly tucking in. She made a half-hearted effort to overtake an enormous yawn that was about to engulf her, and then surrendered plaintively.

"Bored?" inquired the real reporter, his countenance illuminated by an expression of agreeable surprise.

"Bored?" cried the lady beside him in a voice at once scornful and outraged. "Bored? I'm half destroyed with excitement. I can't sleep any more. I go back to the boarding house every night and sit up in front of a gas stove with an orange-and-magenta comforter over my shoulders that ought to warm the dead, writing up my notes until all hours; and then I put a purple comforter over my knees and a muffler over my nose, and get an apple and sit there alternately gnawing the apple and my fingers and trying to work out who did it until even the cats stop singing under my window and the sky begins to get that nice, appealing slate color that's so prettily referred to as dawn. And even then I don't know who did it."

"Don't you, indeed?" inquired the reporter severely, looking irritated and anxious. "Haven't you any sense at all, you little idiot? Listen, I know a place just two blocks down where you can get some fairly decent hot soup. You go and drink about a quart of it and then trot along home and turn in, and I'll do your notes for you tonight so well that your boss will double

(Continued on Page 92)

Madame!

if you want a successful husband *start him out each day, "feeling fit to conquer"*

If a man is to succeed today—he must start out *every* morning, "feeling fit to conquer." For to do big things a man must first *feel* capable of doing them.

Next to a good night's sleep, his *breakfast* is the most important thing. And if you would help him, don't overlook *one little thing*. He needs more than just a nourishing breakfast. He needs one that makes him *feel* good, too. A breakfast that makes him start out his day with a smile.

Now this may sound unimportant, but tomorrow morning when he gets up, just say, "Hurry up, dear, pancakes and Log Cabin Syrup this morning." Watch his face light up. And then remember, that a man who can smile before breakfast, can always do a bigger day's work.

There's just one other thing to remember; the best pancake in the world is still "flat as a pancake" without the *right kind* of syrup.

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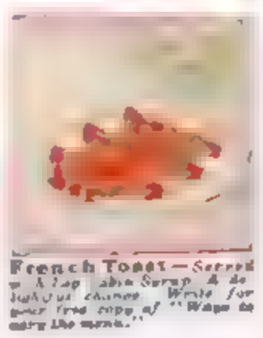

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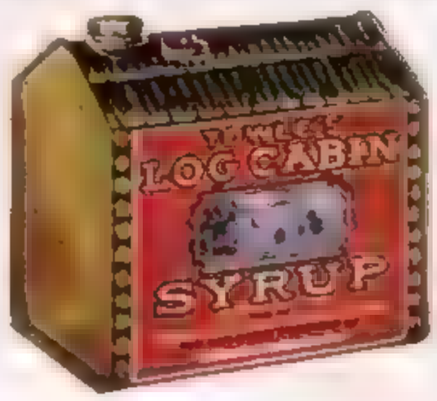

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your salary in the morning—and if you're very good and sleep eighteen hours, I may tell you who did the murder."

The red-headed girl, who had shuddered fastidiously at the offer of pretty fair soup, eyed him ungratefully as she extracted a packet of salted peanuts from the capacious pouch that served her as hand bag, commissary and dressing table.

"Thank you kindly," she said. "My boss wrote me two special-delivery letters yesterday to say that I was doing far the best stuff that was coming up out of Redfield far. He said that the three clippings that I sent him of your stuff showed promise—he did, honestly. . . . I think that soup's terrible, and this is the first time in my life that I've been able to stay up as late as I pleased without anyone sending me to bed. I'm mad about it. . . . Have some peanuts?"

"No, thanks," said the reporter, rising abruptly. "Anything I can get you?"

"You're cross!" wailed the red-headed girl, her eyes round with panic and contrition. "You are—you are—you're absolutely furious. Wait, please—please, or I'll hang on to your coat tails and make a scene. The real reason I don't go out and get soup is because I don't dare. If I went away even for a minute, something might happen and then I wouldn't ever sleep again. Someone might get my seat—didn't you see that fat, sinful-looking old lady who got the Gazette girl's place yesterday? She wouldn't go even when three officers and the sheriff told her she had to, and the Gazette girl had to sit on a stool in the gallery, and she said she had such a rushing of rage in her ears that she couldn't hear anything that anyone said all afternoon. So, you see —— And I would like a ham sandwich and I think that you write better than Conrad and I apologize and if you'll tell me who did the murder, I'll tell you. And please hurry, because I hope you won't be gone long."

"You're a nice little nut," said the reporter, and he beamed on her forgivingly, "and I like you. I like the way your nose turns up and your mouth turns down, and I like that funny little hat you wear. . . . I'll make it in two jumps. Watch me!"

The red-headed girl watched him obediently, her face pink and her eyes bright under the funny little hat. When the door opened to let him out she plunged her eyes apprehensively for a moment into the silent, pushing, heaving mob behind the policeman's broad blue shoulders, shivered and turned them resolutely away.

"If I were convicted of murder tomorrow," thought the red-headed girl passionately, "they'd shove just like that to see me hanged. Ugh! What's the matter with us?"

She eyed with an expression of profound distaste the plump lady just beyond her, conscientiously eating stuffed eggs out of a shoe box. So smug, so virtuous, so pompadoured and lynx-eyed —— Her eyes moved hastily on to the pair of giggling flappers exchanging powder puffs and anecdotes over a box of maple caramels; on to the round-shouldered youth with the unattractive complexion and unpleasant tie; on to the pretty thing with overflushed cheeks and overbright eyes above her sable scarf and beneath her Paris hat. The red-headed girl wrenched her eyes back to the empty space where there sat, tranquil and aloof, the memory of the prisoner at the bar.

It was good to be able to forget those hot, hungry, cruel faces, so sleek and safe and triumphant, and to remember that other face under the shadow of the small felt hat, cool and controlled and gay—yes, gay, for all the shadows that beset it. Only—what thoughts were weaving behind that bright brow, those steady lips? Thoughts of terror, of remorse, of bitterness and horror and despair? If you were strong enough to strike down a laughing girl who barred your path, you would be strong enough to keep your lips steady, wouldn't you?

The red-headed girl stared about her wildly; she felt suddenly small and cold and terrified. Where was the reporter? What a long time —— Oh, someone had opened a window. It was only the wind of autumn that was blowing so cold then, not the wind of death. What was it those little newsboys were calling outside, yelping like puppies in the gray square?

"Extra! Extra! All about the mysterious ——"

"Well," said the reporter's voice at her elbow, tense with some suppressed excitement, "this is the time he did it! No enterprising Japanese and house mate around this time. Read that and weep!"

Across the flimsy sheet of the Redfield Home News it ran in letters three inches high: Ex-fiancé of Murdered Girl Blows Out Brains. Prominent Clubman Found Dead in Garden at Eleven Forty-five This Morning.

"I've got a peach of a story started over the wires this minute," said the reporter exultantly. "Here, boy, rush this stuff and beat it back for more. I couldn't get your sandwich."

"Well," said the red-headed girl in a small awed voice—"well, then that means that he did it himself, doesn't it? That means that he couldn't stand it any longer because he killed her, doesn't it?"

"Or it means that he good and damn well knew that Susan Ives did it," muttered the reporter, shaken from Olympian calm to frenzied activity. "Here, boy! Boy! Hi, you, rush this—and take off the ear muffs. It's a hundred-to-one bet that he knew that Sue'd done it, and that he'd as good as put the knife in her hand by telling her where, when and why it should be managed. . . . Here, boy!"

"He didn't!" said the red-headed girl fiercely. "He didn't know it. How could ——"

"The court!" sang Ben Potts.

"How could he know whether she ——"

"Silence!" intoned Ben reprovingly.

Mr. Orsini and Mr. Lambert were both heading purposefully for the witness box.

"Now you've just told us, Mr. Orsini, that you were able to see Mrs. Ives' face when you looked down from your window in the garage as clearly as you see mine. Can you give us an idea of the approximate distance from the garage to the house?"

"Positive. The distance from the middle of the garage door to the middle of the front porch step, it is"—he glanced earnestly at a small slip of paper hitherto concealed in one massive paw, and divulged a portion of its contents to his astounded interrogator—"it is forty-seven feet five inches and one half inch."

"What?"

Mr. Orsini contemplated with pardonable gratification the unfeigned stupor that adorned the massive countenance now thrust incredulously forward. "Also I can now tell you the space between the front gate and the door—one hunnerd forty-three feet and a quarter of a inch," he announced rapidly and benevolently. "Also from the fence out to the road—eleven feet nine inch and a ——"

Judge Carver's gavel fell with a crash over the enraptured roar that swept the court room. "One more demonstration of this kind and I clear the court. This is a trial for murder, not a burlesque performance. You, sir, answer the questions that are put to you, when they are put. What's that object in your hand?"

Mr. Orsini dangled the limp yellow article hopefully under the judge's fine nose. "The instrument with which I make the measure," he explained, all modest pride. "What you call a measure of tape. The card on which I make the notes as well."

Judge Carver schooled his momentarily shaken countenance to its customary rigidity and turned a lion tamer's eye on the smothered hilarity of the press. The demoralized Lambert pulled himself together with a mighty effort; a junior counsel emitted a convulsive snort; only Mr. Farr remained entirely unmoved. Pensive, nonchalant and mildly sardonic, he bestowed a perfunctory glance on the measure

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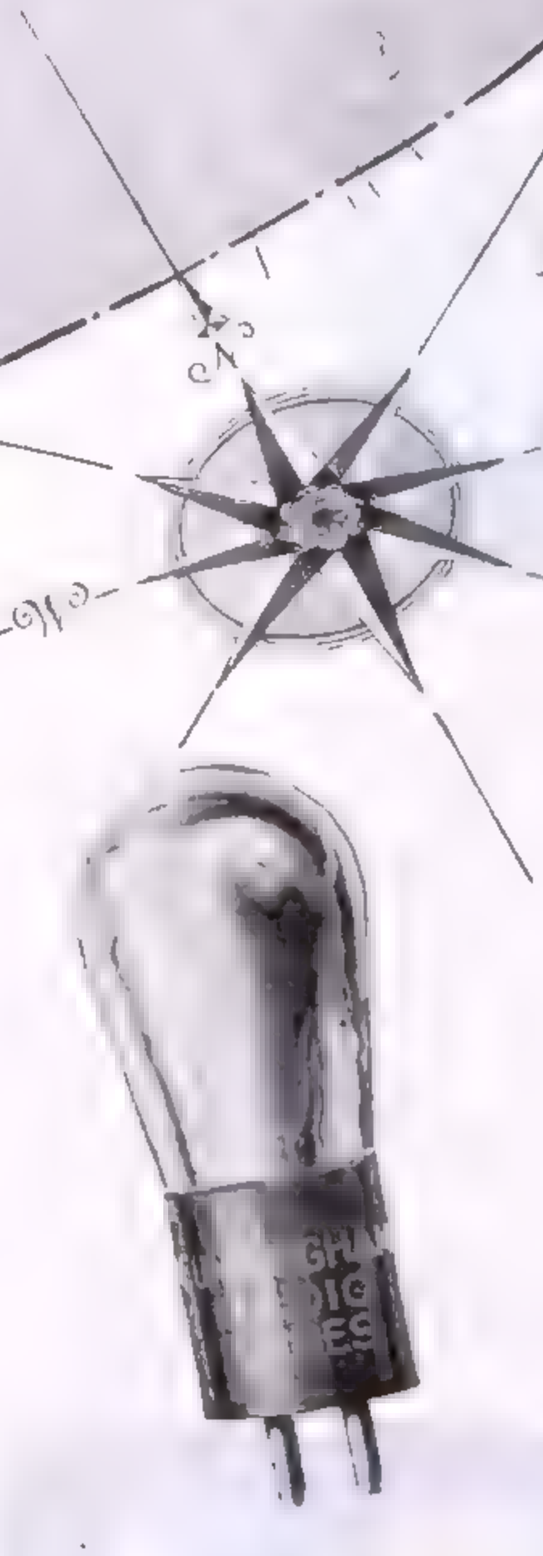

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¶ The car illustrated is the Standard Six Landau Sedan—a charming example of Nash value—superbly finished—smooth and quiet—low and fast—yet priced at little more than $1000.

NASH LEADS THE WORLD IN MOTOR CAR VALUE

(Continued from Page 92)

of tape and returned to a critical perusal of some notes of his own, which he had been studying intently since he had surrendered his witness to his adversary. The adversary, his eyes still bulging, returned once more to the charge.

"May I ask you what caused you to burden yourself with this invaluable mass of information?"

"Surest thing you may ask. I do it because me, I am well familiar with the questions what all smart high-grade lawyers put when in the court—like, could you then tell us how high were those steps, and how many were those minutes, and how far were those walls—all things like that they like to go and ask, every time, sure like shooting."

"I see. A careful student of our little eccentricities. How has it happened that your crowded life has afforded you the leisure to make so exhaustive a study of our habits?"

"Once again, more slow?" suggested the student affably.

"How have you happened to become so familiar with court life?"

"Oh, me, I am not so familiar with it as that. Once-twice—that is enough for one who know how to use his eyes and ear—more is not necessary."

"No, as you say, once or twice ought to be enough; it's a pity that you've found it necessary to extend your experience. Orsini, have you ever been in jail?"

"Who—me?" The glittering smile with which Mr. Orsini was in the habit of decorating his periods was not completely withdrawn, but it became slightly more reticent. His lambent eyes roved reproachfully in the direction of Mr. Farr, who seemed more absorbed than ever in his notes. "In what kind of a jail you mean?"

Mr. Lambert looked obviously disconcerted. "I mean jail—any kind of a jail"

"Was it up on a hill, perhaps, this jail?" inquired his victim helpfully.

"On a hill? What's that got to do with it? How should I know whether it was on a hill?"

"A high hill, mebbe, with trees all about it?" Once more Orsini's hands were eloquent.

"All right, all right, were you ever in a jail on a hill with trees around it?"

Orsini gazed blandly into the irate and contemptuous countenance thrust toward him. "No, sair," he replied regretfully. "If that jail was up on a hill with trees around it, then I was not in that jail."

Once more the court room, reckless of the gavel, yielded to helpless and hilarious uproar, and for this time they were spared. One look at Mr. Lambert's countenance, a full moon in the throes of apoplexy, had undermined even Judge Carver's iron reserve. The gavel remained idle while he indulged himself in a severe attack of coughing behind a large and protective handkerchief. The red-headed girl was using a more minute one to mop her eyes when she paused, startled and incredulous. Across the court, Patrick and his wife Susan were laughing into each other's eyes, for one miraculous moment the gay and carefree comrades of old; for one moment—and then, abruptly, memory swept back her lifted veil and they sat staring blankly at the dreadful havoc that lay between them, who had been wont to seek each other in laughter. Slowly, painfully, Sue Ives wrenched her eyes back to their schooled vigilance, and, after an interminable breath, Pat Ives turned his haunted ones back to the window, beyond which the sky was still blue. Only in that second's wait the red-headed girl had seen the dark flush sweep across his pallor, and the hunger in those imploring eyes, frantic and despairing as those of a small boy who had watched a beloved hand slam a heavy door in his face.

"Why, he loves her!" thought the red-headed girl. "He loves her dreadfully!" Those few scattered seconds when laughter and hope and despair had swept across a court—how long—how long they seemed! And yet they would have scantily sufficed to turn a pretty phrase or a platitude on the weather. They had just barely served to give the portly Lambert time to recover his breath, his voice and his venom, all three of which he was now proceeding to utilize simultaneously and vigorously.

"I see, I see. You're particular about your jails—like them in valleys, do you? Now be good enough to answer my question without any further trifling."

"What question is that?"

"Have you ever been in jail?"

Mr. Orsini's expression became faintly tinged with caution, but its affability did not diminish. "When?" he inquired impartially.

"When? Any time! Will—you—answer—my—question?"

Thus rudely adjured, his victim yielded to the inevitable with philosophy, humor and grace. "Not any time—no, no! That is too exaggerate. But sometimes—yes—I do not deny that sometimes I have been in jail."

Under the eyes of the entranced spectators Mr. Lambert's rosy jowls darkened to a fine, deep, full-bodied maroon. "You don't deny it, hey? Well, that's very magnanimous and gratifying—very gratifying indeed. Now will you continue to gratify us by telling us just why you went to jail?"

Mr. Orsini dismissed his penal career with an eloquent shrug. "Ah, well, for what thing do you not go to jail in these days? If you do not have money to pay for fine, it is jail for you! You drink beer what is two and three-quarter, you shake up some dice where you think nobody care, you drive nine and one-half mile over a bridge where it say eight and one-half ——"

"That will do, Orsini. In 1911 did you or did you not serve eight months in jail for stealing some rings from a hotel room?"

"Ah, that—that is one dirty lie—one dirty plant is put on me! I get that ——"

From under the swarthy skin of the erstwhile suave citizen of the world there leaped, sallow with fury, livid with fear, the Calabrian peasant, ugly and vengeful, chattering with incoherent rage. Lambert eyed him with profound satisfaction.

"Yes, yes—naturally. It always is. Very unfortunate; our jails are crowded with these errors. It's true, too, isn't it, Orsini, that less than three weeks before the murder you told Mr. Bellamy that the reason you hadn't asked your little Milanese friend to marry you was that you couldn't afford an engagement ring?"

"You—you ——"

"Just one moment, Orsini." The prosecutor's low voice cut sharply across the thick, violent stammering. "Don't answer that question. . . . Your Honor, I once more respectfully inquire as to whether this is the trial of Mr. Bellamy and Mrs. Ives or of my witnesses, individually and en masse?"

"And the court has told you once before that it does not reply to purely rhetorical questions, Mr. Farr. You are perfectly aware as to whose trial this is, and while the court is inclined to agree as to the impropriety of the last question, it does not believe that it is in error in stating that it is some time since you have seen fit to object to any of the questions put by Mr. Lambert to your witness."

"Your Honor is quite correct. It being my profound conviction that I have an absolutely unshakable case, I have studiously refrained from injecting the usual note of acrimonious bickering into these proceedings that is supposed to be the legal prerogative. This kind of thing causes me profoundly to regret my forbearance, I may state. About two out of three witnesses that I've put on the stand have been practically accused of committing or abetting this murder. Whether they're all supposed to be in one gigantic conspiracy or to have played lone hands is still a trifle hazy, but there's no doubt whatever about the implications. Miss Page, Miss Cordier, Mr. Farwell, Mr. Ives, Mr. Orsini—it'll be getting around to me in a minute."

"I object to this, Your Honor, I object!" The choked and impassioned voice of Mr. Dudley Lambert went down before the clear, metallic clang of the prosecutor's, roused at last from lethargy.

"And I object, too—I object to a great many things! I object to the appalling gravity of a trial for murder being turned into a farce by the kind of thing that's been going on here this morning. I'm entirely serious in saying that Mr. Lambert might just as well select me as a target for his insinuations. I used to live in Rosemont. I have a good sharp pocketknife—my wife hasn't a sapphire ring to her name—I've been arrested three times—twice for exceeding a speed limit of twenty-two miles an hour and once for trying to reason with a traffic cop who had delusions of grandeur and a ——"

"That will do, Mr. Farr." There was a highly peremptory note in Judge Carver's voice. "The court has exercised possibly undue liberality in permitting you to extend your observations on this point, because it seemed well taken. It does not believe that you will gain anything by further elaboration. Mr. Lambert, your last question is overruled. Have you any further ones to put to the witness?"

Mr. Lambert, looking a striking combination of a cross baby and a bulldog, did not take these observations kindly. "Am I denied the opportunity of attacking the credibility of the extraordinary collection of individuals that Mr. Farr chooses to produce as witnesses?"

"You are not. In what way does your inquiry as to Mr. Orsini's inability to provide a young woman with an engagement ring purport to attack his credibility?"

"It purports to show that Orsini had a distinct motive for robbery and ——"

"Precisely. And precisely for that reason, since Mr. Orsini is not on trial here, the court considers the question irrelevant and incompetent, as well as improper. Have you any further ones to put?"

"No." The rage that was consuming the unchastened Mr. Lambert choked his utterance and bulged his eyes. "No further questions. May I have an exception from Your Honor's ruling?"

"Certainly."

Orsini, stepping briskly down from the witness box, lingered long enough to bestow on his late inquisitor a glance in which knives flashed and blood flowed freely—a glance which Mr. Lambert, goaded by frustrated rage, returned with interest. The violence remained purely ocular, however, and the obviously disappointed spectators began to crawl laboriously to their feet.

"Call for Turner."

"Joseph Turner!"

A bright-eyed, brown-faced, friendly-looking boy swung alertly into the box and fixed a pair of earnest young eyes on the prosecutor.

"What was your occupation on June nineteenth of this year, Mr. Turner?"

"I was bus driver over the Perrytown route."

"Still are?"

"No, sir; driving for the same outfit, but over a new route—Redfield to Glenvale."

"Ever see these before, Turner?"

The prosecutor lifted a black chiffon cape and lace scarf from the pasteboard box beside him and extended them casually toward the witness.

The boy eyed them soberly. "Yes, sir."

"When?"

"Two or three times, sir; the last time was the night of the nineteenth of June."

"At what time?"

"At about 8.35."

"Where did you pick her up?"

"At about a quarter of a mile beyond her house, toward the club. There's a bus stop there, and she stepped out from some deep shadows at the side of the road and signaled me to stop."

"Did you know Mrs. Bellamy by name at that time?"

"No, sir; I found out later. That's when I learned where her house was too."

(Continued on Page 97

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"The yellow can with the black band"

(Continued from Page 95)

"Was yours the first bus that she could have caught?"

"If she missed the eight o'clock bus. Mine was the next."

"Did anything particularly draw your attention to her?"

"Yes, sir. She had her face all muffled up in her veil, the way she always did, but I specially noticed her slippers. They were awfully pretty shiny silver slippers, and when I let her out at the corner before the Orchards it was sort of muddy, and I thought they sure were foolish little things to walk in, but that it was a terrible pity to spoil 'em like that."

"How long did it take you to cover the distance between the point from which you picked Mrs. Bellamy up to the point at which you set her down?"

"About eight minutes, I should say. It's a little over two miles nearer two and a half, I guess."

"Did she seem in a hurry?"

"Yes, sir, she surely did; when she got out at the Orchards corner she started off almost at a run. I pretty nearly called to her to look out or she'd trip herself, but then I decided that it wasn't none of my business, and of course it wasn't."

"How do you fix the date and the time, Turner?"

"Well, that's easy. It was my last trip that night to Perrytown, see? And about the date, next day I heard how there had been the—a—well, a murder at the Orchards, and I remembered her and those silver slippers, and that black cloak, so I dropped in at headquarters to tell 'em what I knew—and it was her all right. They made me go over and look at her, and I won't forget that in a hurry, either—no, sir."

The boy who had driven her to the Orchards set his lips hard, turning his eyes resolutely from the little black cloak. "I got 'em to change my route the next day," he said, his pleasant young voice suddenly shaken.

"You say that you had driven her over several times before?"

"Well, two or three times, I guess—all in that last month too. I only had the route a month."

"Same time—half-past eight?"

"That's right—8:30."

"Anything in particular call your attention to her?"

"Well, I should think she'd have called anyone's attention to her," said Joe Turner gently. "Even all wrapped up like that, she was prettier than anything I ever saw in my whole life." And he added, more gently still: "About twenty times prettier."

The prosecutor stood silent for a moment, letting the hushed voice evoke once more that radiant image, lace scarfed, silver slippered, slipping off into the shadows.

"That will be all," he said. "Cross-examine."

"No questions." Even Lambert's voice boomed less roundly.

"Next witness—Sergeant Johnson."

"Sergeant Hendrick Johnson!"

Obedient to Ben Potts' lyric summons, a young gentleman who looked like a Norse god inappropriately clothed in gray whipcord and a Sam Browne belt strode promptly down the aisle and into the witness box.

"Sergeant Johnson, what was your occupation on the nineteenth of June, 1926?"

"State trooper—sergeant."

"When did you first receive notification of the murder at the Orchards?"

"On the morning of the twentieth of June. I'd just dropped in at headquarters when Mr. Thorne came in to report what he'd discovered at the cottage."

"Please tell us what happened then."

"I was detailed to accompany Mr. Dutton, the coroner, Doctor Stanley and another trooper, Dan Wilkins, to the cottage. Mr. Dutton took Doctor Stanley along with him in his roadster and Wilkins rode with me in my side car. We left headquarters and got out to the cottage in about a quarter of an hour."

"Just one moment. Do I understand that the state troopers have headquarters in Rosemont?"

"That's correct, sir."

"Of which you are in charge?"

"That's correct too."

"Who had the key to the cottage?"

"I had it; Mr. Conroy had turned it over to me. I unlocked the door of the cottage myself and we all went in together." The crisp, assured young voice implied that a murder more or less was all in the day's work to the state police.

"Did you drive directly up to the cottage door?"

"No; we left the motorcycle and the car just short of the spot where the little dirt road to the cottage hits the gravel road to the main house and went in on foot, using the grass strip that edges the road."

"Any special reason for that?"

"There certainly was. We didn't want to mix up footprints and other marks any more than they'd been mixed already."

"What happened after you got in the house?"

"Well, Mr. Dutton and the doctor took charge of the body and we helped them to move it into the dining room across the hall, after a careful inspection had been made of the position of the body. As a matter of fact, a chalk outline was made of it for further analysis, if necessary, and I took a flash light or so of it so that we'd have that, too, to check up with later. I helped to carry the body to the other room and place it on the table, where it was decided to keep it until the autopsy could be performed. I then locked the door of the parlor so that nothing could be disturbed there, put the key in my pocket and went out to inspect the marks in the dirt road. I left Mr. Dutton and Doctor Stanley with the body and sent Wilkins down the road to a gas station to telephone Mr. Bellamy that his wife had been found in the cottage. There was no telephone in the cottage and the one at the main house had been disconnected."

"Sergeant, was Mr. Bellamy under suspicion at the time that you telephoned him?"

"I didn't do the telephoning," corrected Sergeant Johnson dispassionately; and added more dispassionately still: "Everyone was under suspicion."

"Mr. Bellamy no more than another?"

"What I said was," remarked the sergeant with professional reticence, "that everyone was under suspicion."

Mr. Farr met the imperturbable blue eye of his witness with an expression in which irritation and discretion were struggling for supremacy. Discretion triumphed. "Did you discover any tracks on the cottage road?"

"I surely did."

"Footprints?"

"No; there were some prints, but they were too cut up and blurred to make much out of. What I found were tire tracks."

"More than one set?"

"There were traces of at least four sets, two of them made by the same car."

"All equally distinct?"

"No, they varied considerably. The ground in the cottage road is of a distinctly clayey character, which under the proper conditions would act almost as a cast."

"What would be a proper condition?"

"A damp state following a rainstorm, followed in turn by sufficient fair weather to permit the impression to dry out."

"Was such a state in existence?"

"In one case—yes. There was a storm between one and three on the afternoon of the nineteenth. We'll call the tire impressions A, B 1 and 2, and C. A showed only very vague traces of a very broad, massive tire on a heavy car. It was almost obliterated, showing that it must have been there either before or during the downpour."

"Would those tracks have corresponded to the ones on Mr. Farwell's car?"

"There were absolutely no distinguishing tire marks left; it could have been Mr. Farwell's or any other large car. C had come much later, when the ground had had time to dry out considerably. They were the traces of a medium-sized tire on fairly dry ground. They cut across the tracks left by both A and B."

"Could they have been made by Mr. Conroy's car?"

"I think that very likely they were. I checked up as well as possible under the conditions and they corresponded all right."

"What about the B impressions?"

"Both the B impressions were as sharp and distinct as though they had been made in wax. They were made by the same car; judging from the soil conditions, at an interval of an hour or so. We made a series of tests later to see how long it retained moisture."

"Of what nature were these impressions, sergeant?"

"They were narrow tires, such as are used on the smaller, lighter cars," said Sergeant Johnson, a slight tinge of gravity touching the curtness of his unemotional young voice. "Two of the tires—the ones on the front right and rear left wheels had the tread so worn off that it would be risky to hazard a guess as to their manufacture. The ones on the front left and rear right were brand-new, and the impressions in both cases were as clear-cut as though you'd carved them. The impressions of B2 were even deeper than B1, showing that the car must have stood much longer at one time than at another. We experimented with that, too, but the results weren't definite enough to report on positively."

"What makes you so clear as to which were B2?"

"At one spot B2 was superimposed on B1 very distinctly."

"What were the makes of the rear right and left front tires, sergeant?"

"The rear right was a new More tire; the front left was a practically new Wearever Cord."

"Did they correspond with any of the cars mentioned so far in this case?"

"They corresponded exactly with the tires on Mr. Stephen Bellamy's car when we inspected it on the afternoon of June twentieth."

"No possibility of error?"

"Not a chance," said Sergeant Johnson, succinctly and gravely.

"Exactly. Had the car been washed at the time you inspected it, sergeant?"

"No, sir; it had not."

"Was there mud on the tires?"

"Yes; but as it was of much the same character as the mud in Mr. Bellamy's own drive, we attached no particular importance to it."

"Was there any grease on the car?"

"No, sir; we made a very thorough inspection. There was no trace of grease."

"Did you find anything else of consequence on the premises, sergeant?"

"I picked up a kind of a lunch box in the shrubbery outside, and in the dining room, on a chair in the corner, I found a black cape—chiffon, I expect you call it—a black lace scarf and a little black silk bag with a shiny clasp that looked like diamonds."

"Did you keep a list of the contents of the bag?"

"I did."

"Have you it with you?"

"I have."

"Let's hear it, please?"

"'Contents of black purse found in dining room of Thorne Cottage, June 20, 1926,'" read Sergeant Johnson briskly. "'One vanity case, pale green enamel; one lip stick, same; one small green linen handkerchief, marked Mimi; leather frame inclosing snapshot of man in tennis clothes, inscribed For My Mimi from Steve; sample of blue chiffon with daisies; gold pencil; two theater-ticket stubs to Vanities, June eighth; three letters, written on white bond paper, signed Pat.'"

"That's all?"

"That's all."

"Are these the articles found in the dining room, sergeant?"

Sergeant Johnson eyed the contents of the box placed before him somewhat cursorily. "Those are the ones."

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"Just check over the contents of the bag, will you? Nothing missing?"

"Not a thing."

"I ask to have these marked for identification and offer them in evidence, Your Honor."

"No objections," said Mr. Lambert unexpectedly.

Mr. Farr eyed him incredulously for a moment, as though he doubted the evidence of his ears. Then, rather thoughtfully, he produced another object from the inexhaustible maw of his desk and poised it carefully on the ledge under the sergeant's nose. It was a box—a nice, shiny tin box, painted a cheerful but decorous maroon—the kind of box that good little boys carry triumphantly to school, bursting with cookies and apples and peanut-butter sandwiches. It had a neat handle and a large, beautiful, early English initial painted on the top.

"Do you recognize this, sergeant?"

"Yes. It's a lunch box that I picked up back of the shrubbery to the left of the Orchards cottage."

"Had it anything in it?"

"It was about three-quarters empty. There was a ham sandwich and some salted nuts and dates in it, and a couple of doughnuts."

"What should you say that the initial on the cover represented?"

"I shouldn't say," remarked the sergeant frankly. "It's got too many curlicues and doodads. It might be a D, or it might be P, or then again, it mightn't be either."

"So far as you know, it hasn't been identified as anyone's property?"

"No, sir."

"It might have been left there at some previous date?"

"Well, it might have been; but the food seemed pretty fresh, and there were some new twigs broken off, as though someone had pressed way back into the shrubbery."

"I offer this box in evidence, Your Honor, not as of any evidential value but merely to keep the record straight as to what was turned over by the police."

"No objections," said Mr. Lambert with that same surprising promptitude, his eyes following the shiny box somewhat hungrily.

"Very well, sergeant, that's all. Cross-examine."

"Did you examine the portion of the drive to the rear of the cottage, sergeant?" inquired Mr. Lambert with genial interest.

"Yes, sir."

"Find any traces of tires?"

"No, sir."

"No further questions," intoned Mr. Lambert mellifluously.

Mr. Farr turned briskly to an unhappy-looking young man crouching apprehensively in a far corner. "Now, Mr. Oliver, I'm going to get you just to read these three letters into the record. I'm unable to do it myself, as I've been subjected to considerable eye strain recently."

"Do I start with the one on top?" inquired the wretched youth, who looked as though he were about to die at any moment.

"Start with the first in order of date," suggested Mr. Farr benevolently. "May twenty-first, I think it is. And just raise your voice a little so we'll all be able to hear you."

"Darling, darling," roared Mr. Oliver unbelievably, and paused, staring about him wildly, flame colored far beyond the roots of his russet hair. "May twenty-first," he added in a suffocated whisper.

Darling, darling: I waited there for you for over an hour. I couldn't believe that you weren't coming—not after you'd promised. And when I got back and found that hateful, stiff little note —— Mimi, how could you? You didn't mean it to say, "I don't love you?" It didn't say that, did it? It sounded so horribly as though that was what it was trying to say that I kept both hands over my ears all the time that I was reading it. I won't believe it. You do—you must. You're the only thing that I've ever loved in all my life, Mimi. I swear it. You're the only thing that I'll ever love, as long as I live.

You say that you're frightened—that there's been talk—oh, darling, what of it? "They say? What say they? Let them say!" They're a lot of wise, sensible, good-for-nothing idiots, who haven't anything better to do in the world than wag their heads and their tongues, or else they're a pack of young fools, frantic with jealousy because they can't be beautiful like Mimi or lucky like Pat. If their talk gets really dangerous or ugly we can shut them all up in ten seconds by telling them that we're planning to shake the dust of Rosemont from our heels any minute, and live happy ever after in some "cleaner, greener land."

Do you want me to tell them that I've asked you fifteen thousand and three times to burn all our bridges and marry me, Mimi? Or didn't you hear me? You always look then as though you were listening to someone else—someone with a louder voice than mine, saying, "Wait—not yet. Think again—you'll be sorry. Be careful—be careful." Don't listen to that liar, Mimi—listen to Pat, who loves you.

Tomorrow night, about nine, I'll have the car at the back road. I'll manage to get away somehow, and you must too. Wear that frilly thing that I love—you know, the green one—and the slippers with butterflies on them, and nothing on your hair. The wickedest thing that you ever do is to wear a hat. No, I'm wrong, you can wear something on your hair, after all. On the two curls right behind your ears—the littlest curls—my curls—you can wear two drops of that stuff that smells like lilacs in the rain. And I'll put you—and your curls—and your slippers—and your sweetness—and your magic—into my car and we'll drive twenty miles away from those wagging tongues. And, Mimi, I'll teach you how beautiful it is to be alive and young and in love, in a world that's full of spring and stars and lilacs. Oh, Mimi, come quickly and let me teach you!

PAT.

The halting voice labored to an all too brief silence. Even the back of Mr. Oliver's neck was incandescent—perhaps he would not have flamed so hotly if he had realized how few eyes in the court room were resting on him. For across the crowded little room, Sue Ives, all her gay serenity gone, was staring at the figure by the window with terrified and incredulous eyes, black with tears.

"Oh, Pat—oh, Pat," cried those drowning eyes, "what is this that you have done to us? Never loved anyone else? Never in all your life? What is this that you have done?"

And as though in answer to that despairing cry, the man by the window half rose, shaking his head in fierce entreaty.

"Don't listen! Don't listen!" implored his frantic eyes. . . .

"Now the next one, Mr. Oliver," said Mr. Farr.

ROSEMONT, June 8th.

Mimi darling, darling, darling: It's after four o'clock and the birds in the vines outside the window are making the most awful row. I haven't closed my eyes yet, and now I'm going to stop trying. What's the use of sleeping, when here's another day with Mimi in it? Dawn—I always thought it was the worst word in the English language, and here I am on my knees waiting for it, and ranting about it like any fool—like any happy, happy fool.

I'm so happy that it simply isn't decent. I keep telling myself that we're mad—that there's black trouble ahead of us—that I haven't any right in the world to let you do this—that I'm older and ought to be wiser. And when I get all through, the only thing that I can remember is that I feel like a kid waking up on his birthday to find the sun and the moon and the stars and the world and a little red wagon sitting in a row at the foot of his bed. Because I have you, Mimi, and you're the sun and the moon and the stars and the world—and a little red wagon too, my beautiful love.

Well, here's the sun himself, and no one in Rosemont to pay any attention to him but the milkman and me. "The sun in splendor"—what comes after that, do you remember? Not that it makes any difference; the only thing that makes any difference is that what will come after that in just a few minutes will be a clock striking five—and then six and then seven and it will be another day—another miraculous, incredible day getting under way in a world that holds Mimi in it. Lucky day, lucky world, lucky, lucky me, Mimi, who will be your worshiper while this world lasts.

Good morning, Beautiful.

YOUR PAT.

The eyes of the court swung avidly back to the slim figure in the space before them, but for once that bright head was bowed. Sue Ives was no longer looking at Mimi's worshiper.

"And the next?" murmured Farr.

ROSEMONT, June 9th.

My little heart: I went to bed the minute I got home, just as I promised, but it didn't do much good. I did go to sleep for a bit, but it was only to dream that you were leaning over me again with your hair swinging down like two lovely clouds of fire and saying over and over in that small, blessed voice—that voice that I'd strain to hear from under three feet of sod—"It's not a dream, love, it's not a dream—it's Mimi, who's yours and who's sweeter than all the dreams you'll dream between here and heaven. Wake up, wake up! She's waiting for you. How can you sleep?" And I couldn't sleep; no, it's no use. Mimi, how can I ever sleep again, now that I have you?

It wasn't just a dream that between those shining clouds that are your hair your eyes were bright with laughter and with tears, was it, Mimi? No, that was not a dream. To think that anyone in the world can cry, and still be beautiful! It must be an awful temptation to do it all the time—only I know that you won't. Darling, don't cry. Even when you look beautiful and on the edge of laughter, it makes me want to kill myself. It's because you're afraid, isn't it—afraid that we won't be able to make a go of it? Don't be afraid. If you will come to me—really, forever, not in little matched bits of heaven like this, but to belong to me all the days of my life—if you will believe in me and trust me, I swear that I'll make you happy. I swear it.

I know that at first it may be hideously hard. I know that giving up everything here and starting life all over somewhere with strangers will be hard to desperation. But it will be easier than trying to fight it out here, won't it, Mimi? And in the end we'll hold happiness in our hands—you'll see, my blessed. Don't cry, don't cry, my little girl—not even in dreams, not even through laughter. Because, you see, like the Prince and Princess in the fairy tale, we're going to live happy ever after.

YOUR PAT.

The Heiress and the Millionaire's Son Meet Again One Week After Their Vacation

"That concludes the letters?" inquired Judge Carver hopefully, his eyes on the bowed head beneath his throne.

"That concludes them," said Mr. Farr, removing them deftly from the assistant prosecutor's palsied fingers. "And as it is close to four, I would like to make a suggestion. The state is ready to rest its case with these letters, but an extremely unfortunate occurrence has deprived us so far of one of our witnesses, who is essential as a link in the chain of evidence that we have forged. This witness was stricken three weeks ago with appendicitis and rushed to a New York hospital. I was given every assurance that he would be able to be present by this date, but late last week unfavorable symptoms developed and he has been closely confined ever since.

"I have here the surgeon's certificate that he is absolutely unable to take the stand today, but that it is entirely possible that he may do so by Monday. As this is Friday, therefore, I respectfully suggest that we adjourn to Monday, when the state will rest its case."

"Have you any objections, Mr. Lambert?"

"Every objection, Your Honor!" replied Mr. Lambert with passionate conviction. "I have two witnesses myself who have come here at great inconvenience to themselves and are obliged to return at the earliest possible moment. What about them? What about the unfortunate jury? What about the unfortunate defendants? I have most emphatic objections to delaying this trial one second longer."

"Then I can only suggest that the trial proceed and that the state be permitted to produce its witness as soon as is humanly possible, in which case the defense would necessarily be permitted to produce what witnesses it saw fit in rebuttal."

Mr. Lambert, still flown with some secret triumph, made an ample gesture of condescension.

"Very well, I consider it highly irregular, but leave it that way—leave it that way by all means. Now, Your Honor ——"

"You say you have a certificate, Mr. Farr?"

"Yes, Your Honor."

"May we have its contents?"

"Certainly." Mr. Farr tendered it promptly. "It's from the chief surgeon at St. Luke's. As you see, it simply says that it would be against his express orders that Doctor Barretti should take the stand today, but that if nothing unfavorable develops he should be able to do so by Monday."

"Yes. Well, Mr. Farr, if Mr. Lambert has no objections you may produce Doctor Barretti then. You have no further questions?"

"None, Your Honor."

"Very well, the court stands adjourned until tomorrow at ten."

"What name did he say?" inquired the reporter in a curiously hushed voice. "Doctor What?"

"It sounded like Barretti," said the red-headed girl, getting limply to her feet.

"The poor fool!" murmured the reporter in the same awe-stricken tones.

"What?"

"Lambert. Did you get that? The poor blithering fool doesn't even know who he is and where he's heading."

"Well, who is he?" inquired the red-headed girl over her shoulder despairingly. She felt that if anything else happened she would sit on the floor and cry, and she didn't want to—much.

"It's Barretti—Gabriel Barretti," said the reporter. "The greatest finger-print expert in the world. Lord, it means that he must have their —— What in the world's the matter? D'you want a handkerchief?"

The red-headed girl, nodding feebly, clutched at the large white handkerchief with one hand and the large blue serge sleeve with the other. Anyway, she hadn't sat on the floor.

The fourth day of the Bellamy trial was over.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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You will see this emblem only on jewelry stores of character

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To sons and brothers who have won academic honors.

To distinguished athletes, from their loyal admirers.

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Hon John W Davis — *Mr Grant H Foster*
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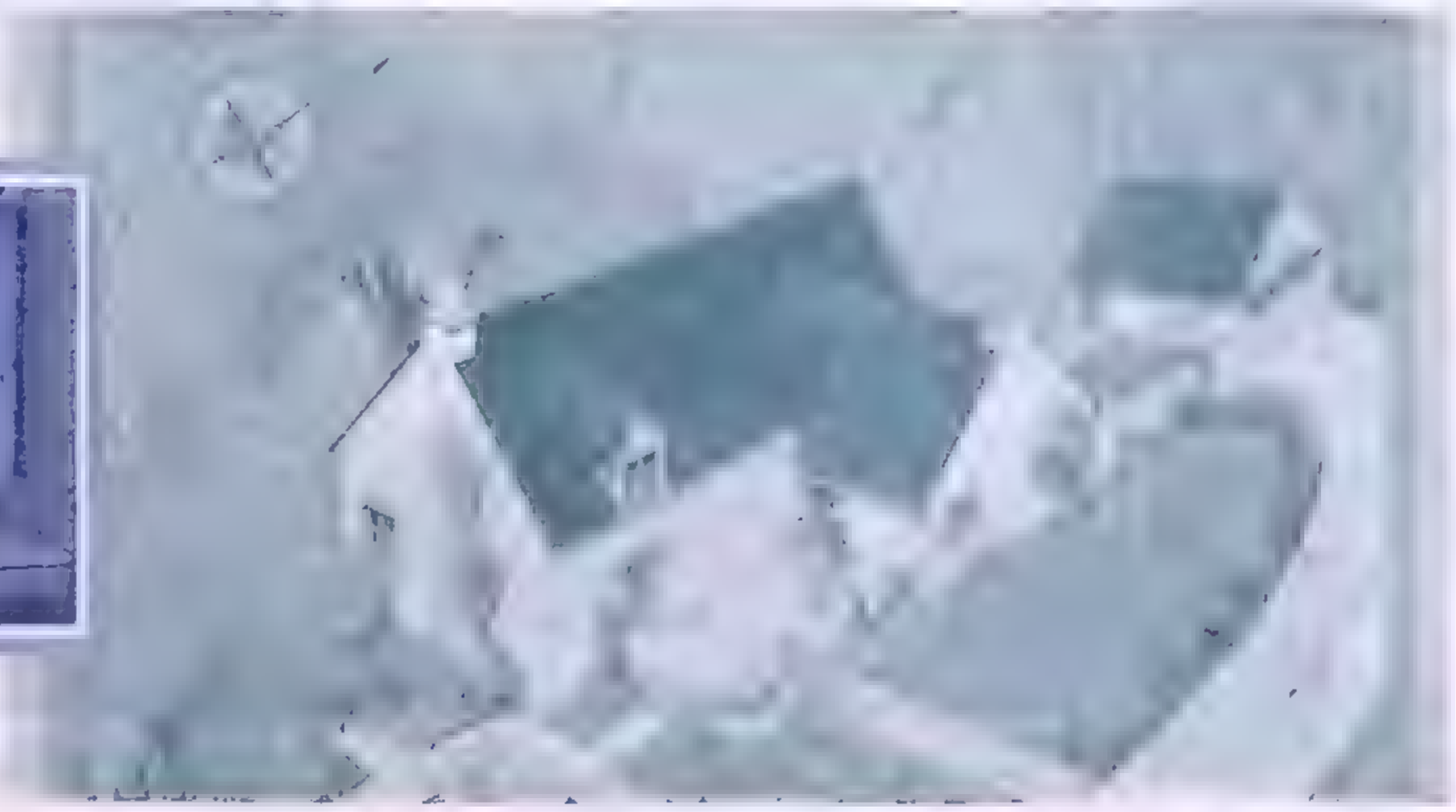

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—no other tobacco is like it!

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THE DOODLE BUG

(Continued from Page 11)

advance. On the resultant wave of excitement, and at a net loss to themselves of sixty-nine dollars, they had launched their boom.

The Widow Clinton, as she was called, had lived for more than twenty years on a small farm remote from the highroad. Her husband, once a professor of English literature at Cornell, had bought the place when they had first married and he was teacher of Number Three, the little wooden schoolhouse that stood on the hill between Pottsville and Patterson and served both towns. Each now had a modern edifice of brick, marble and Indiana limestone, and the old schoolhouse had fallen to decay. Yet here Edward Clinton had taught for five very happy years, and when later he lost his health at Cornell, he had gone back to the Mohawk Valley in preference to living elsewhere. He had not lived long—just long enough to invest his entire fortune in one of the various Texas land schemes so popular at the time.

He had hoped to leave his wife comfortably off and to be able to send their boy Tom to college, but with the collapse of the boom the company had ceased paying dividends and shortly after his death had gone out of business.

Mrs. Clinton had received as her husband's share in the assets a deed to 320 acres of land which did not even offer feed for cattle. She had paid taxes on it now for fifteen years purely out of sentiment, since she had learned that adjoining property could be bought for a dollar an acre. But it had seemed to her that to sell the property for any such figure would somehow be a reflection on her husband's business judgment.

She was a proud woman and nobody ever realized the fierceness of her struggle against poverty, which was equaled only by her ambition that Tom should become an educated man like his father—possibly a teacher. He had led his class at the high school and had passed his entrance examinations with distinction, but although he had won a scholarship as well, it had not been sufficient to pay his expenses through the freshman year without nearly exhausting all their savings. It had begun to look as if Tom could have but one year of college, and when recently his mother had told him that their affairs had been looking up a little and that she now thought she could manage to send him back for at least another year, his joy had been unbounded. Mr. Tutt knew them both well, for the boy had several times accompanied him on his excursions to Chasm Brook.

A half hour's walk brought them to the farm.

"Good evening, Mrs. Clinton," said Mr. Tutt. "Tom and I have been downtown watching a smart crook hoodwink some of your friends into buying oil stock by means of what they call out West a Doodle Bug. I haven't much sympathy for people who go in for get-rich-quick schemes, but in this case the fellow seems to have overstepped himself. Is it a fact, as Tom says, that your husband left you some land in Texas?"

"Yes—320 acres in Rankin County—Valhalla Township. I never saw it. Neither did he."

"Well," smiled Mr. Tutt, "I have good news for you. Oil has been struck at Valhalla and your land may be worth a great deal of money."

Tom grabbed her by the shoulders and kissed her on both cheeks. "Gosh, ma, ain't it great? We'll be rich!"

"You say oil has been struck near there?" She turned pale.

Instantly Tom was at her side. "What's the matter, mother dear?"

"We'll—never—be—rich—now!" she faltered. "I gave Mr. Quinby an option on it three months ago for two hundred and fifty dollars. He told a long story about how a certain party, as he called him, was trying to buy up land for a cattle range and how this happened to be about where he would like to locate his ranch house, so he was willing to pay a little more than it was worth. I said I wouldn't do anything in a hurry—must have time to think it over. Finally he offered me two hundred and fifty dollars for a three months' option at ten thousand dollars, and naturally I took it."

"Oh, ma!" groaned Tom.

"When does the option expire?" asked Mr. Tutt.

"A week from next Saturday. I suppose I should have consulted somebody else first, but two hundred and fifty dollars was exactly the amount I needed to send Tom back to college—and ten thousand dollars seemed a fortune."

"Well, it's a lot of money." Mr. Tutt tried to encourage her. "There's nothing to worry about. If the land proves to be worth anything, you'll get ten thousand dollars, and if it isn't, you'd get two hundred and fifty, coming or going."

She gave a mournful laugh. "It looks as if I'd sold my birthright for a mess of pottage. . . . Poor Tommy!"

Mr. Tutt patted her on the shoulder. "A boy like Tom is worth a lot more than a million dollars," he said. "Anyhow, Quinby hasn't got the land yet. He's only got an option. He may never have the opportunity to take it up. He may not have the money."

"He's got it all right by this time!" declared the boy. "Job Hascom says he's banked nine thousand already. He'll easily net another thousand before the evening is over."

"First let's make sure of our facts," advised the lawyer. "Let's see your deed and any map you may have of the property. Then we'll glance at Quinby's option."

Mrs. Clinton cleared the center table, and opening the bottom drawer of her desk removed a bundle of papers. "This is my deed," she said, spreading it out under the lamplight. "And here's the map that came with it. The location is marked in red."

"It certainly is the same property that Quelch shows as belonging to the Roaring Tomcat," declared Mr. Tutt as he compared the boundaries with those he had jotted down. "Have you a copy of the option?"

Mrs. Clinton handed him a filled-in printed form:

Be it known that I, Eliza Clinton, of Pottsville Center, Somerset County, New York, in consideration of two hundred and fifty dollars, to me in hand paid by Matthew Quinby of Valhalla, Texas, the receipt whereof is hereby acknowledged, do hereby promise, covenant and agree to and with said Quinby, his heirs and assigns, to sell and convey to him, his heirs and assigns, the following described real estate, situated in said Valhalla, Texas, viz: 320 acres, beginning from a point, and so on. . . . Said conveyance to be made at any time before twelve o'clock noon of Saturday, June 4, 1927, at the option and upon the request of said Quinby, his heirs and assigns, upon the payment or tender by him or them of the sum of ten thousand further dollars, and said conveyance to be by warranty deed, conveying perfect and unencumbered title to the real estate above described.

Witness my hand and seal this sixth day of March in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and twenty seven.

Signed, sealed and delivered in presence of

HEZEKIAH MASON.

STATE OF NEW YORK.

March 6, 1927.

Somerset County, ss:

Personally appeared the above-named Eliza Clinton and acknowledged the above instrument by her signed, to be her free act and deed.

Before me,

HEZEKIAH MASON,

Notary Public.

"H'm!" said Mr. Tutt. "So our old friend Hezekiah is in on this!"

"I knew I shouldn't have done business on a Sunday," sighed Mrs. Clinton. "Now I'm properly punished. I'd no sooner signed the paper for Squire Mason than something told me I'd made a mistake. I didn't dare tell Tom what I'd done behind his back, even if it was for him."

"That's all right, ma. Cheer up!" He gave her a hug. "Isn't there anything we can do, Mr. Tutt?"

"Well"—the old lawyer scratched his chin hopefully, although he didn't see a ray of hope anywhere—"you never can tell. Something may happen."

The truth was that, whatever might happen, the old gentleman suddenly found himself in a very difficult position. It was obvious, since Quinby had not as yet exercised his option and the Widow Clinton still owned the property, that Quelch had been selling stock in the Roaring Tomcat on false pretenses, so that the transactions could all be set aside for fraud and the money recovered. But it was equally sure that the instant Mr. Tutt disclosed his hand and made the first move to bring Quelch to justice by having him arrested for obtaining money by misrepresenting the ownership, the latter would use that same money to take up the option and make what had theretofore been a false statement a true one, thereby possibly escaping prison.

Mrs. Clinton, to be sure, would get the ten thousand dollars, but her friends and neighbors—some of whom needed it as much as, if not more than she did—would lose it. It would be robbing Peter to pay Paul. Besides, wondered Mr. Tutt, why hadn't Quinby exercised his option if the land was as valuable as he pretended? There could be only one reason—namely, that he was still in doubt whether it was. He was probably waiting to see what the drilling on near-by properties such as the Texarkana would disclose. If the owners struck oil, he would take up the option and reap a fortune; if they did not, he would let it lapse and, having sold all the stock, he could silently steal away with the proceeds.

Mr. Tutt was on the horns of a disquieting dilemma. He could force Quinby by threat of jail to take up his option immediately and pay over the ten thousand dollars to Mrs. Clinton which he had extracted from her neighbors; but in that event the Clintons, having parted with their land, would lose whatever above that sum it might eventually prove to be worth. He could lie low and leave his ultimate decision on the lap of the gods, in the hope that something might turn up to enable him both to recover the townsfolk's money and also if oil were struck to defeat the exercise of Quinby's option. He admitted this last to be a pretty hopeless proposition. Also, delay would give the promoter, should he smell a rat, a chance to beat it with the profits, at that moment safe on deposit to his account in the Pottsville National Bank. In which case, if the land proved worthless, he would have lost the chance, should he wish to take it, to compel Quinby to take up the option, thus putting the Clintons in comfortable circumstances for the rest of their lives.

Mr. Tutt found it impossible to decide between his two sets of clients—the townsfolk, whom he had come to love, and the Clintons, whom he pitied and respected. His old heart refused to let him sacrifice either to the other, and, as usual, he determined to trust to his usual good luck and for the present to do nothing.

First, of course, he must find out whatever he could about the probable value of the Valhalla property; and since his partner, Samuel Tutt, was at that moment on the point of returning to New York from Hollywood, he telegraphed him to stop off in Texas and, after looking into the situation, wire him his conclusions and then report in person immediately to him in Pottsville. Meanwhile he devoted himself to his customary pursuit of the irritatingly elusive trout inhabiting Turtle Pond and Chasm Brook, attended the monthly fodder of the Sacred Camels of King Menelek, ate prodigiously of Ma Best's griddlecakes, waffles and corn muffins and—looked up a little law.

III

"GOOD morning, Mr. Tutt," chirped Tutt, hopping out of a ramshackle taxi at five o'clock Thursday morning just as his equally ramshackle partner emerged, fishing rod in hand, from the door of the Phœnix House on his way to Chasm Brook.

"Why, Tutt! Good morning, Tutt!" replied Mr. Tutt. "Want to go fishing?"

"I do not!" retorted Tutt snappishly. "All I want is to go to bed. I'm a wreck. My nerves are on the blink. You certainly have given me a run for my money!"

"Whose money, did you say? You don't mean you've been gambling in oil stock!"

Tutt for an instant looked sheepish. "Not much," he mumbled ambiguously, starting up the steps with his valise.

"How much?" insisted his relentless partner.

The appearance of Ma Best saved the unfortunate Tutt from the humiliation of confession. "I would like," he told her, affecting not to have heard his partner's question, "a five-gallon can of black coffee, three dozen fried eggs, a hod of griddlecakes and a red-hot bath."

"Why not add a sunny lot in the Pottsville Village Cemetery?" inquired Mr. Tutt. "Now go to it, Sam. Spill your sad story. . . . Have a stogy?"

Tutt shook his head. "No, I want to avoid that sunny lot you speak of."

"Same old Tutt!" smiled his partner.

"Yep, same old Tutt!" grinned Samuel, his good nature restored by the fragrant coffee. "But, joking aside, you sure sent me on some party. That wire of yours hauled me off the express at Dallas in my pajamas. My belongings were strewn all along the station platform. However, they threw me off in time to catch the local for Valhalla. Valhalla? Gehenna! It took me nine hours. The thermometer was only one hundred and ten inside the baggage car—the coolest place in the train. The country in spots didn't look fit for a self-respecting jack rabbit. I began to wish the Lord had made me a lizard instead of a lawyer. . . . Give me one of those stogies."

Mr. Tutt extended his case.

"And then along about three in the afternoon I got the big bump of my life. We'd been crawling through scrubby sand hills, when all of a sudden over on the horizon I saw what looked like a forest of burned pine trees. 'What's that—a fire?' I asked the baggage man. 'No; derricks,' he said. 'That's the Valhalla oil field. Three months ago there were only sixty inhabitants. Now there's eight thousand.'"

Tutt paused to light the stogy.

"Ever seen an oil-boom town? Well, it's worth the price of admission—almost. It cost me ten dollars a night to sleep on a canvas cot in the pool parlor. They slept 'em in relays. Sandwiches a dollar apiece! Talk about wide-open towns! It was regular Bret Harte—Bill Hart stuff. Two fellers were shot and killed in the Elite Dairy Lunch the night I arrived.

"Go on! Your story interests me strangely," adjured his partner.

"You couldn't move for the crowd on the sidewalks. Everybody, from the sheriff up, was stark, staring mad over oil stock. Even the stores had given up business an' been turned into brokers' offices. Each one had ten or twelve of 'em sitting in little pens, selling stock as fast as they could fill in the certificates. And the reason for it all was that some wildcat promoter, who had organized a company and bought a tract of land at a dollar an acre out among the coyotes, and had put up a derrick and started to drill just as a bluff had accidentally struck oil.

(Continued on Page 106)

Body by Fisher

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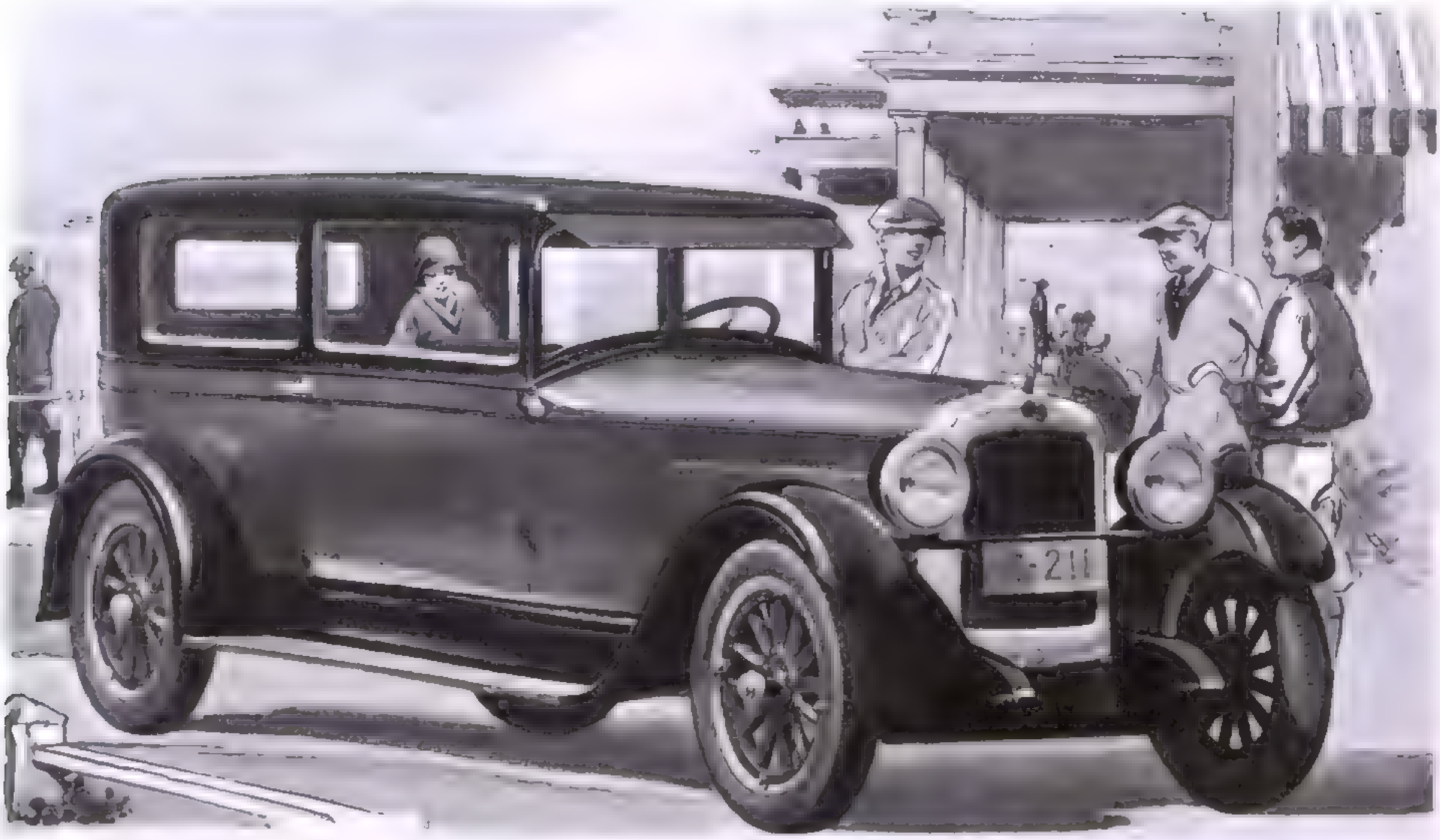

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PONTIAC SIXES

PRODUCTS OF GENERAL MOTORS

(Continued from Page 103)

"No honest citizen had had the slightest reason to suspect there was a drop of oil within five hundred miles. But this bunco steerer had struck it at three hundred feet. It sprayed over the top at about four hundred barrels a day. Thunder Hole jumped from a dollar a share to twelve hundred before the second well was brought in—a gusher. It began to look as if the whole darn county was afloat. Inside of three days every oil man west of the Mississippi was on the way to a place nobody had ever heard of. They came in there by carloads and organized companies by the hundred. They'd buy a few acres alongside semi-proved property, organize and sell out their entire stock issue before starting to spud in. Fact was they'd struck a pool, and they've got flush production running into thousands of barrels, so that Valhalla stinks like a sardine factory and even the mud puddles are scummed with it."

The eyes of Tutt the Lesser had a strange, unearthly gleam. "Say! What I don't know about gassers and gushers and dusters; about leakage and seepage, drillers and rig runners; about lots, blocks, checkerboards and inside corners, leases, options and offsets; about pipe lines and storage tanks; about derricks and tribble boards, crown blocks, bull wheels, drums, cables, bits and cuttings ——" He paused breathless.

"Rave on, oh, Samuel!" quoth Tutt the Greater.

"—— is hardly worth knowing!" finished the little man weakly. "Why, I lived with those fellows for a week at the imminent risk of my valuable life. I wallowed in oil, so to speak. I bet I' l smell of it until my dying day. I've got a permanent coat of it. I'll never have tc buy another bottle of bear's grease or corn salve as long as I live. There's something about it that gets you. When one of those big fellows starts to come in—when the casing is all set and you hear her growling and rumbling down in the bowels of the earth, sense the terrific pressure down there and smell the gas escaping from the casing mouth, and then all of a sudden hear that big bellowin' roar that means she's through, and that column of muddy water, oil and gas goes squirting up into the air—oh, sweet mamma!"

"I'm glad you enjoyed yourself," said Mr. Tutt. "But how about what you went down there for?"

"Roaring Tomcat? A cinch! I got all the dope in ten minutes. When this first well, Thunder Hole, came in there was a rush for Valhalla that made the covered wagon look like a baby carriage. Every square foot within miles of it went up out of sight. In six weeks they had derricks standing in every cabbage patch and chicken run, including the cemetery, and the place looked as crowded with battle masts as Scapa Flow after the surrender of the German fleet. Any feller who wanted to run a wildcat couldn't get any land much nearer the strike than St. Louis.

"Well, sir, they bought it clear across the Llano Estacado—down to Chihuahua. The boom must have reached Mexico City by this time. I picked up the trail of your friends Quelch and Quinby right off. They're well-known wildcat promoters who, when they can't sell oil stock, toss the broads, turn thimbleriggers and grifters—anything to earn a crooked penny. They arrived late, after the rush was over, and had to take what they could get, which happened to be a half section nearly five miles out in the mesquite They toted a few pieces of rusty pipe and a secondhand bull wheel out there, split the land into two pieces, called one of 'em the Spouting Whale and the other the Roaring Tomcat and began to offer their stock Of course everybody gave 'em the laugh."

"Alas! 'Tis as I thought!" sighed Mr. Tutt.

"I don't know what you thought," returned Tutt. "The joke of it is that now it begins to look as if the land might have some value. Oil has been struck within a quarter of a mile and one of the big companies, the Texarkana, is running a tester right alongside the Spouting Whale. If they bring in a well it will put both properties on the map."

"Why don't Quelch and Quinby rig up a derrick on their own land and see what they've got for themselves?" asked Mr. Tutt.

"That's a question I can't answer," replied his partner. "Maybe they haven't any money or maybe they'd rather speculate on its future possibilities. If they drilled they might pull a duster and everything would be over. One thing is absolutely sure though. If the Texarkana people bring in any sort of a well, the Spouting Whale and Roaring Tomcat properties will be worth a good half million apiece."

"What have you done about it?"

"I've hired Pete Kirby—the best oil scout in the business—and put him in right with the Texarkana men. They've let him go on the derrick floor and taste the sand. They all think there's a good chance that she'll come in within the next three or four days. He's going to send me a wire every twelve hours. Hello! Guess there's one of 'em right now!"

A boy on a bicycle was coming up the steps of the Phœnix House with a couple of yellow envelopes in his hand.

"Who are you looking for, sonny?" asked Mr. Tutt.

"Tutt—and Quelch."

"Give me the one for Tutt," said Mr. Tutt, his hand itching for the other. He tore open the envelope. "'Bunk,'" he read aloud. "What does that signify?"

Tutt rubbed his chin after the manner of his preceptor. "It means 'Not so good,'" said he. "Now will you tell me what all this means?"

Mr. Tutt helped himself to a cup of coffee and lit another stogy. "It means," said he, "that we are up against two of the slickest short-change artists in private life. When Quelch and Quinby found that they were too late to buy any land near Valhalla, they looked up the titles to the outlying properties and found that a half section was owned by my friend Mrs. Clinton, a widow here in Pottsville. So Quelch sent the Doodle Bug up here to get an option from her, which he succeeded in doing—for two hundred and fifty dollars. That gave him a chance to give Pottsville the once-over and I guess he decided it looked good. Anyhow, having failed to float the Spouting Whale and Roaring Tomcat in Valhalla, they came back here a couple of weeks ago and have been selling the stuff right and left."

"Have they exercised the option?"

"No; and probably they won't until they are sure it has value."

"Then they don't even own the land?"

"They do not. But they've sold enough stock so that they have money enough to buy it. If anyone should get wise and charge them with obtaining money by false representations as to the ownership of the property, they will merely claim that a legal option is tantamount to ownership. Of course I can force them to buy in the land, but I don't want to—if it's worth a million dollars."

"I should say not!" declared Tutt.

"Even if I had them arrested, I doubt if any jury would convict them under the circumstances; for although they would not have been the legal owners of the land when they sold the stock, they would be when they came to trial. In other words, they would have made good."

"Pretty specious," commented Tutt, "since they can only make their representation true by spending the money they were able to steal by virtue of its falsity. That's lifting yourself by your own boot straps. Still, I guess if you were defending 'em you could manage to get 'em off."

"I rather think so," agreed the elder partner. "We must see what happens in Valhalla. The question is how to make Quelch and Quinby buy the land if it proves valueless and how to prevent their doing so if oil is struck. Can you answer it?"

"I should say not!" answered Tutt dismally. "Ask me another—that's easier!"

IV

THAT the two Tutts were not the only ones on tenterhooks was evidenced by the fact that Messrs. Quelch and Quinby had discontinued their campaign for the Roaring Tomcat and spent their time either hanging around the station telegraph or in Squire Mason's law office. Never in the history of Pottsville had so many inscrutable messages come over the wires. But for every telegram received by the promoters came one or more for Tutt & Tutt. It would have been hard to say which of the famous firm was the more nervous, as during the next forty-eight hours the tidings from Valhalla became more and more discouraging. By Thursday midnight Pete Kirby had wired that the symptoms were no longer favorable. Apparently the drill had passed through the sand without raising any oil. It might prove to be a dust hole. Mr. Tutt could not sleep, neither could he fish.

Pete's next wire came after breakfast the next morning: "Nothing at fifteen hundred feet. Texarkana going to stop drilling at sixteen hundred." At noon: "Dry as the Sahara."

That settled it. After luncheon Mr. Tutt motored up to Mrs. Clinton's. He found her in the kitchen and told her the latest news. "What do you wish me to do?" he asked her. "If I act promptly I may be able to bulldoze those fellows into buying your land for fear of going to jail. They've got the money in the bank. What do you want me to do?"

Mrs. Clinton mopped her forehead. "But you say they got the money by claiming they owned the land when in fact they didn't, because I owned it. They got it by cheating, so if I make them give me that money for the land I'll be benefiting by the fraud. Isn't that so?"

Mr. Tutt gave her an approving glance. His heart warmed to her. He knew that the ten thousand dollars within her grasp meant comfort and security for her old age, and education for her son. "Yes," he said quietly. "Undoubtedly it is so."

"Then I won't take it!" she declared valiantly.

"Do you realize just what you are giving up?" he asked. She nodded and turned away her head. "Is this final?" She nodded again. The old lawyer bent over, took the hand, callous and red from toil, and raised it to his lips. "Mrs. Clinton, you are a good woman," he said. "I honor you."

"Well, Mrs. Best, I guess we'll be checking out in the morning," Doc Quelch was saying as Mr. Tutt entered the Phœnix. "We've had a mighty pleasant stay here and we'll certainly recommend your dump to our friends. How'd you like to take a little stock in the Roaring Tomcat in liquidation of our account?"

"No, thank you," answered Ma cheerily. "I'm too old to speculate, an' need al. my money."

"It ain't a speculation it's an investment," Doc assured her. "Still, I never urge no one. Maybe you're wise, at that What t me does the train for Chicago pull through?"

"At 10:30."

"Well, that'll give us time for breakfast."

"And time to withdraw all that money from the bank before you start, damn you!" muttered Mr. Tutt to himself

Upstairs in his bedroom, the old lawyer paced up and down, up and down, smoking stogy after stogy, while word percolated through the town that the Doodle Bugs were moving on, and along with it went a rumor of unknown origin to the effect that the Roaring Tomcat was not all that it had been cracked up to be. Over at Colson's Grocery and Meachem's Notion Store it was hotly alleged that these two fellers weren't nothin' but a pair of sharpers, even if nobody was in a position to prove it, and a committee was appointed to go over to the Phœnix House and ask Mr. Tutt what could be done to get their money back. The committee, consisting of Sam Bellows and Cy Pennypacker, accordingly waited on Mr. Tutt, who heard them through and then dismissed them with his blessing.

"I'm not in the oil business," he remarked. "If you were such fools as to be taken in by that wiggle stick, you deserve to be trimmed."

It was a hostile and embittered group of citizens who gathered early next morning at the Pottsville station to watch the departure of the promoters. Everybody was there, including Ma Best, the sour-visaged Squire Mason, the two Tutts and the entire local lodge of the Brotherhood of Abyssinian Mysteries, who, to a camel, had all been stung. No further word had come from Valhalla. Even Pete Kirby's usual evening telegram had failed of arrival. At a quarter past ten Messrs. Quelch and Quinby emerged from the hotel, entered the town taxi and drove to the bank, from which they shortly emerged with an air of satisfaction. No attempt had been made to obstruct the withdrawal of their funds. The crowd about the platform greeted them with unmistakable signs of disapproval. Even Toggery Bill Gookin seemed somehow to have lost his enthusiasm. Only Squire Mason vouchsafed the pair a word of greeting—and he was hoping to collect his bill.

No, there was nothing to be done about it but stand there gaping like a lot of hicks, which they jolly well knew they were. They stood while Doc Quelch handed Squire Mason a fistful of bills which he peeled from a large crisp roll, and while Doodle Bug Quinby casually purchased a compartment to Chicago from a roll of equally impressive proportions. A rumbling came from the track, and to those disappointed agriculturists, that rumble sounded like a mocking echo of their lost hopes—Roaring Tomcat. Around the curve two miles distant swept the Flyer.

Doc Quelch picked up his valise with just a hint of nervousness—remembering the time he had had his ribs kicked in upon a like occasion in Oklahoma. Mr. Quinby followed, with Squire Mason. A whistle came from the train, now only a quarter of a mile away.

At that instant Ed Tompkins, the telegrapher, craned from the window. "Say, Quelch," he hollered, "there's a telegram just come for you. An' one for Mr. Tutt."

The promoter dropped his valise and dashed to the window. Mr. Tutt got his envelope first, over the oil man's shoulder. It read:

VALHALLA, TEXAS
7:50 A.M., JUNE 4, 1927.

HURRAH! TEXARKANA JUST BROUGHT IN GUSHER. LOOKS GOOD FOR THREE THOUSAND BARRELS A DAY. CONGRATULATIONS! WOW!
PETE KIRBY

Mr. Tutt almost lost consciousness.

It was only twenty-nine minutes to eleven and the Doodle Bugs had all the time necessary to exercise their option, which they doubtless intended instantly to do. Squire Mason was just climbing in after his two clients. He must act quickly.

"Excuse me, Squire Mason," said Mr. Tutt, stepping forward with his mollifying smile. "My client, Mrs. Clinton, tells me that Professor Quinby here has an option on some land belonging to her which expires at noon today. As a matter of convenience, may I inquire what he proposes to do?"

Squire Mason started. He had had, up to that time, no suspicion that his ancient enemy was in any way involved in the transaction. For a moment he was without words to reply.

Not so Professor Quinby. "I'm going to take over the land, of course," said he, sticking his head out of the taxi. "Squire Mason has prepared the deed and we're going right out now to Mrs. Clinton's to have her sign it."

(Continued on Page 111)

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Every working day for almost half a century the Reznor Manufacturing Company has been building successful gas heaters for the home. Every day has added its bit to the knowledge of what a gas heater for the home should be!

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For months this marvelous new development in gas heating has been scrutinized by gas company experts and experienced home makers, with surprise at its performance and outstanding attractiveness. Keen merchants have inspected it and have pronounced it just what the discriminating home owner has hoped for!

Your home can now have, in Reznor Orthoray, new comfort in heating, comfort at close range; wide, sweeping, quick chill-dispelling warmth throughout the room; unequalled safety; sustained efficiency and dependability combined with irresistible beauty and cheer!

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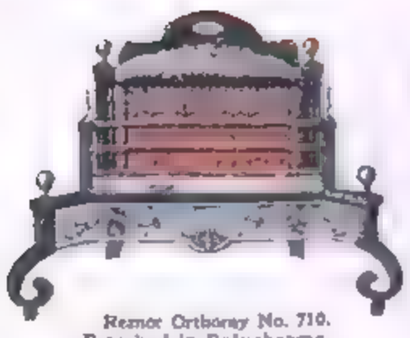

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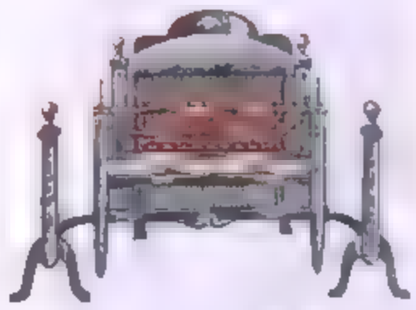

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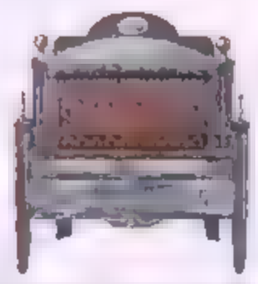

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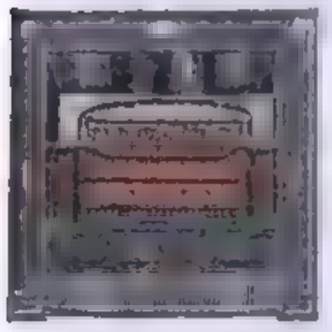

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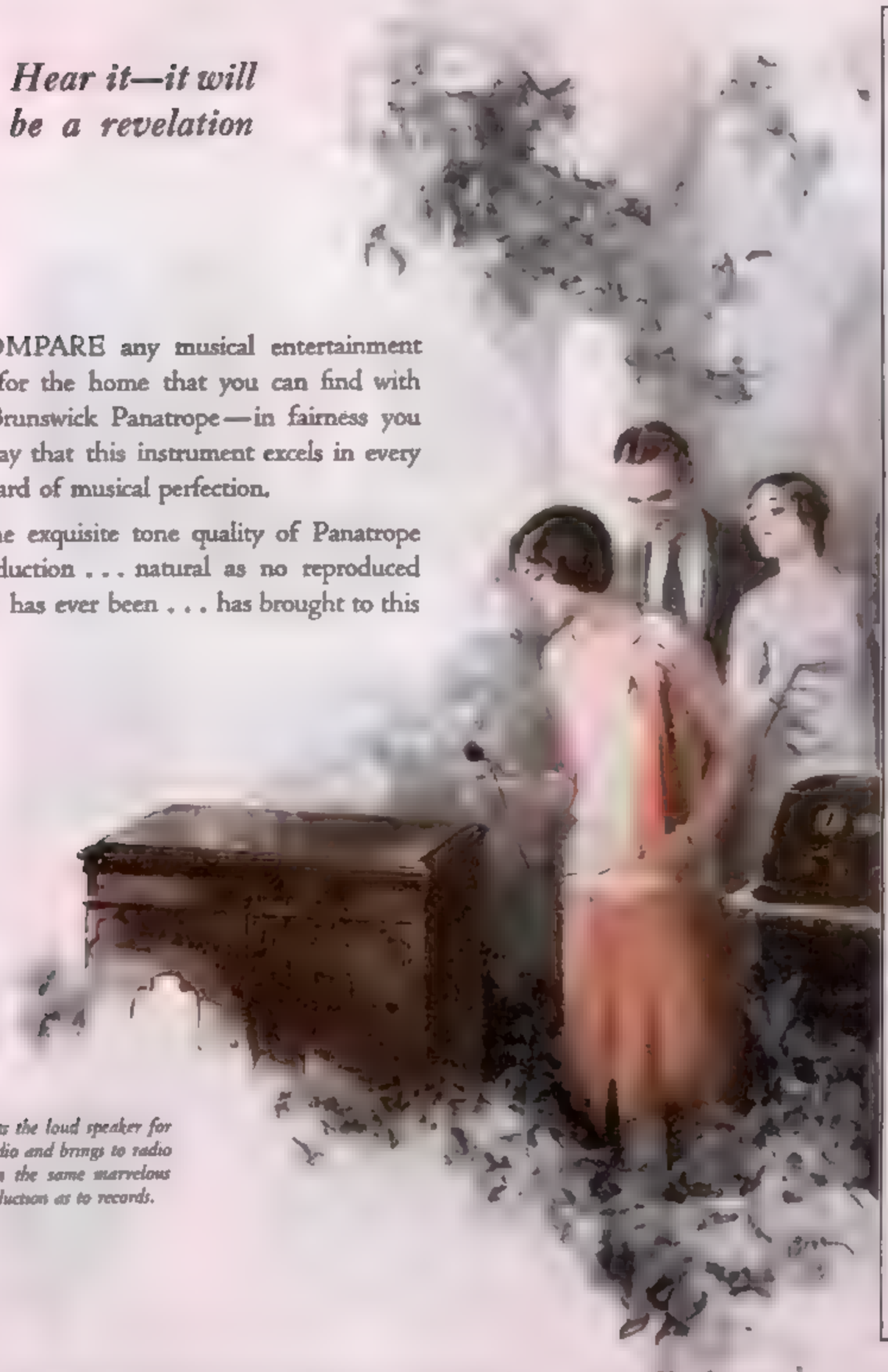

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The exquisite tone quality of Panatrope reproduction . . . natural as no reproduced music has ever been . . . has brought to this instrument wide popularity in a short period of time. No other reproducing method gives you music so rich, so colorful, so utterly true to life.

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Convenient terms

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THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO., CHICAGO, NEW YORK IN CANADA, TORONTO. BRANCHES IN ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES

(Continued from Page 106)

"In that case, would you mind taking me with you?" inquired Mr. Tutt.

"Sure, come along! The more the merrier," nodded Quelch.

Mr. Tutt stepped back and caught his partner's wrist. "Sneak over to the bank, Sam, and watch everything that happens until I send for you," he said.

The two Doodle Bugs were very jovial on the way out to Mrs. Clinton's, and they found Mr. Tutt equally the soul of good nature.

It was seven minutes to eleven as they pulled into the Clinton farmyard. The widow met them at the door, her arms covered with flour.

"Mr. Quelch has decided to exercise his option," explained Mr. Tutt. "Entirely on his own volition," he added in a whisper.

"Excuse my appearance, gentlemen," she said. "I'd given up hoping you'd want my land."

"Better late than never," replied Quelch. "If you'll just dig out the old ink bottle and family pen and put your John Hancock on this little paper, you'll get your ten thousand dollars—easy money."

"Make yourselves comfortable, gentlemen," said Mr. Tutt, arranging chairs for them around the sitting-room table and offering his case of stogies around the circle. Quinby wrinkled his nose. "Guess I'll stick to my own," he said. "I ain't much on them rat tails."

Mr. Tutt selected one with some care and lit it with deliberation, for every minute counted; then he adjusted his spectacles, and spreading out the deed upon the table, studied it minutely.

"Who's going to take acknowledgment?" he asked.

"That's all right," answered Squire Mason. "I'm a notary."

"Well," said Mr. Tutt, apparently trying to conceal disappointment, "I guess the deed is all right. Now how about your money?"

"Righto!" Quelch took from his wallet a certified check for ten thousand dollars to his own order, drawn on the Pottsville National Bank, and indorsed it, with the remark, "I guess this'll do you."

Mr. Tutt studied it thoughtfully. "Well," said he, "while this check might do us, as you say, under other circumstances, I cannot accept it."

"Why not?" demanded Quelch. "The money is right in the bank."

"I haven't a doubt of that," returned Mr. Tutt; "but Squire Mason will tell you that no check, even if issued by the state treasurer, is good legal tender."

"But this is certified," interposed Squire Mason brusquely.

"Makes no difference," returned the old lawyer. "Certification has no bearing on legal tender."

Squire Mason grunted. "Of course if you want to be technical ——" he began.

"It's not that I wish at all to be technical," explained Mr. Tutt gently, "but the option calls for ten thousand dollars. My duty is to see that its terms are properly carried out, particularly when my client stands to lose a large sum of money by the transaction."

"Is that right, squire?" asked Quelch.

"I reckon it is, if he wants to make the point," replied the squire grudgingly. "Best thing for us to do is to take Mrs. Clinton with us down to my office. While she is signing and acknowledging the deed, you can run over to the bank and change the check into money."

Eleven-ten! The tiniest gleam of hope, just the tiniest, sprang up in the old lawyer's breast.

"I hope you'll give me time to wash up and change my dress," said Mrs. Clinton naïvely. Bless her for those feminine words, uttered purely out of the innocence of her heart! Her simple primping would be good for at least ten minutes. But since all was going apparently so well, neither the Doodle Bugs nor their lawyer saw fit to interpose any objection to so modest a request, and it was twenty-three minutes past eleven before the widow reappeared in her best black bombazine cape and little old-fashioned bonnet, and 11:31 when the party arrived in front of Squire Mason's law office. Quelch, who had stepped across the street to the bank, overtook them almost before they had got upstairs.

"Ten thousand dollars—count it!" he chirped, tossing a package of bank notes on the table around which the party were seated.

They were fresh hundreds of the National City Bank of New York and bore the well-known lineaments of Benjamin Harrison. Mr. Tutt unpinned the paper strip confining the bills, shot his cuffs, pulled up a chair, and examining each with microscopic attention, commenced counting, while Quelch and Quinby looked on impatiently—five seconds to a bill, twelve bills to the minute. It took him slightly under ten minutes. It was 11:41 when he finished counting.

"Well," he said slowly, "those are perfectly good bank notes, but I can't accept them as legal tender."

"Not legal tender!" ejaculated Messrs. Quelch, Quinby and Mason in chorus. "What are you giving us?"

"The law," answered Mr. Tutt dryly. "National bank notes are not legal tender for the payment of private debts, and never have been."

"Is that right, squire?" demanded Quelch.

Squire Mason had turned brick-red. "That's a new one on me—if it's so!" he snapped. "But I don't admit that it is so. Let's see one of them notes." He picked it up. Certainly it looked good, like the realest sort of real money, as, indeed, to all intents and purposes, it was. But there was nothing on the face to indicate the purposes for which the note was issued. The superscription merely stated that the National City Bank of New York would pay the bearer on demand one hundred dollars and that the note was secured by United States bonds deposited with the Treasurer of the United States of America.

Quelch turned it over and examined its obverse side.

"National currency," it read. "This note is receivable at par in all parts of the United States in payment of all taxes and excises, and all other dues to the United States, except duties on imports, and also for all salaries and other debts and demands owed by the United States to individuals and corporations and associations within the United States, except interest on the public debt."

"Well, squire," inquired Mr. Tutt, "are you satisfied to make a legal tender with these notes and let it go at that?"

Seventeen minutes to twelve! "Sister Anne—Sister Anne, do you see anybody coming?"

"What's all this rot about legal tender anyway?" roared Quelch. "You must be a bum lawyer, Mason."

The squire swallowed several times without reply. "Guess you'll have to try something else, Mr. Quelch; you've got plenty of time to get money that will satisfy this old pettifogger here."

"Thank you kindly, squire," smiled Mr. Tutt. "All I ask is that you fulfill the requirements of the law."

Grabbing up the notes, Quelch bolted from the room. A moment later, as reported by Tutt, who was ensconced behind the radiator, he burst into the bank and rushed up to the cashier's window. "Here," he shouted, "give me something else! These bills don't suit."

The cashier looked at him in surprise. "I'll give you anything you want long's we've got it," he answered.

"Well, what have you got?" asked Quelch breathlessly.

The cashier cast his eye over the piles of bills in front of him. "Most any kind of national bank notes, some Treasury notes in small denominations and Federal Reserve notes."

Quelch's eye lit on a beautiful pile of Federal Reserve notes of the denomination of one hundred dollars each. "Got ten thousand in those?"

"Sure," replied the cashier, counting them out and taking the national bank notes in exchange.

It lacked thirteen minutes to twelve when the promoter once more entered Squire Mason's office. "There!" he said. "I guess that'll hold you for a while!"

"For about thirteen minutes only!" was Mr. Tutt's mental comment.

Once more he carefully inspected the notes, but this time, out of consideration for the feelings of the two oil men, he occupied only a few seconds less than five minutes. "Sorry," he said at length, stacking the bills and handing them back to Quelch. "They make ten thousand dollars, but they don't constitute one cent of legal tender."

This time Hezekiah Mason turned pale; so did both promoters. Each grabbed one of the notes and studied it intensely.

"Since Squire Mason doesn't seem to be familiar with the law of legal tender, Mr. Quelch, I will state for your benefit upon some other like question—which I hope will not arise—that the paper in your hand, although it reads 'The United States of America will pay the bearer on demand $100,' is not legal tender for the payment of private debts, although no doubt it is generally used for that purpose. The inscription says: 'This note is receivable by all national and member banks and Federal Reserve banks, and for all taxes, customs and other public dues. It is redeemable in gold on demand at the Treasury Department of the United States in the City of Washington, District of Columbia, or in gold or lawful money at any Federal Reserve bank.' Note the words 'redeemable in gold or lawful money,' which contain the clear implication that the note itself is not legal tender. If, however, you are satisfied to make your tender in Federal Reserve notes, you can do so at your own risk. I refuse to receive them." The two oil men looked threateningly at their counsel.

Eight minutes to twelve!

"What kind of money do you want?" snarled Mason.

"It's quite immaterial to me in what form you pay my client the ten thousand dollars so long as it's legal tender," answered Mr. Tutt. "Suit yourselves."

"Do you know what legal tender is, Mason?" sneered Quelch.

"Why, sure!" stammered the squire. "Of course I ain't on to all the catches and fine points about bank notes, but I do know that United States gold certificates and Treasury notes, or some of them anyhow, are legal tender."

He pulled from his pocket a United States gold certificate for ten dollars bearing an engraving of Michael Hillegas, the first Treasurer of the United States, and read the superscription: "'This certificate is a legal tender in the amount thereof in payment of all debts and dues public and private. Acts of March 14, 1900, as amended, and December 24, 1919.'

"While I'm reasonably sure that Federal Reserve notes are good legal tender, there's no use taking any chances. You still have time before twelve o'clock to go over to the bank and get gold or gold certificates."

Back to the bank rushed Quelch, to find the cashier on the point of closing the safe. "Hold on! Wait a minute!" yelled Quelch. "I want either gold or United States gold certificates for these."

"Oh, you do, do you?" growled the cashier. "Don't you suppose this bank has anything else to do than make change for a man who can't make up his own mind? I told you before we haven't any United States gold certificates. Anyhow, I've just locked the bill drawer. If you want gold, there it is, take it—and good riddance to you!" He heaved a canvas bag from the floor of the safe and shoved it across the counter. "Ain't you going to count it?" he asked.

"No; ain't got time. If it's not right I'll come back," answered Quelch. "Look

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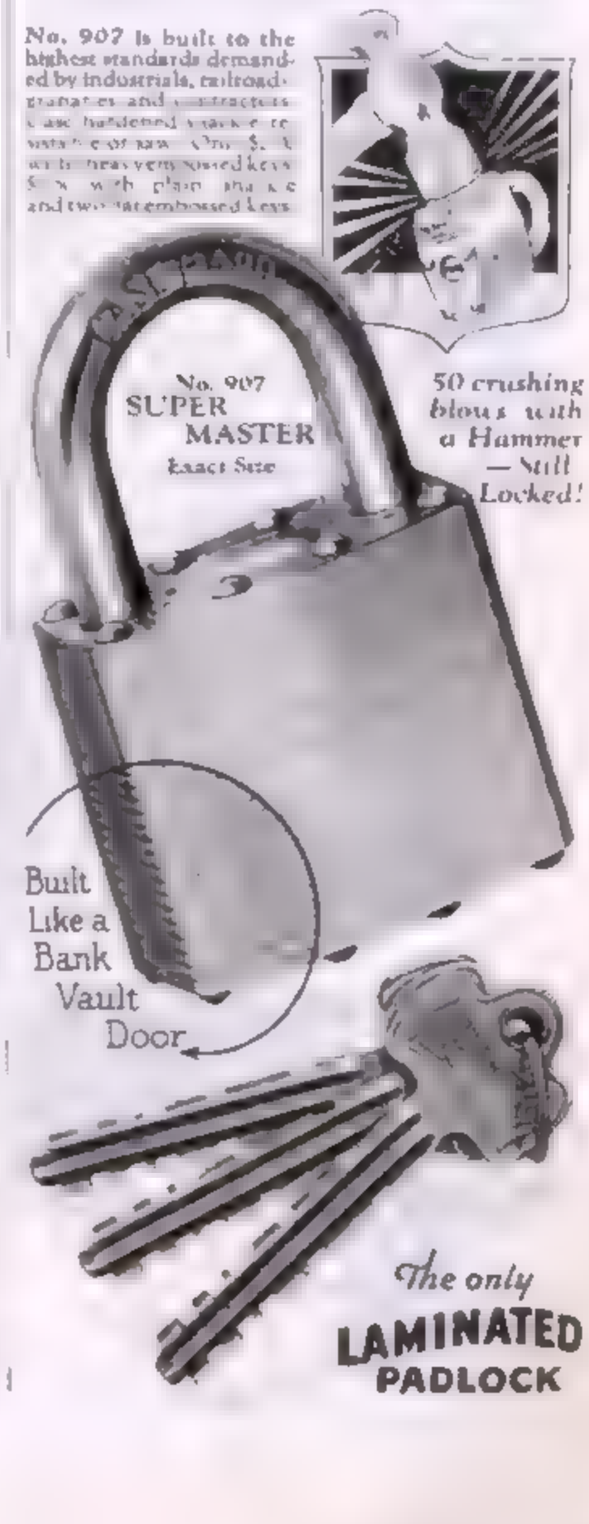
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here, though. In case there's any doubt, better give me whatever cash you've got. How much is in your drawer?"

The cashier looked at his memorandum check beside the window. "Three hundred—flat," he replied.

"All right, give it to me. Only hurry up about it! Here, use my hat."

Into Mr. Quelch's ten-gallon hat the cashier poured the entire contents of the cash drawer—silver dollars, halves, quarters, dimes, nickels, even pennies.

"Don't you want me help you carry it?"

"Oh, I'll manage," gasped Quelch, staggering toward the door, holding the bag of gold in his left hand and clasping the brimming hat to his bosom with his right. One minute to twelve!

"There!" he shouted, dumping the whole business on Squire Mason's table. "There's your ten thousand dollars, in gold coin of the realm, and three hundred extra for good luck. Turn that down if you dare, you old fox!"

Just then the whistle on Sampson's lumber mill blew twelve o'clock noon.

"You ran it pretty close, Brother Quelch," remarked Mr. Tutt. "Although you have given me no time to count it, nevertheless, if there is ten thousand dollars here in legal tender of the United States, I shall have no choice but to direct my client to execute the deed. Now that the time for exercising the option has expired, we can proceed more leisurely. In the first place, let's count what's in the bag."

Across the square the cashier was just locking up the bank. Something of what had been going on must have somehow reached the ears of the citizens of Pottsville, for a crowd of shareholders of the Roaring Tomcat had collected on the sidewalk in front of Squire Mason's law office. The sight of Doctor Quelch zigzagging across the street like an over-freighted argosy of gold had been enough to apprise them that something was stirring. Among them could be seen Sheriff Moses Higgins, ex-Deputy Samuel Bellows, *et al.*—the *al.* consisting of an advance guard of the huskiest camels in all King Menelek's many herds.

"Eighty-five—ninety—ninety-five—one hundred—ten thousand dollars," finished Mr. Tutt, giving the last shining piece a fillip that sent it sliding across the table into the lap of Squire Mason. "'Ten thousand dollars in gold coin of the United States, but not legal tender at their nominal value 'if below the standard weight and limit of tolerance provided by law for the single piece, and when reduced in weight below such standard and tolerance,' only 'legal tender at valuation in proportion to their actual weight.'"

"Well, what of it?" inquired Quelch, not particularly impressed by Mr. Tutt's feat of memory.

"What of it?" echoed the old lawyer. "Merely that this pile of gold has value for your purpose only to the extent of its actual weight, that value being figured according to law at 25.8 grains to the dollar."

"Do you mean to say that you are going through the tomfoolery of weighing that gold?" asked Mason.

"I certainly am," answered Mr. Tutt, "as soon as Mr. McLaurin can bring over his scales. If only you had United States gold certificates! 'More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold,' as"—he looked at Quelch—"the Good Book says."

"Balderdash!" sneered the squire. "There's enough money in this room to make up any deficiency a dozen times."

"We shall see! We shall see!" smiled Mr. Tutt.

Messrs. Quelch and Quinby watched the weighing as performed by Mr. McLaurin with a feigned and supercilious indifference. It took the jeweler some time, and by the end of the proceedings Central Square was swarming with curious and excited burghers. The weighing completed, Mr. McLaurin made some elaborate calculations.

"I figure the total weight of these gold pieces," said he, "to be five thousand grains less than standard and tolerance; in other words, owing to abrasion, it's a little over two hundred dollars short of ten thousand." He looked inquiringly around the circle. "Is there anything else you want of me?"

"That's all right," said Quelch, dumping the contents of the hat on the table. "Here's three hundred cash right out of the till more than enough to make up the deficiency if there is any."

"Let us see," commented Mr. Tutt "Mr. McLaurin, will you help me separate these coins into piles? . . . Does anybody else wish to count them?" he inquired, as he placed the last nickel on the top of its appropriate mound. "No? Very well then. I find in this miscellaneous collection of chicken feed thirteen silver dollars, twenty-eight dollars in halves, thirty-five dollars in quarters, twenty-one dollars in dimes, one package containing twenty national-bank notes of the denomination of five dollars each, ten Federal Reserve notes of the denomination of ten dollars each, two dollars and a half in nickels, and forty-nine coppers, totaling two hundred and ninety-nine dollars and ninety-nine cents. Have you got the Code of Laws of the United States issued by the Superintendent of Public Documents at Washington, Squire Mason? Ah, I see you have!" He reached the book from the shelf and turned to Title 31, Money and Finance, Chapter 9, Legal Tender, Sections 451 to 461.

"Of course, gentlemen, you know already that bank notes and Federal Reserve notes are not legal tender. The balance of this silver and small change is only good legal tender in the amount of twenty-three dollars and twenty-five cents."

"Poppycock!" exploded Squire Mason.

"Not unless the statutes of the United States are poppycock," retorted Mr. Tutt. "Which in some cases—although not in this—I agree that they are. The thirteen silver dollars lying on the table are good legal tender under Section 458. But under Section 459, entitled Subsidiary Silver Coin, the silver coins of the United States of smaller denominations than one dollar can be used as legal tender only to the amount of ten dollars. As to the rest, according to Section 490, 'The minor coins of the United States shall be a legal tender at their nominal value for any amount not exceeding twenty-five cents in any one payment.' These half dollars, quarters and dimes are good therefore for only ten dollars, and the balance of nickels and pennies is worth just twenty-five cents and no more. I decline to receive your tender on the ground that it is short at least two hundred and seventy-five dollars. I must not have my client say, 'You have ta'en these tenders for true pay, which are not sterling'—a remark which, if you possess a book of popular quotations, you will recognize as coming from what the learned author calls 'HAM. I, iii, 106.' Mrs. Clinton, permit me to congratulate you on continuing to be the legal owner of a piece of property which all but slipped out of your possession, and which, if I am correctly informed, is worth a very considerable sum of money."

Quelch and Quinby had risen to their feet and were glowering at Mr. Tutt as if they would tear him limb from limb. "You can't pull any bunk like that on us!" roared Quelch. "We've had enough of this flapdoodlery! Take your money, Mrs. Clinton, and sign the deed."

"She will not sign any deed," said Mr. Tutt quietly. "Neither will she accept your money."

"How about this, Mason?" The squire's face had been growing grimmer and grimmer as he perused the code lying on the table

"Well," he stammered, "I don't know as I can exactly express an opinion; it would take some going into. If Mrs. Clinton won't sign, I guess I'll have to bring an equitable action to compel a specific performance."

"You're a hell of a lawyer!" bellowed Quelch. "This is a fine mess you've got us into! What do you say, Quinby? How about taking our money and getting out?" He began tossing the gold back into the bag. Mr. Tutt watched him complacently as Quelch threw in the last piece, tied the string around the mouth of the bag and picked up his hat.

"Thank you, Mr. Quelch," said he. "That was most polite of you. However, although you may take your hat, you may not take the money."

Quelch turned threateningly toward the old lawyer. "Look here," he said, "I've heard about enough from you!"

Mr. Tutt leaned back in his chair and selecting a particularly villainous-looking stogy, lit it with deliberation. "Well," he chuckled, winking at the astounded group about the table, "you're going to hear one thing more. Ask Mr. Higgins to step in here a minute, Tom."

The two promoters leaped toward the door, but fell quickly back as the sheriff entered "Good afternoon, gentlemen," he drawled. "Did I hear anyone mention my name?"

Doc's nose was a blot of blue on a sheet of white paper, the professor a jibbering, lackluster, gaping ghost.

"Sheriff, arrest these two men for grand larceny under false pretenses," directed Mr. Tutt.

"Pooh!" swaggered Quelch. "Who's makin' any complaint against us?"

"Only about sixty-seven Roaring Tomcats at the foot of the stairs," Mr. Tutt informed him. "It looks like a lynching party."

The Doodle Bugs stared helplessly at each other. There was no means of escape, for the only windows overlooked the street and the door was occupied by the sheriff

"Come on, boys," said he. "I'll just slip on the nippers so's not to give the bunch down there any excuse for thinkin' you might try to make a get-away. You can now join me in a little promenade to the calaboose."

"You won't keep us there long," quoth Quelch. "There's money enough here to bail us out pretty darn quick."

"Sorry," answered Mr. Tutt, handing the sheriff a bunch of papers. "I'll have to disappoint you again. The sheriff is going to impound that money in a civil action for fraud brought by those same stockholders. Maybe you'll see it again—maybe not. Incidentally, it might interest you to know that Mrs. Clinton is going to organize a company to develop her property and give her old friends and neighbors a chance to come in on the ground floor. Can you guess what she's going to call it, Quinby?"

The promoter uttered a suppressed oath.

"She's going to call it The Doodle Bug," said Mr. Tutt.

Mr. Tutt was smoking his last—to wit, his thirty-seventh—stogy before going to bed. He had lost his usual Saturday morning fishing in Chasm Brook, but he felt no regrets. On the contrary, an expression of happiness illumined his gaunt old face as he sat pensively smoking, with his chair tilted against the wall and his feet crossed on the table.

"Holy crickets," he muttered, "that was a darn close squeeze—the closest I ever had in my whole life." He swung his legs from the table and stood up. "Gosh, it sure was!" he ejaculated, slapping his knee.

Ma Best, who was bringing up a pitcher of hot water for Mr. Tutt's customary nightcap of "malt extract," stopped short as she saw the old man suddenly lift a coat tail in either hand and begin capering around the room. Could it be that Mr. Tutt was trying to sing? Sakes alive! He certainly was! She even recognized the words·

I run the old mill way down by Reubenville;
My name is Joshu-ay Ebenezer Fry;
I know a thing or two—you bet your life I do!
Can't catch me, for I'm too darn sly!

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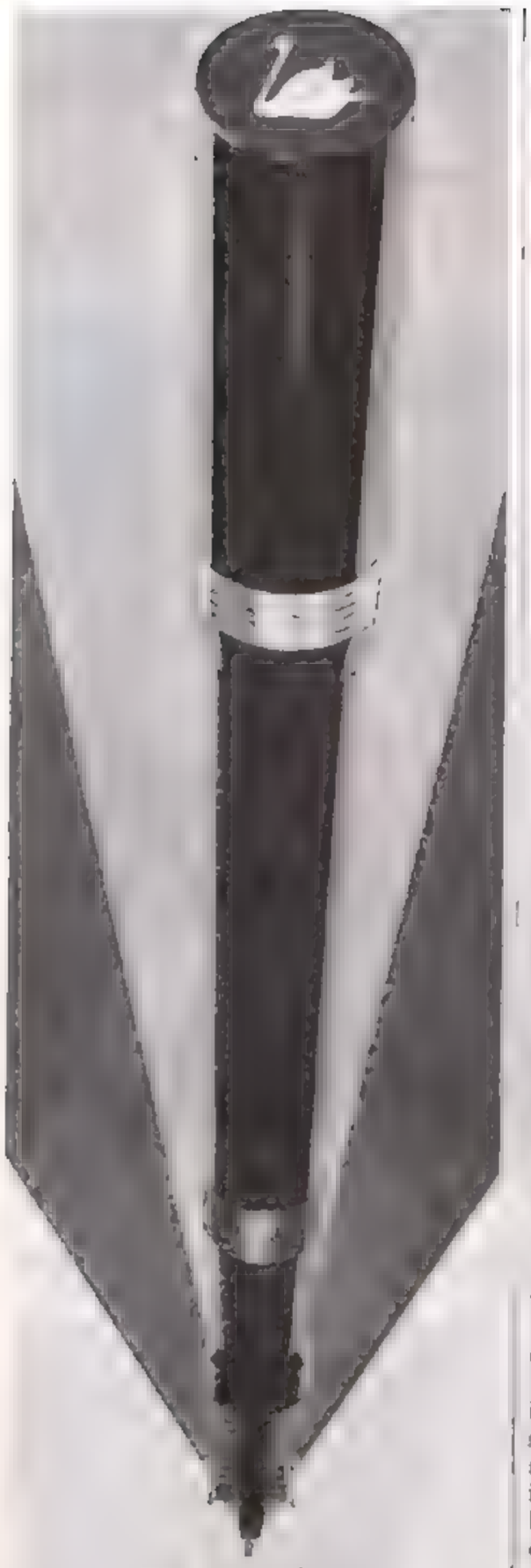

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about pens and
writing
with them

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Swan
PENS

FLOATERS

(Continued from Page 17)

and dumped the contents overboard. He looked about him and saw that the decks were deserted. His watch indicated that it lacked a moment or two of nine o'clock and he realized that his hour had struck.

"At exactly nine," he said, "I will do it."

A brisk breeze was blowing from the southeast and the sea was moderately rough. Mr. Bean removed his clubs one by one from their leather reticule and tossed them stoically into the foam. He threw the bag itself into the sea, remembering sadly that it had cost him fifty-two dollars. He then threw his cap overboard, peered at his watch again and stood ready for the final act, with one foot on the lower rail.

"Farewell," he said, to a world that had no response. "I now go to a better place."

He paused again and surveyed the quiet decks.

"One," he said, meaning to count to three and do it.

"Two," he said, lifting his right leg.

Then came the disaster which has never been explained in the shipping records, and so, of course, nobody knows precisely what happened. The general and popular theory is that the Central Asia exploded like a balloon tire on a hot boulevard. It was hinted in some of the reports that she carried nitroglycerin for a firm in Java, while others claimed that she was a condemned ship and never should have left port. Another theory was that she collided with a floating mine, dropped by a German raider during the war. But all this is idle speculation, the single fact being that something fatal happened to the Central Asia and made it needless for Dabney Bean to climb the rail and leap, for he was cast into the Pacific Ocean amid the other wreckage.

He gasped once, swallowed a pint of pure ocean and became unconscious.

When reason returned, the sun was shining. Mr. Bean was sitting upon a sandy stretch of beach and there was a strange and beautiful girl bending over him anxiously. He looked at her and realized that he had never before seen such a beautiful creature.

"Where am I?" he inquired, remembering that he had started for the next world.

"I don't know," she said, and Dabney noticed that she had a lovely voice. He saw, too, when she shook her head, that her hair was a Titian red, inclining to bronze, and that the effect when the sun struck upon it was marvelous.

"Where do you suppose we are?" he asked. "And where's everybody else?"

"We are doubtless on a desert island," said the maid. "Everyone else has been lost at sea."

"Oh," said Dabney. "Were you on that boat?"

"I was. I was sitting quietly in my chair, and the next thing I knew ——"

"We are very fortunate," commented Mr. Bean. "We must be the sole survivors."

"Yes," said the girl, "we are."

"Are you married?" he inquired.

"No," she said. "Are you?"

"I am not; and there's a funny thing, because when a couple of nice people meet each other one of them is generally married. . . . What's your name?"

"Violet Jones, from Winchester, Kansas."

"I'm John Dabney Bean," he said, shaking hands with her formally, "and I am the only floater player left on earth."

"What is a floater?" she asked, thinking he meant some sort of water game. He explained in brief detail. He sketched his entire life and the sorrows that had led him to the lee rail of the Central Asia.

"And you were actually going to jump overboard?" Violet asked in sympathetic surprise.

"Yes," he said, "but that was last night, and now everything is changed, because I have met you, Violet, and I know that you are the only woman in the world for me. I don't know how you feel about it, but I believe in love at first sight and I know now that I have never been in love till this minute."

"Maybe," she said, with a slight shudder; "but I fear it is too late. Just turn around and look behind you."

Up to this point in the conversation Dabney had been reclining against the trunk of a hill tree, facing the sea, and he now turned and stared at a most surprising spectacle. Sitting in a silent circle, two deep, was a small army of murderous-looking savages, armed with knives, spears, axes, inatas, bolos and other implements indicative of an active life. They were only partly clad, but were brightly painted.

"Who might they be?" Dabney asked, but Violet only shook her Titian tresses and moved nearer him for protection.

"They look like cannibals," she replied. "I don't like the way they act at all, for they have been sitting perfectly still like that for the last hour."

The castaways glanced politely at the ferocious aborigines, who stared back from their motionless and clammy circle. There was a general air of waiting, and light was cast upon this presently by the arrival of eight chair carriers, who came swaying down the beach with a native hantu upon which lolled a fat man.

"There's the boss," Dabney remarked, sitting up at once. "There is the high-muck-a-muck of this island and I'll bet on it."

The savages leaped to their feet and saluted. Dabney stood up and the beautiful Violet clung to his arm and shivered.

"Pardon me," began Mr. Bean, as the king's bearers halted and lowered the royal gentleman's sedan. "We are strangers here and we would like to know just what island this is."

The king eyed him sourly and grunted. He was an unnaturally large man, a very behemoth, who had obviously let himself run to seed. His portly figure slopped over the edges of the riding chair and his obese legs waggled loosely in the sun. Plainly here was a royal geezer out of training and overfed.

"It won't make any difference to you where you are," he said gruffly. "You can bet on that."

"Oh," said Dabney, and Violet shivered anew.

"I would like to know," she began timidly, "if this happens to be a cannibal island."

"Do those boys look like vegetarians to you?" he asked. "I don't mind informing you that even now preparations are under way over the hill for the annual barbecue and fiesta, and you two floated ashore just in time."

Mr. Bean paled visibly and put his arm around Violet. "You don't mean — " he asked shakily.

"I mean just that," said the king. "Personally I am on a diet of parsnips and spinach, on account of a little trouble, but the boys are different and on their toes for a special meal. We haven't had any boiled Nordic around here in years."

"When does the atrocity take place?" Bean asked.

"At noon," responded the king. "That gives you two hours."

The savages rose and began a slow dance upon the seashore, and Dabney looked at the lovely Violet in deep distress.

"This is terrible," he said. "After a wasted life I meet you here, and now we have only two hours to go."

"Never mind," Violet returned. "Something might turn up."

"If it doesn't," said he, with a bitter smile, "I hope we give them indigestion."

The possibility of something turning up seemed remote, the only objects in sight being stray bits of wreckage, in which the savage horde now began to show interest. It was apparent that besides radio sets for the Oriental trade, the Central Asia likewise had carried golf supplies for the Royal Calcutta Tournament. Boxes drifting ashore, upon being broken open by the eager natives, disclosed nothing but golf bags, little wooden tees and shining clubs, and Dabney Bean looked on sadly as the savages tossed aside niblicks, mashies, jiggers and baffies.

He paced to and fro dismally, accompanied by Violet and watched by expectant islanders. He reflected upon the irony of life. Now that he had to pass on he yearned to keep his health. He picked up one of the shipwrecked mashies with which the beach was littered and began flicking it abstractedly, as a man will when his thoughts are doleful. The natives gathered about him, interested in his graceful swayings, and the king commanded his bearers to draw near.

"What is that thing?" the royal gentleman asked.

"This," replied Bean, "is a mashie."

"What do you do with it?"

"You play with it."

"Play what?"

"Golf."

"What's golf?"

"Golf," said Dabney, "is about the only interesting thing a man can do after he passes the age of forty, without getting in wrong with his family. Golf is the magic medicine that keeps muscles hard and arteries soft. A golf a day keeps the doctor away. Young men play it and achieve famous victories. Old men play it and fill the poorhouse with despondent undertakers. It is the national pastime in America, where the picturesque hero used to be John Paul Jones, but is now Bobby. As a game ——"

"Is it a game?" asked the king.

"Is it a game! It is more than a game—it is an institution. Last year seven million ——"

"How do you play it?"

"Well," said Dabney, "you take a little ball and you place it lightly upon a dab of sand and you whack it thus."

He swung briskly at an imaginary floater, and the island boss observed and made him repeat the gesture. He explained that there is usually a small can buried somewhere in the ground, usually about fifteen hundred feet away behind the hillock, and you try to knock the ball into the can.

The king slid out of his palanquin and seized the mashie. "Where's there a ball?" he asked.

"There is no ball," returned Dabney.

"Look around," commanded the king. "We might find one."

The excited populace began dashing up and down the beach, dragging golf bags from the waves, and clubs by the score, but there was never a golf ball found. Dabney explained further to the royal gentleman what you could do to a golf ball if you had one; and meantime the sun rose in the heavens and the prime minister rode down the beach on a sista and formally notified the king that those entitled to participate in the barbecue were already gathering in town and showing signs of impatience.

"Forget it," replied the monarch, himself a prey to dyspepsia. "Look around and see if you can find me a golf ball." The prime minister removed his papae and joined the hunt, glaring at Mr. Bean. That gentleman spoke to Violet, who was leaning against a noe-noe tree and looking unhappy.

"Violet," he said in a low, tense voice, "I don't wish to excite your hopes, for they may be dashed, but if we could find a golf ball, even a blasted sinker, it might stave off the frightful events now scheduled."

Violet smiled wanly. "Isn't that a golf bag?" she asked, pointing out to sea, and Dabney observed a golf container that seemed different from the new ones that were coming ashore.

(Continued on Page 116)

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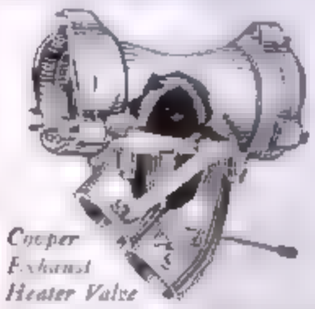

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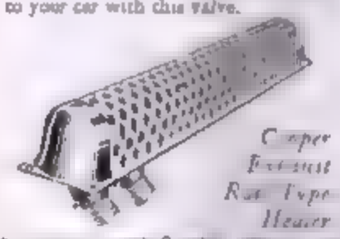

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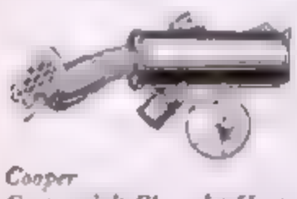

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(Continued from Page 114)

"Certainly it's a bag," he replied; and thereat he rushed into the billows and returned with a dripping cowhide affair that plainly had seen plenty of hard service. The bottom part, where caddies drag a bag upon the ground, was thin with wear and there was a metal name plate just over the pocket.

Looking closely Mr. Bean saw the two words Sanderson Bundy.

"The Scotchman," he murmured. "Another golfer who will never play a sinker again."

Hastily he unlatched the pocket, and hoping against hope he inserted his fingers, knowing that there is little use looking in a Scotchman's bag for extra balls. One ball rewarded him and he shouted in triumph. The king and his vandals rushed to the spot.

"A ball," said Dabney, holding up the white pellet.

"So that's what you call a ball," said the king.

"It is," replied Bean; "but unfortunately it is a sinker, the one thing that has virtually ruined my life."

"Good!" said the king. "You can hit it, can't you?"

"Oh, yes."

"Let's see you do it."

Mr. Bean dropped the sinker upon the shining strand, seized a mid-iron, glanced down the beach and swung heartily. The ruler watched the white object rise in the tropic air and fly far away. His eyes sparkled. His mouth opened and what hair he had rose and stood upon end.

"Give me that stick," he cried, "and get the ball."

Dabney handed him the mid-iron and helped him take hold of it properly. A breathless savage dropped the ball at his master's feet and an instant later the king dug a divot in the beach that would have earned him a twenty-dollar fine in any good golf club.

"Something wrong," he observed, looking down at the unmoved ball. "Let's see you do it again."

Mr. Bean selected a brassy, stood gracefully over the ball, wound himself into a true golfer's knot and belted the sinker amain. It rose into the azure sky and fled for two hundred and forty yards, giving off the pleasant hissing that accompanies a clean swat.

"That's a pretty sight," remarked the monarch, who had thrown aside his crown. "Hand me the stick."

"Club, they call it," corrected Dabney, giving him the brassy.

The island czar smacked another bad one, manifested his annoyance by swearing vigorously and hurling the club at a near-by native. Royal sweat started upon the kingly brow and the sun rose higher than ever.

"Your Majesty," announced a special messenger, who now dashed into the scene mounted upon a native satta, "the people are waiting in the royal courtyard for the barbecue."

"The people be damned!" roared the king, as many a monarch has done before, and the affrighted messenger scurried off in time to avoid being decapitated with a mashie niblick.

"If I might make a suggestion," said Bean, "Your Majesty would do better if you kept your head down."

"Oh," said the king.

"And point the toes out while hitting. Nobody can toe in and hit a golf shot, not even a king."

"Bring me that condemned ball," ordered the new addict, "and I will knock it a mile."

Dabney again walked over to Violet and patted her upon the shoulder. "This is turning out better and better," he whispered. "Keep up your courage, Violet, because I think the royal dub is hooked."

"You think so?"

"Do I? Look!"

Violet turned her head and glanced toward the beach, where the sweating satrap was throwing up sand like an epileptic steam shovel.

"You don't think that they will barbecue us?" she asked faintly.

"Not today," he said reassuringly, and the girl's spirits rose immediately. All afternoon the king swung at the lone sinker, passing from club to club, reviling them all and growing weaker as the sun descended. Perspiring natives ran to and fro, retrieving topped shots and cursing the day that had brought this calamity to the island.

"Bean," said the king at dusk—"Bean, this is great. I'd like to learn this game. We will take it up again in the morning at daybreak!"

"Good!" said Dabney, and the king fell into his sedan in a state of collapse and was borne from the scene. He gave official orders that Dabney and Violet should have the best the place afforded.

The slanting rays of the rising sun found Bean and his pupil on the beach, with fifty caddies to chase the solitary ball. The king practiced diligently, and by this time enough drivers, brassies, putters and niblicks had come ashore to equip a small club. In three days the king was a fixed addict and had commanded Bean to lay out a regular golf hole, with hazards.

"We'll put in a golf course here," he said enthusiastically, which seemed a difficult undertaking, as the island contained forty-five lakes.

"It might be done," Dabney admitted. Later he discussed the matter with Violet. "What is the use of a golf course on an island like this," he commented, "which is all lakes? And especially, what is the use, when you have only one ball, and that a sinker?"

"Never mind," said she. "If he wants a golf course go ahead, because while you are building that course nothing unusual will happen to us."

"Until he loses the sinker," returned Mr. Bean sadly. "You have to face the facts, Violet, and you know perfectly well that the only thing between us and a local feast is one slightly battered sinker, formerly owned by a Scotchman."

"Let us hope for the best," said Violet, who had been brought up right.

"Anyhow," grumbled Dabney, "if he doesn't lose it he is gradually beating it to death. No golf ball, sinker or floater, can stand what this one is getting."

Natives hastily cleared away a spot for a tee, which would be Tee Number 1 on the new course, and Dabney showed them where to lay out the green. Meantime the bulbous potentate continued his daily beach work, accompanied by his instructor and followed by the population, whose job it was to see that the sinker did not sink.

Hole Number 1 was finished speedily—a lovely shot over a fairish pond to a jutting green, and the king sent forth an edict commanding his people to gather at eight o'clock Monday morning and respectfully watch him tee off. At that momentous hour there were two hundred caddies on the job, and the king had warned them in advance that if they lost the sinker for him there would not be any caddies at all an hour later.

"He'll top it into the lake," Dabney prophesied. "I wanted him to stay down on the beach; but no, he thinks he's a regular golfer, so here he is."

At fifteen minutes after eight the royal chair appeared and the king poured himself out of it, dragging behind him a bulge-faced driver, which is a treacherous club even for an adept.

He strode to the newly finished tee and his subjects raised their voices in acclaim. He teed up his ball and near-by mountains reëchoed the cheering. The royal duffer then motioned for complete silence and two hundred caddies set themselves for a quick start, ending with a dive. The prime minister, always unfriendly, approached Dabney and sneered.

"This winds us up," said Mr. Bean to Violet. "You have been a brave girl. If

(Continued on Page 119)

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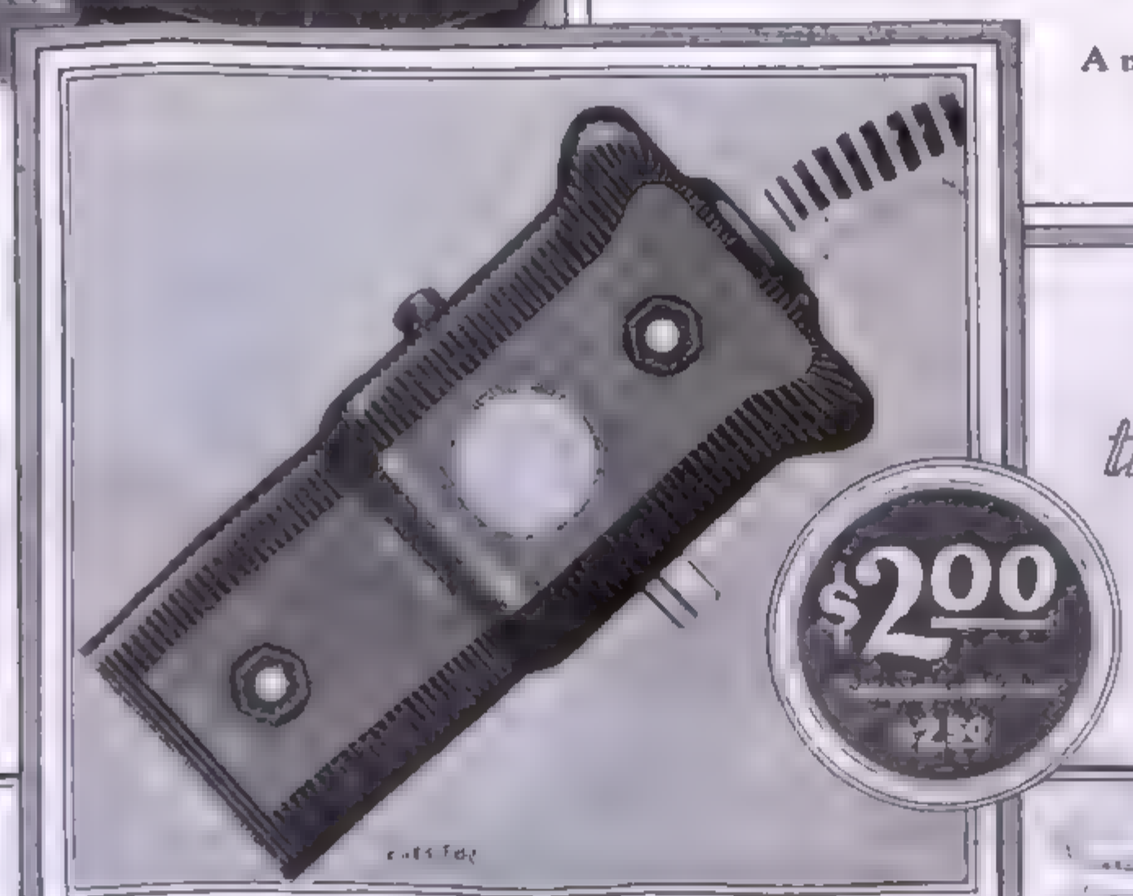

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KROEHLER
Davenport Bed

DO NOT ACCEPT A SUBSTITUTE.... KROEHLER MADE LOOK FOR THIS KROEHLER LABEL

(Continued from Page 118)

that ball had been a floater all would have been different."

The pellet being in place on its tee, the king took his stance and waggled the driver.

"He'll top it," Bean repeated. "I can tell when a man is going to top a shot."

The king swung a mighty swing amidst the island hush and the ball dashed straight into the very middle of the lake.

"Good night!" said Dabney, taking Violet by the arm.

Two hundred caddies instantly dived and were lost to view. The king leaned upon his driver and cursed everything south of the tenth parallel. All morning and all afternoon frantic natives dragged the bottom of the lake, whilst the royal player sat upon his throne and waited grimly for word. The sinker was not found that day. It has never been found and is still down there, turning moldy.

On the sixth day of the search the king threw away all his clubs and became morose. "Just when I was commencing to get good," he said.

"Maybe," said Bean hopefully, "a ship will come along with a supply of balls."

"No ship ever calls at this island," grunted the monarch and, turning abruptly from Dabney, he went into conference with his cabinet. That afternoon Bean observed a change in the general attitude toward him and Violet. The prime minister appeared at two o'clock, bearing in his hand a placard and grinning in triumph.

"Can you read that?" he demanded.

"No," said Dabney. "What does it say?"

"It informs the kingdom," chuckled the scoundrel, "that tonight at seven there will be one of the swellest barbecues we have ever thrown. And the delay did no harm, because you are unquestionably plumper."

Dabney walked in grief back to his bungalow, followed by two armed guards, and Violet immediately collapsed.

"All is over," she said.

"At seven tonight," he replied.

They sat and conversed quietly, as people will who have but a few hours left; and at five in the afternoon the guards indicated that they would be needed at the royal kitchen. They began then their final march together.

"Let us go by way of the beach," suggested Violet, "where first we met."

They passed sadly from the bungalow, and closely followed by the guard they emerged upon the shining surface of the beach, where Violet paused to weep.

"It is so terrible to leave this world," she murmured, leaning against Dabney. "What is that strange scum out on the ocean?"

"Just when I meet the only girl I could truly love," he responded, "then this has to happen."

"It is the way of life," she said. "What could that scummy stuff be?"

"Where?"

"Out there."

"I don't see any scum."

"Over there to the right."

"Just scum, I suppose," said he. "Today we are here and tomorrow we will be elsewhere."

"That certainly is not scum," said Violet, who had better eyes than Dabney.

"Well, then, what is it? And anyhow, what's the difference? At this instant why should we worry about what is floating around on an ocean?"

She led him in trembling haste toward a small cove and suddenly stopped. She clapped her hands and laughed delightedly.

"What ails you?" he inquired, and even the guard looked surprised.

"Golf balls!" she cried.

"No!" said Dabney, straining his gaze.

"Hundreds of them!" she exclaimed. "Everywhere you look, golf balls!"

Instantly Dabney rushed into the sea and rushed out again with twelve new balls.

"Floaters!" he shouted. "My floaters!"

"Yours?"

"Absolutely! The ones I tossed off the Central Asia."

Violet fainted and Dabney leaned her against a piau, and with the help of the armed guards he began bringing in floaters, some slightly used, but most of them brand-new.

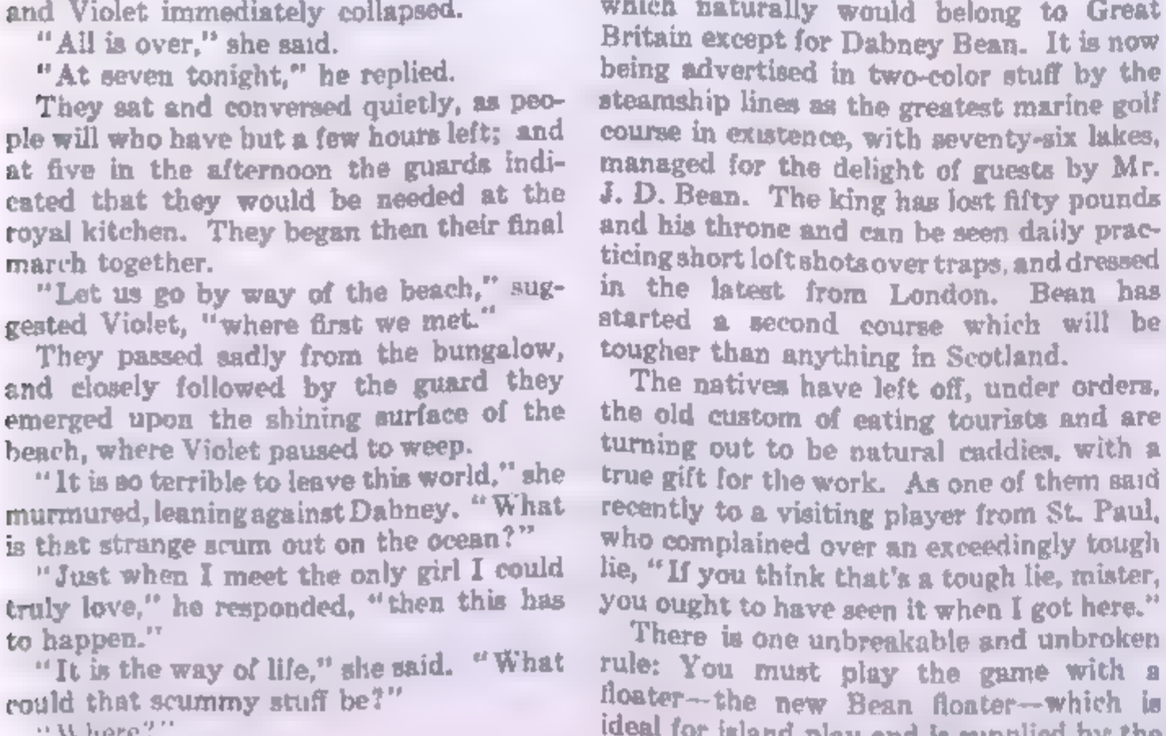
When the king was notified he immediately broke up an important meeting of the cabinet and rushed to the scene in his sedan.

At six o'clock that evening the barbecue was again canceled and the unhappy population sat down to a makeshift meal of goats' meat and illos. At seven Dabney Bean was appointed prime minister, and general manager of the contemplated golf course, upon which work was started the following morning.

That is the real cause of the polite notes now being exchanged between England and America concerning the new-found South Sea island that nobody knew about, and which naturally would belong to Great Britain except for Dabney Bean. It is now being advertised in two-color stuff by the steamship lines as the greatest marine golf course in existence, with seventy-six lakes, managed for the delight of guests by Mr. J. D. Bean. The king has lost fifty pounds and his throne and can be seen daily practicing short loft shots over traps, and dressed in the latest from London. Bean has started a second course which will be tougher than anything in Scotland.

The natives have left off, under orders, the old custom of eating tourists and are turning out to be natural caddies, with a true gift for the work. As one of them said recently to a visiting player from St. Paul, who complained over an exceedingly tough lie, "If you think that's a tough lie, mister, you ought to have seen it when I got here."

There is one unbreakable and unbroken rule: You must play the game with a floater—the new Bean floater—which is ideal for island play and is supplied by the Bean factory at one dollar and war tax.



Coach: "Yeah, We've Found a Way to Put the Mascot to Practical Use in Testing Candidates for the Team"

What is this "YELLOW MASK?"

Will You Make this Simple Test to Discard It?

LOOK at your teeth. Have they a yellowish tinge—appear stained? That is "Yellow Mask."

So ***unsuccessful*** have you been in your attempts to remove it that, like others, you have come to believe that yellowish hue is in the enamel—*irremovable!*

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the old-time
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IF THEY PARALLEL THE LIFE LINE

(Continued from Page 7)

into song; pleasant, cheerful, satisfying song to do with a honey-honey who was being pleaded with to bless my heart. This exhortation of honey-honey seemed to require six tenors, four basses and a barytone, but no voice to carry the air. This being as it should be, Chet was moved to go in and furnish a seventh tenor.

"Here, here!" yelped the woman of indeterminate age. "You sit down now, Mr. Barton. I'm reading your palm. Why, why! Are you afraid of me?"

Whatever bridling may be, she bridled, and clamped Chet's right wrist firmly with a damp hand.

"You have a mixed hand—square fingers, conic tips. You have some character, you are well-intentioned and have many generous impulses. Sometimes, however, you don't act upon them."

"Can't," said Chet. "My last generous impulse was to buy myself a Lenhard Six roadster. Admirable impulse too But I looked in my wallet and sadly shook my head. Couldn't act on it. So I took the two-dollar bill and bought myself a pair of silk socks instead" He lifted his right foot. "See? Look! Silk!"

The woman merely tightened her grip upon his wrist and said sternly, "Stop trying to joke. Too many people make light of chirognomy and chiromancy. Has anyone ever called you contradictory?" she asked.

"I once contradicted my father," said Chet with a grin. "He's a minister, but oh, my! If his hand doesn't weigh a ton ——"

"We are not discussing your father's hand," she retorted frigidly. "You will kindly keep to the subject in hand. Now listen to me. You have brains, but no outlet for them. You have ability, but it is undirected. You have ambition, but no purpose."

"Socko!" said Chet. "Or, as the French so gayly put it, *touché!*"

"Be still, boy. You are warm and you are cold ——"

"Doesn't that depend on the weather?" asked Chet.

"You are warm and you are cold, you blow east and you blow west, you ride fast or you do not ride at all."

"Only time I ever rode I rode fast, all right," said Chet. "Horses ran away with me. Never ridden since. Yep, you get a credit on that, sister."

"You are flippant, Mr. Barton, but I am not yet done. Your life line is clear ——"

"Throw out the life line," said Chet with enthusiasm.

"I shall throw it out because it bears no relation to the rest of your palm. It is long and clear and practically uncrossed. That means you will live to a fair old age, but that means nothing."

"Nothing at all?" he queried.

"No, nothing at all. You will recollect perhaps that turtles and frogs and elephants and trees all live to a great age. Yet what do they accomplish?"

"Turtles make soup," Chet suggested.

"Yes, my friend, but not by living. And in any event the turtles do not make soup. They are made into soup by others. Consider that!"

"I can't," said Chet. "It breaks my heart."

"If it really broke your heart you would be better off," the woman stated flatly. "Your line of fate is meshed, your quadrangle is weak, your triangles are restricted and your racettes are warped."

"Anything else?" asked Chet meekly.

"Yes! The line of Luna is bad, the girdle of Venus is indistinct ——"

"I didn't know she wore a girdle."

"Hush! The girdle, as I say, is indistinct and the line of Apollo, quite oddly, is distinct, though broken. Ah, here are some mitigating lines. They areshort lines. They parallel the life line. Two of them are marked. One of them is acutely marked. Those lines are the salvation of your hand."

A vague recollection began to stir in Chet Barton's brain. "They're not influences, are they?" he queried.

"They are influences. Why do you ask? Has anyone ever read your hand before?"

"Oh, no," said Chet glibly—"that is—only—well, you know—fooling—kid stuff. Somebody told me they were lines of influence."

The woman of indeterminate age drew herself straight. "Whoever told you was well schooled," she avowed with lifted eyebrows. "Yes, my friend, they are lines of influence. Without them your life would be worth—well, that!" She snapped her fingers in the air with a crack as of a whip.

"I think it's a lot of boloney," said Chet stoutly.

She peered into his face. "Mr. Barton," she said at length, "if you achieve any success whatever in life it will necessarily be through the influence of others. You, of yourself, have not the power or the concentration to achieve. There will be one influence in particular upon which you may depend."

Chet managed to smile brightly. "Who is she?" he asked. "Blonde or brunette?"

Again the woman snatched his hand, studied it carefully. Then: "It will not be a she," she announced. "The influence in your life, Mr. Barton, will be a man."

"Oh, hooey!" exclaimed Chet. This time he managed to yank himself to his feet. "Come on, Sibyl, let's go catch ourselves a touch of Gordon water. I like your line, but it's too darned solemn. Say, how about a little dance?"

"Of course," she said, and beamed widely. Then she added with sudden playfulness: "But don't forget, I warned you!"

"I'll tell the cockeyed world I won't forget," whispered Chet with fervor.

Nor did he. For some reason he carried to bed with him that night a sense of inner disturbance, of uncertainty, of misgiving. Of course what the dame had said to him was all ridick, but just the same—just the same —— His memory wandered back to that evening at the Alpha Delt house—years and years ago, it seemed now—when that what's-her-name girl had first forecast the lines of his life. Funny how the two of them had said the same thing, wasn't it? Darned funny when you got thinking about it! His forehead creased itself with thought.

The next half dozen days were spent in job hunting—and springtime, be it known, is not exactly the best time to locate a job in New York. So Chet pounded many pavements and wore out considerable shoe leather, and for the moment he forgot all about the palms of his hands in order that he might give adequate thought to the soles of his feet. Then one day—he had just been ushered out of the office of an Anatolian rug manufacturer whose verdict had been: "Colleger? Listen, young feller, we don't want no collegers around here"—one day he was making his way through and among the fragrances of Avenue B when his eyes fell upon a large and resplendent sign. "Palmist" was the word he saw first. Then he saw other words, both above and below:

PROF. EMIL T. LICHTHAUSERMANN

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CHIROMANT

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NO CONNECTION WITH ANY OTHER ACADEMIST!

"WHATSOEVER THY HAND FINDETH TO DO, DO IT WITH THY MIGHT." ECCLESIASTES IX, 10. THE DEVIL CAN CITE SCRIPTURE FOR HIS PURPOSE

SO CAN MOST PALMISTS!

NOT ME

IF YOU HAVE $2 AND A DESIRE FOR TRUTH—ENTER

Chet, who had four dollars and eighty-five cents, went in. The sign appealed to him as rather sporting; at least, out of the ordinary. Beyond this, he reflected, if the professor was Teutonic he would probably be thorough.

Chet found himself in a dim, dingy hallway. Through a door at its extreme end he could discern a shadowed room. He was peering into this room, endeavoring to adjust his eyes to the lack of light, when a bulky figure waddled through the opening. A shiny bald head atop this figure caught a gleam of reflected twilight as it moved itself toward him.

A deep voice spoke: "What you want?"

Chet gulped and said, "Truth."

"The whole truth?"

"Yes."

"Have you got two dollars?" asked the voice.

"Yes."

"Let me see it."

Chet let him see it. "People come in here to laugh at me," boomed the voice. "When they want truth they have no money. When they have money they do not want truth. You are sure you want truth?"

"Yes."

"Follow me," commanded the thick figure, and waddled back into the dim room. Then: "Sit down," said Professor Lichthausermann. A pudgy hand pointed to a chair—an old-fashioned barber's chair of red plush. Chet seated himself gingerly. "Put back your head in the head rest and close your eyes," directed the booming voice.

The owner of the voice moved heavily to a corner and disappeared behind a screen, from which came plashing sounds, as of an energetic washing of hands. Presently the heavy man reappeared.

"We will now have light," he grunted, and touched a switch.

A mercury tube over Chet's head purpled into life. The room flared out starkly; an ornate roll-top desk of black walnut, a plush sofa, a dead stuffed bird on a pedestal, three empty-eyed skulls on top of a tall narrow bookcase.

"Your hand," the voice rumbled, and Chet saw that his bald-headed host was affixing a black jeweler's glass into his left eye. Chet held out his hand. Fingers seized it and the bald head bent over it.

"What I want to know," remarked Chet colloquially, "is about those lines of influence."

The black glass lifted itself until it pointed directly into Chet's eyes. Behind the black tube a set of heavy features glared. Then the mouth opened. "Will you be quiet," said the mouth, "or will you leave my establishment?"

Chet gulped and whispered, "I'll be quiet."

To Chet it seemed hours while the tiny lens at the outer end of the black tube hovered over his palm. Then little by little his eyelids began to droop. He let his head tilt back. Perhaps, under that strong and seemingly flaring violet light—perhaps he even slept; certainly he dozed.

He awoke with a start to hear the words: "Come, come, my friend! It is over. The examination is complete." Chet blinked and shook himself. "Pay attention," boomed the man who was or who called himself Professor Lichthausermann. "I who have never seen you before shall now tell you a few facts about your past, in order that you may better evaluate what I propose to tell you about your future. To do this is, I believe, a form of charlatanry. I descend to it, however, because it seems necessary in a land where I and my work are unknown. Answer me one question, my friend. If I am correct as to your past, as you know it, cannot it then be assumed that I shall also be right as to your future?"

"Y-yes," said Chet uneasily.

The man began to speak, enunciating slowly, and the things he told Chet one by one were so completely accurate, even in detail, that Chet as he sat there grew rather rigid and strangely pale. Not until long afterward did it occur to him that the man might possibly—just possibly—have gone through his pockets while he slept—if he had slept.

The man told Chet how old he was—which might have been a guess; he told Chet that he was having difficulty earning a living, that he had held three positions since graduating from college, that his father was a minister and that he came from a country town. He told Chet that he was worried about money matters, which was true, as the half dozen unpaid bills in Chet's inner pocket could testify; he told Chet he was a lover of baseball, as a collection of rain checks in his outer coat pocket could testify; he told Chet, quite truthfully, that he was not in love or interested particularly in any girl.

Said Chet, a little dazed: "You're a wonder, professor. You're a wonder. How on earth do you do it?"

The professor showed yellow teeth. "My light is strong," he said cryptically. "My light is strong, my eyes are keen, and everything is in the hand for him who can but read."

"Everything?"

"Yes, everything." Abruptly the man rubbed his hand over his bald head, at the same time closing his eyes. "My brain is weary, my friend," he mumbled. "Your hand has been difficult. You must come again. Today—it is enough."

"But listen ——" began Chet.

"I can listen no longer, my friend. My brain is weary, my hand trembles. Others follow you, and I must save myself. I must read each one. For even I—even I must live."

"But—but if it's a question of money," suggested Chet, "I have another two dollars with me."

The eyes of the bald man opened as though they pained him. "Very well, very well," boomed the deep voice in a tone of resignation. "Yes, we all must live. If I must, I must. Here —— Ah, yes! Thank you, thank you. Now let me see —— Oh, yes! We shall proceed to the end, the bitter end. You are sure you want truth, my friend?"

"Absolutely," said Chet, steeling himself.

A half hour later he walked out into the glare and scents of Avenue B. In the street, he halted irresolute. What did it matter which way he went? Whichever way he chose he would be walking only toward failure. Failure! A life of many jobs and no one big job; a life that might better have ended with the ninth inning of the commencement game a year ago—was it only a year ago?—when the young alumni had broken out of the stands and carried him off Weston Field in a milling turmoil of hilarious adulation. If only he could have died that day! His father would have been proud of him then. But now ——

Chet laughed harshly. "Gave that yegg four bucks to tell me what the other ones told me free," he muttered with bitterness. "My last four bucks too. Well, it's level walking from here to the Williams Club. That's one place I can go without being thrown out anyway. Carl's a good egg, and there'll be some of the bunch —— Oh, well!"

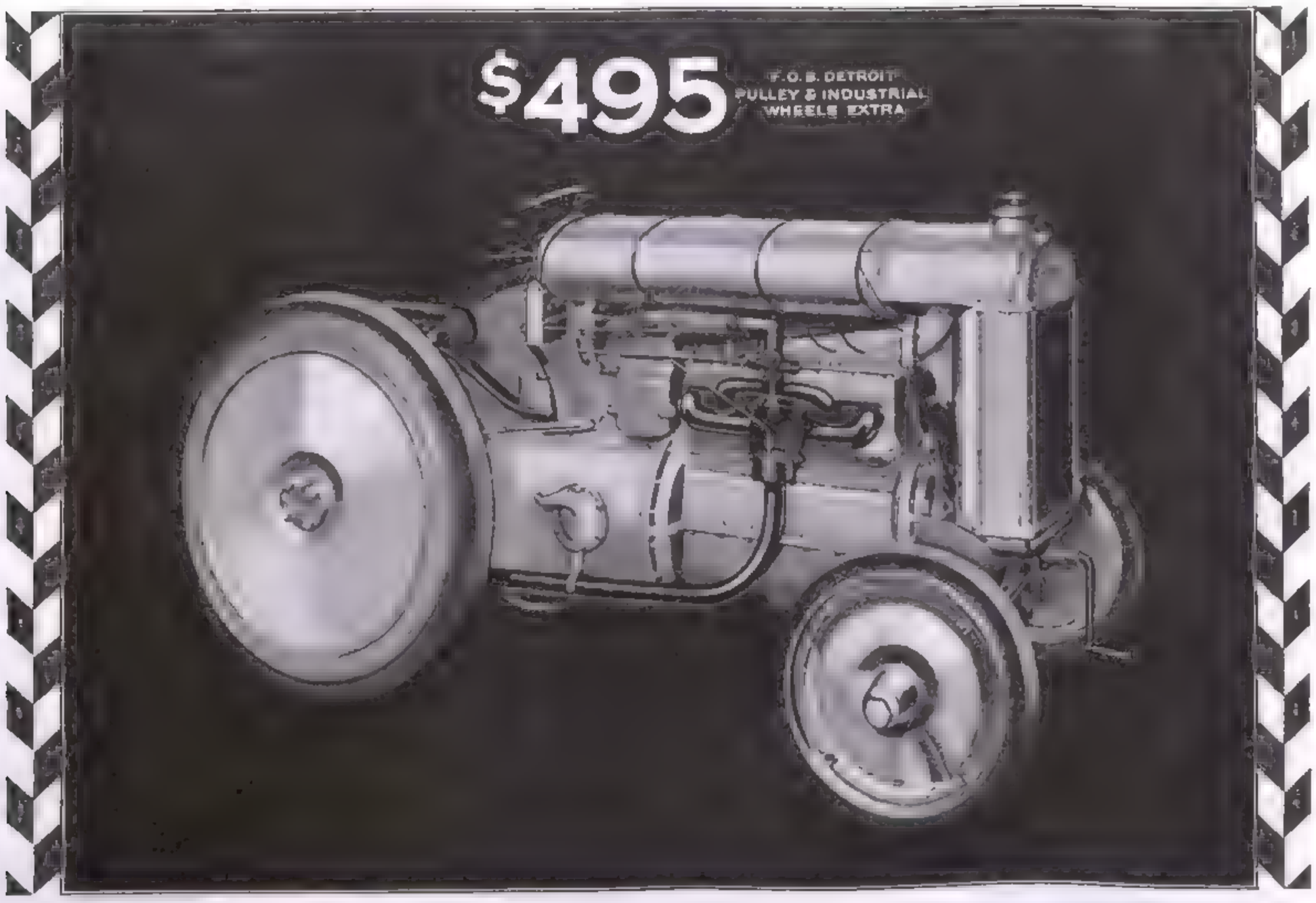
He started walking west.

"That guy's a faker, all right," he told himself stoutly. "They're all fakers, the whole outfit of 'em. Look at the way he pried that extra two bucks out of me—and me sittin' there like a green cauliflower. Faker, that's what he is. Lines on your hand—bunk! Lines on your ear—in your hat! All they do is read a book that says, 'This line means trouble and this line means duck soup.' Then they tell it to you and look wise—and gently put a pair of handcuffs on your bank roll."

Now—he was crossing First Avenue—he began to laugh.

"Listen to the fool! I ask you," said Chet aloud. "The only new thing he tells me is a swell washout. 'My friend,' says he, doing his deep-voice stuff, 'my friend, you are going to fall in love, very soon,'

(Continued on Page 124)



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THE thirteen years from 1913 to 1926 were the most difficult . . . yet the most progressive years industry has ever experienced.

The unprecedented rise of practically every cost factor in industry threatened to put prices of products manufactured and services rendered beyond the reach of the consumer.

The automobile business is a typical example. Raw materials increased over 52% . . . labor increased 119%! All commodities increased over 50%! It looked, for a time, as if neither the manufacturer could afford to make cars . . . nor the public to buy them.

But, during that period, the automobile manufacturers made 27,000,000 cars . . . and the public bought them!

. . . for in spite of rising costs, the retail price of the motor-car dropped 30%! Even the cost of the management that made this possible dropped 12%!

Industry has met and defeated the bugbear of rising costs with power . . . intelligently applied to every department of its work. Labor, with power tools in its hands, is lower in cost today than it has ever been.

. . . and in the last nine years of this thirteen-year period more than 600,000 Fordson power units have been placed in the hands of labor!

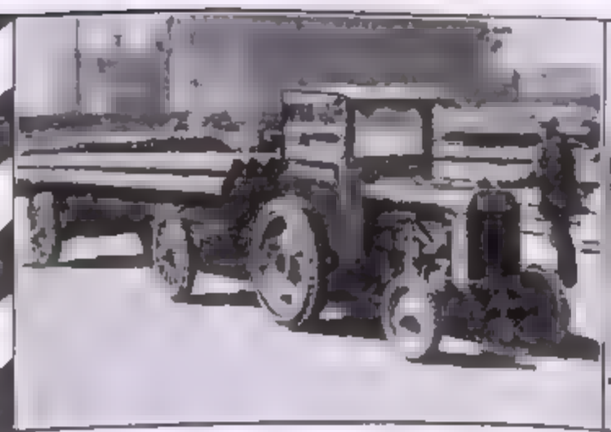
Today industry may feel that it has achieved the last word in efficiency . . . yet a thoughtful consideration of almost every operation in industrial practice yields a new and profitable application of power.

Tomorrow will hold as much progress in these lines as yesterday . . . the cycle of cost reduction through increased production is as old as history . . . and as inevitable as any other law of economics.

In the race for industrial success, as in all competition, only the fittest can survive.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

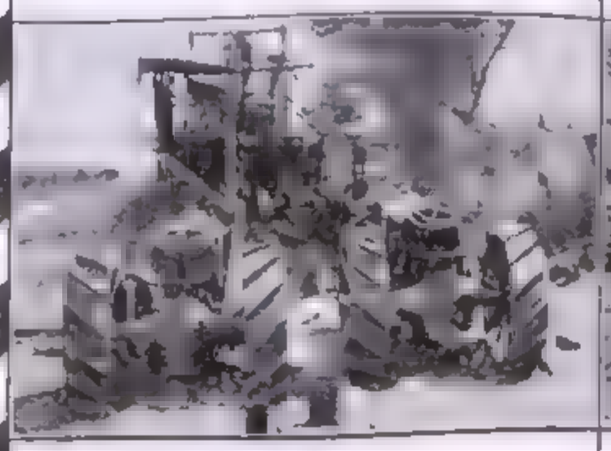
A LOW COST INDUSTRIAL POWER UNIT



A Fordson handles big loads of heavy pipe for this public utility corporation . . . quickly and economically.

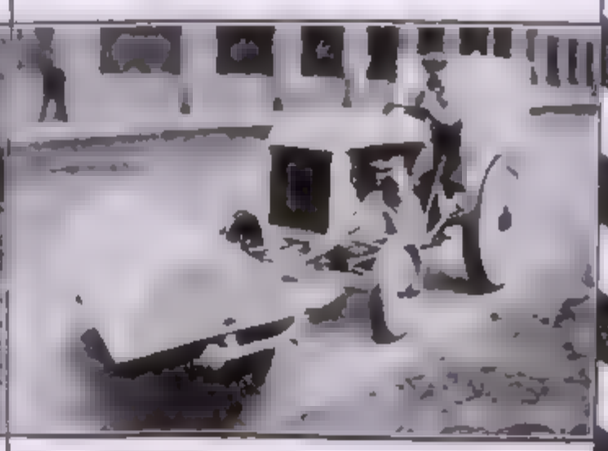
The Fordson pinch hits for a switch engine. Spotting railway cars is a common use of the Fordson . . . for it requires no switching.

A big load of lumber . . . easily handled by the Fordson for a retail lumber company. No loading time was lost with the Fordson.

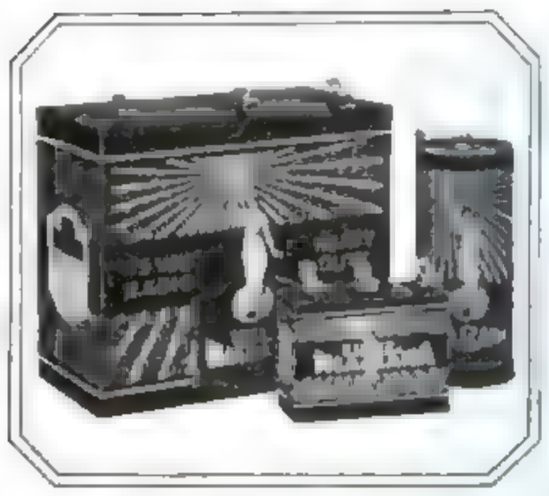


This team of Fordsons operates a rock crusher, elevator, screener, air compressor and a winch for a construction company.

In excavating this water reservoir, the Fordson handled 2200 yards of dirt at 14½c a yard. This record made by two used Fordsons.



A compact street-sweeping outfit . . . built around the Fordson . . . that has set up a remarkable record of long service and economy.



OUTSTANDING APPROVAL

DURING the first seven months of this year the radio public endorsed USL dry batteries by purchasing seven times as many of them as in the same period last year.

USL dry batteries are the result of years of scientific research and manufacturing experience.

And the same experts who years ago developed these dry batteries are still controlling each operation of manufacture.

Their success in building longer life into USL dry batteries has made possible this overwhelming public approval.

For more economical radio power—try USL Niagaras

USL BATTERY CORPORATION
Niagara Falls, N. Y.

"POWER FROM NIAGARA"

USL NIAGARA
RADIO *Dry* BATTERIES

14,000 USL Service Stations and Dealers are at your service

(Continued from Page 121)

says he. 'You are going to fall in love with a young woman who is a blonde, but you are going to marry a brunette.' That's what he says, the big oversize balloon." Chet continued to laugh, a little grimly. "Telling me things like that!" he scoffed.

Pedestrians were turning to stare at him as he passed them, for he must have been talking loudly and with vigor. Chet was unaware, however, of any audience. He crossed Third Avenue, and Fourth, and Broadway. He crossed University Place and trudged to Fifth Avenue.

"I'll take a bus," he thought. "That's a good way of spending a dime. If I'm going to be a bum I might as well start now. If I'm going to be a failure in life except for somebody's influence, if I'm going to fall in love with a blonde and marry a brunette—oh, let's do it right!" He grinned widely. "Bus, hell!" he remarked. Then he raised his voice: "Hey, you! Taxi!"

At the club he found friends. The friends, as friends often are, were brewing a party. It was in Greenwich Village, they told him; informal sort of thing; big party, though; dance and all that; costumes.

"No costume," said Chet.

"Aw, we can dig up something. Come on over to Harry's and we'll dig up something. Your sister's going, isn't she, Harry? Well, she'll help us dig up something. Lot of slick stuff going to be there. Come on, you horn in, Chet. We'll dig up something."

"Meaning you think you can dig up something?" queried Chet. He was among friends and he felt better. His eye was brightening. He considered briefly. Then he said: "All right. Only I'm all wet as far as contributions are concerned. I'm down to a thin dime."

"So was Rockefeller once, or Edison, or somebody. Forget it!"

Eventually and with some boisterousness they arrived at the party. They went in a taxicab and with song. Chet did not know whose party it was, nor did he much care. It was a party and that was enough. Some nice, friendly, generous people were giving a party, and there was a punch bowl and a colored jazz band, and there were lots of rooms to wander through and a back yard or a garden or something where just now a bunch of Princeton guys were tuning up for a little close agony. You could tell they were Princetons, because they sang Evaline with the wrong second line. Funny thing, that, too! You never could persuade Princeton guys that they were singing it the wrong way. Pig-headed guys; always thought they were right. Well, the world was funny, at that.

Chet was considering the matter of joining the Princeton guys, for close harmony, however eccentric the words, always appealed to him, when he became aware that someone was standing beside him, peering out, as he was, into the darkness of the yard.

Chet turned. The someone was a rather tallish and very pretty girl, dressed in a long shimmering white robe sort of thing that rippled all the way down to her feet. Over her shoulders hung two long yellow braids.

She said, "Have you seen my brother?"

Chet smiled. He allowed that very likely he had, but that since he didn't know who her brother was, she would have to be a trifle more specific before he could answer her question with intelligence.

"I just thought you might know," she said evenly. Then she added: "Seeing he's your host."

Chet stared at her blankly. Little by little his face crinkled pleasantly, and next he began to laugh. He laughed so hard that it was not long before she was laughing with him. So they stood laughing together, which is perhaps the most dangerous of all things for two young persons to do.

"What's his name?" Chet managed to ask at last.

"Brecken—Tot Brecken. Are you kidding me or don't you really know?"

Chet held up a solemn right hand and said "Honest." Then he asked, "Your name Brecken too?"

"Natura.ly."

"But it wouldn't be if you were married. So that wise crack about 'naturally' doesn't get by."

"Well, it's natural that I'm not married though," she parried defensively.

"He's a slow worker then," said Chet. "That's all I've got to say."

"I'll bet it isn't."

"Isn't what?"

She giggled gleefully. "Isn't all you've got to say," she informed him, at the same time wrinkling her nose.

"'Tis too," said Chet, vastly enjoying the dialogue. "He's a slow worker—that's all I've got to say."

"Who is?"

Chet shook his head and touched his finger to his lips.

"Please."

Still Chet shook his head.

"Please, I say." This time the girl stamped her foot.

Chet grinned catwise, his lips firmly set together.

She studied him a moment. Then, with a toss of her two long braids, she wheeled abruptly and swept back into the house. The crowd swallowed her.

Chet's jaw opened. He stood so for a moment, agape; then he addressed the night. "I'll be damned," he said.

She was dancing when he found her, so he cut in. He held out his hand and said, "You win. I've a lot more to say."

"But—but ——"

"Let's go some place where we can talk. Isn't there a stair landing or ——"

"There's a balcony over the street just back of where the music is," she said doubtfully. "Only, you see, that's Charlotte's ——"

"Who's Charlotte? One of the Russe girls?"

"Charlotte's my next oldest sister. She and Alma live with Tot and his wife, because, you see, there are five of us—five sisters, I mean—and only Tot for a brother. He's older though. I'm the middle one. Edna and Ruth aren't here tonight. Dad thought they were too young. Edna really isn't either, but dad's funny. This is the first real party—you know, this kind of party—I've ever been let go to."

"Am I dreaming?" asked Chet. "Or am I just full of hop? Wait a minute. What about that balcony?"

"It's Charlotte's. She saves it and keeps the French window closed so people won't know. Charlotte's very beautiful and has lots of boys. Look!" She pointed excitedly. "There she is. In black satin—*see?*"

Chet followed the slim finger with his gaze. "The one who looks as if she'd been to every Yale prom for the last five years?" he asked.

"How did you guess? You're absolutely right. Every Yale prom, and Princeton too. How did you ever guess?"

"I'm psychic," said Chet solemnly. "Now listen, goldilocks, while your sister's dancing you and I are going to slide out and nail—or occupy, as Field Service Regulations have it—the sacred balcony."

"But she'll kill me."

"Not with me there to protect you," confided Chet largely. "Come on, move your dogs!"

"Oh—oh, let's!"

There were two camp chairs upon the balcony—a narrow iron balcony overhanging the street. An arc light dangling from a municipal pole on the opposite sidewalk buzzed gently and threw its glare directly into their eyes.

"What's the point of her technic? If she's a vamp she might as well work in a goldfish globe as here."

"You mean people in the street can look up?"

"That was my drift."

"Well—that is—you see, we've tried that. Charlotte made Alma and me sit up here and then she went down in the street. She made Alma wear some of Tot's clothes. Charlotte says people don't look up. They never look up at all."

"That's the trouble with people," said Chet. "They keep their eyes on the ground. They think of mundane things. They are of the earth, earthy."

"Is your father a minister too?" she faltered

Chet said, "Is yours?"

"Yes."

"Shake," said Chet, and held out his hand.

She took it doubtfully. "My father's nice," she said. "He's a peach. But he's old-fashioned. He writes books that don't sell. He—we—we're quite dreadfully poor. Are you?"

"My lip's cracked," said Chet. "Can't laugh."

"But there's nothing to laugh about in being poor."

"Isn't there though?" said Chet. "It's the greatest joke on earth, being poor particularly tonight."

"Why tonight?"

He considered this, nodding profoundly. "I have a dime in the world," he said at length. "I have a dime in the world, and my father's a minister, a small-town minister, to whom ten dollars looks exactly the same as ten thousand must look to Henry Ford. You know, not big money but a reasonable amount. Me, being a drunkard and a bum ——"

She drew back perceptibly. "You can't be a drunkard! I—I don't think I'd like you—as much as I do—if you were."

"How old are you?" asked Chet sharply.

"Eighteen. Why?"

"Oh, just because," he muttered "That's all I wanted to know. Listen—say, what's your name anyway?"

"Peggy—that is, Marguerite. That's my costume too—from Faust—Marguerite. Oh—oh, yes! What's yours—your name, I mean?"

"Chet," said Chet. "I'm in a hurry. Tell you the rest later. Afraid your prom-going sister's going to come out here and gum us. Listen! Ever had your palm read?"

"Why—why, of course, loads of times."

"Believe in it?"

"Of course not."

"Me neither," said Chet happily. "Listen, I've had my palm read three times and they all told me the same thing. Never going to be a success, never going to get anywhere and all that. Which is all a lot of hokum. The thing is I never had anybody worth while to work for, that's all. Well, now I got somebody."

She faced him. Her cheeks, it seemed to Chet, were oddly white. That was funny, because they had been pink up to now, and certainly he hadn't seen her wipe any rouge off. Said Chet: "You're tall and slim. I like that. You're sweet. I like that too. You've got a good line and you're fast on your feet. You know—snappy comeback and all that. You've got blue eyes, which I've always been nuts about and you've got the kind of nose—sort of tip-tilted—like my mother had. You check in on everything except one thing, and that's where I'm going to put it over on these wise guys. That's where I'm going to prove they're a lot of flat tires."

The girl in white made a slight movement toward him—that was all. Then she sat rigid. "Wh-wh-what's the rest?" she whispered huskily.

Chet smiled anew. "They told me I was going to fall in love with a blonde," he informed her. "Well, I have. First time in my life—bang! Just like that—bang! Never gave a damn about a girl. Then bang—you!"

"Me?" She seemed to tilt toward him in her chair.

"Wait a minute," Chet commanded harshly. "I haven't a nickel, I haven't a prospect, but something tells me I'm going to make good, even if I have to use my fool lines of influence. Yes, goldilocks—Peggy's your name?—you! Now hold

(Continued on Page 127)

Do You Dread Starting the Furnace?

Summer is gone; autumn's drizzly days and shivery nights are here! Do you dread starting the furnace, but dare not risk the dangers in a damp, chilly house?

Here is the answer: install a Humphrey Radiantfire and put off heating troubles for weeks. It burns either natural or manufactured gas. No rousing fire when all you need is the chill taken off; ample warmth for all but zero weather. Healthful, cheerful heat, instantly, and your only "chore" is striking a match.

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See your Gas Company or Dealer. Models range from $15 up. Write for free illustrated booklet.

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The HUMPHREY

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no more handling heavy, wet clothes from tub to tub!

Spin-Dry eliminates wringer creases and broken buttons.

WHAT! Not even *touching* hot water during a complete washing?

Absolutely, and that is only one of the many dream-like innovations of the wringerless Savage, the washer which with its exclusive "Spin-Rinse, Spin-Dry" has ended forever washday's Last Hard Half—hand rinsing and *all* wringing.

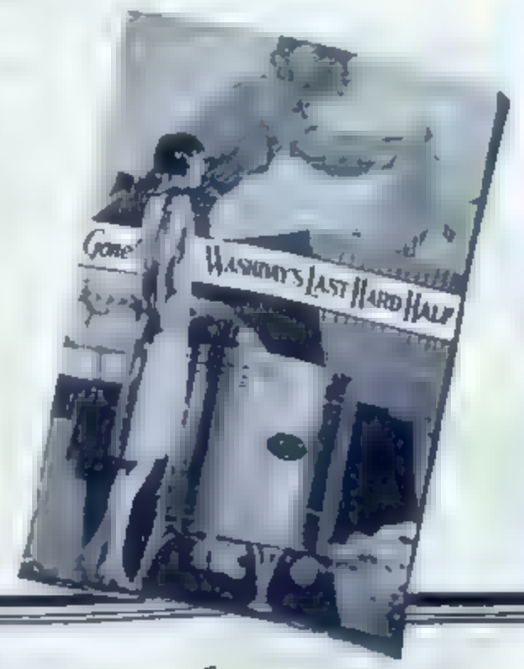
In a booklet that reads like a proclamation of emancipation from every last bit of washday drudgery, a celebrated authority on home laundering unfolds this joyous story.

It is a succession of surprises, how this one washer makes it possible to *wash, blue, rinse and dry* the entire household washing without ever handling steaming, water-logged clothes—without any wringing—without using "set" or extra tubs—without even touching a pail either for filling or emptying.

Over 100,000 women have learned, first through this booklet, and then by home test, how the wringerless Savage is fastest in the world, from hamper to line—how it is utterly safe, forever ending after-washday replacing of broken buttons and bent fasteners—how it washes everything from delicate fabrics to blankets and pillows and gives everything its fluffy, original newness—and how, when the job is done, the Savage empties itself.

Get this Revelation of Effortless Washdays

Here is the booklet. Every page profusely illustrated. Every paragraph a message of good news. Entirely free. Mail the coupon or a postcard, and we will send the booklet promptly.



The Wringerless SAVAGE *Washer & Dryer*

FASTEST IN THE WORLD

with the exclusive "Spin-Rinse, Spin-Dry" *feature*

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(Continued from Page 124)

tight a minute and get me. The last guy said—listen to what he said."

"I—I'm listening—Chet."

"He said, 'My friend, you are going to fall in love with a blonde.' That's what he said and the guy guessed right. But this is where we put it over on the whole bunch of them, Peggy. Listen to the rest of what he said. Lot of fakers! Here's what he said. He said, 'You are going to fall in love with a blonde, my friend, but you are going to marry a brunette.' Well, that's where we put it over on all those fakers, right now. Because me, Peggy, I'm going to marry you. This may seem fast —— Say, what's wrong? Feel sick?"

She was staring at him, wide-eyed and deathly pale. Slowly, indecisively, she lifted her slim right arm. Slowly, gingerly, she touched her fingers to her hair. For a moment she stroked the golden, silken strands. "Will you love me just the same?" her voice quavered.

"What do you mean?"

"Look!" She gave a tug and a yank. The two long yellow braids whirled snakewise as Peggy whipped off her blond wig and tossed it to the floor. "I was Marguerite," she just managed to whisper.

Now Chet Barton stared. A miracle had taken place before his eyes. And still he stared. What he stared at was a bent and humble feminine head, uncompromisingly dark, its crowning glory crisply shingled to a close-fitting cap of disordered brown curls.

"D-d-do you still like me th-th-this way?" the girl faltered.

"Like you?" shouted Chet. "Say, listen—now wait a minute. Now how in thunder would that old fat guy know, only this afternoon ——"

"I—I'll let it grow if you want me to," said Peggy, her head still low.

"Let it grow? How do you get that way? Good hoofus, haven't we got troubles enough, young woman, without your growing a bale of long hair? Listen! Snap out of it!" He stretched forth an arm, flexed it. It was his right arm, his pitching arm, and it possessed the thing called control. "Come over here," said Chet.

"But the light—the street—the people ——"

"You said they wouldn't look up," he reminded her. "Anyway, if they do, more power to 'em."

Peggy laughed, a little gulp of a laugh. Then she turned a smile upon him, and it was the something-more-than-radiant, entirely heavenly smile a girl smiles but once in all her life. "I always knew it would be like this," she confided simply.

"Then you knew a lot more than I did," Chet whispered.

Chet Barton walked home that night—it was morning by the clock—in a sort of seventh heaven of glowing wonder. For all he knew or cared, the sun might have been shining as at noon; for all he knew or cared, his feet might have been shod with gold or crystal or balloon-tired wheels or magic wings.

He made the accustomed motions of walking, and lo! he moved as in a dream. Or else the city moved while he stood still. He wasn't sure and it didn't matter.

Somewhere in the back of his head was a vague recollection of raucous-voiced and cheerful friends who had pressed him—nay, urged him—to stick with the party, to go places. By the party, of course, they meant themselves. The argument, for argument it became, had taken place at the foot of the stairs, in the wide hall by the front door, where Chet was waiting for Peggy to come down. Peggy, it appeared, must be home by midnight. Her father had so ordained, and on this night of nights it seemed wise to humor him, for her father's good opinion was a thing highly desirable for Chet to win. Besides—and here Peggy had glanced up with a sort of tentatively mischievous sweetness—besides, if her father was asleep in his big reading chair, as he generally was, they might have a minute, perhaps even more than a minute, alone together.

So Chet had found his hat and overcoat and was patiently waiting for her, as men have waited since the beginning of time, when his erstwhile companions fell upon him.

"Look who's here! What's the big idea? Walkin' out on us? Say, what's the big idea?"

"Got a date with a fish at the Aquarium," said Chet, not too good-humoredly. "Beat it, will you?"

"Oho! Likewise, aha! Beat it, will we? Not so long as little Chet's in trouble, we won't. Naturally Chet's in trouble, fellas. Just take a look at his troubled brow!"

"Oh, go sell your papers," said Chet with asperity.

"I've got it!" proclaimed one of them. "It's a dame. Chet's found himself a Sheba. Fallen at last, Chet has. Who is she, boy? Give us a look. Don't be a tightwad—let us in on it. You know our motto, kid—All For One and One For All."

"Bottle that stuff," remarked Chet, scowling.

It was then that Peggy appeared at the head of the stairs, her golden wig in her hand, a cloak of blue cloth about her shoulders. Momentarily she searched for him with her eyes. Then, finding him, she shot him a smile; and with that smile Chet's companions were erased from his consciousness as effectively and as instantaneously as the murk of night is erased by the flick of an electric switch. True, someone tugged at his elbow, someone else shouted in his ear, but he neither felt nor heard. Instead he looked straight up the stairs, spellbound, entranced.

She came down to him then, and however lovely Chet thought her, she must have been almost as lovely as that. Step by step she descended toward him, and her smile was sweetness ineffable and trust unbounded and the shimmering glow of awakened love, all shining at once; and her cheeks were quickly pink and her eyes seemed to dance and to hold star-still at one and the same time. Something inside of Chet's ribs turned completely upside down, and his lungs caught him and hurt him, though deliciously.

She held out her slim right hand and he took it, and without a word they walked together out of the house and found themselves in the street. It was as if they were in a dream.

Peggy spoke at length, a half-gasped, half-whispered question:

"Do you still love me, Chet, truly—truly?"

"Good God!" His voice was so husky that it did not sound like his own.

She laughed happily at that and gave his hand a fierce little squeeze, and then she hooked his arm with hers. "It's only four blocks," she said. "Let's see how slow we can walk it."

He said, "Peggy, you're out of a book"; and she said, "Oh, no, I'm not, but I feel as if we were in one"; and he said, "So do I, but aren't you glad we aren't?" "You bet," she whispered, and gave his arm a hug with hers.

Then suddenly, too suddenly, an old-fashioned brownstone stoop confronted them, and Peggy's feet dragged mournfully, and they stopped.

Chet said bewilderedly, "But this can't be four blocks?"

"It used to be," she told him ruefully, and tried to laugh. But she couldn't laugh. Instead she said: "Oh, Chet, life seems so short! Will all our happiness seem as short as this?"

"Forget it," he grunted.

"But I can't forget it. I want it to last."

"It'll last," he assured her gruffly, and somewhat clumsily patted her shoulder. "Why, just think of everything that's ahead of us, honey—days and days and days of happiness! And if I make good on that job with your brother ——"

He hesitated, caught himself.

"We mustn't count chickens before they're hatched," he reminded her.

"But it's fun, dear. Oh, it's such fun! When you do make good—why, we can get married—how soon, Chet?"

He gulped. "I've never made good yet," he stated bluntly.

"But you've never had a chance. You will, you will! And as soon as you do—how soon, dear, do you think we can?" Her fingers were straying up and down his arms.

Chet looked deep into her eyes and what he saw was precious beyond imagining. He said: "If I make good, and if he pays me the seventy-five a week, why, we can be married as soon as we like—I mean as soon as I know I'm going to hold my job."

She crinkled her forehead. "But he said he'd pay it, dear, and of course you're going to make good. Do—do you think we could be married—maybe in a month?"

"I wish we could be married tonight," said Chet solemnly.

"Oh, so do I! Isn't it wonderful to fall in love this way—remember what you said?—'bang, like that!'" She devoured his face with a look. Then she whispered: "Chet, don't let's meet dad tonight. He'll talk, and we'll just look at each other and have to shake hands. Let's just have this for our own. I think, if we tiptoe very quietly into the vestibule ——"

"You dear," he had murmured.

And now he was walking home, back to his single room in a seedy, none too sweet-smelling boarding house in the East Fifties; and for all he cared, the sun might have been shining, though it was not; and for all he knew, his shoes might have been fitted with hydraulic shock absorbers and cantilever springs.

It all had been so much like a dream—a glorious, delirious dream, arising out of nothing and fading away into a poignantly aching remembrance; yet Chet knew it had not been a dream, and that was why he walked on air.

His thoughts were a turmoil, a milling disarray of reflections, quick blissful memories, plans, hopes, resolves. And through it all, disquietingly, laced a thin, binding thread of something akin to fear. If it was fear—and Chet was trying to bring order out of his whirling thoughts—if it was fear it certainly had something to do with a bald-headed, deep-voiced man, a heavily built man who waddled and who called himself professor and who had turned a light and a microscope upon the lines of Chet's right hand.

"Must be something in that palm business," Chet mused uncomfortably. "Why, that fat old guy—all three of 'em, at that—they called the turn to a fare-you-well. Only the old guy, he did it scientifically. Told me how many jobs I'd had. Told me who I was. Told me about Peggy, by gum, and what do I do but bump into Peggy tonight? Meet Peggy, and bang! Just as if I'd known about it all my life. I'm down for the count, for keeps. And then she takes off her wig! Going to fall in love with a blonde and marry a brunette, says he. Well, I fell in love with a blonde, all right, and I'm going to marry a brunette. Bless her heart! Say, my palm must be written in plain English."

He lifted his hand before his eyes, stared at it a minute helplessly, then flung it back to his side with a gesture of impatience.

"Me, I thought that old guy was a boob! Believe me, I'll never laugh at any of those birds again. And what he told me about the man who was going to come into my life to help me! Says the old bird, lookin' at me funny: 'Alone, my friend, you are helpless. You will flounder. You will fail. But one will come into your life, not a woman but one of your own sex, and to him you must look for whatever stability, whatever success you will attain.'" Chet laughed mirthlessly. "A swell one-way ticket, that is," he said aloud. "If I ride first-class it means somebody else is going to pay the fare. Well—yes, by jingo—Peggy's worth it. I'll work for her and earn her, even if I have to be somebody's dog robber all the rest of my life."

(Continued on Page 129)

Corns

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Drop a little "Freezone" on a touchy corn or callus for a few nights. Instantly it stops aching, then shortly you lift it right off. Doesn't hurt a bit.

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Pay postman $1.50 plus postage. Your money back if not satisfied after 10 days trial. When pen arrives, fill barrel with ink, screw on cap and write name and address plainly. Write name and address plainly.

A hard, round, smooth ball tip 14 kt Gold P

INKOGRAPH CO., Inc.
199-97 Centre St., New York

AGENTS

The wholesome charm of *YOUTH'S GAY SMILES*

Yours always if you keep the Mouth Glands active

WHAT is more attractive than the joyous mouth of youth, flashing white teeth, confidence and gaiety? All this fresh charm depends on the vigor of 6 tiny glands in the mouth. When they bathe the mouth day and night with protecting fluids, the teeth stay strong and white, the gums firm, the whole mouth wholesome and sweet. But without proper care the glands slow up. Decay begins.

Keep the mouth of youth this way. So Pebeco was specially formulated to keep the mouth glands strong and active as well as to polish the teeth beautifully. Put a little in your mouth. Taste the refreshing tang of its special salt. Immediately the mouth glands are invigorated, the fluids that counteract decay flow freely, cleansing in between your teeth where the tooth brush cannot reach and clear back in the throat, keeping your mouth fresh and sweet.

Made by Pebeco, Inc., a division of Lehn & Fink Products Company. Sole distributors, Lehn & Fink, Inc., Bloomfield, N. J. Distributed in Canada by Lehn & Fink (Canada), Limited.

Why they need exercise

The numbers show where the mouth glands are, three on each side. The soft foods we eat nowadays don't give them enough exercise, they slow up and allow decay to start. So a special salt is put in Pebeco to give them the stimulation they need. With it these glands pour out day and night the fluids that counteract harmful acids and wash away impurities. You feel a fine new cleanness and freshness in your mouth. Brush your teeth with Pebeco after each meal and especially at night on retiring, and keep the Mouth of Youth.

The confidence of spontaneous smiles, joyous laughter —how wonderful to know it can always be yours

Lehn & Fink, Inc., Dept. L 79, Bloomfield, N. J.
Send me free your new large-size sample tube of Pebeco Tooth Paste.
PRINT PLAINLY IN PENCIL

Name

Street

City State

This coupon not good after October, 1928

FREE OFFER:

Send coupon today for generous sample tube of Pebeco Tooth Paste

PEBECO

keeps the Mouth Glands young

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(Continued from Page 127)

He was crossing Forty-second Street now and he smiled grimly, though with unseeing eyes, at the dark and deserted traffic tower. His mind was busy again, this time with a specific scene. The scene reconstructed itself before his eyes:

Peggy dragging him in from the balcony, laughing breathlessly, excitedly, her eyes dancing, to meet her brother Tot. "You must meet Tot. Tot's a peach. He'll adore you." . . . Shaking hands with Tot, a big-boned, straight-standing, ruddy young man, some years Chet's senior, with a sunny, good-natured smile and keen, appraising blue eyes. . . . From Tot: "A little speedy, isn't it, Peg? Dad will have a fit. Why, you're only a kid, anyway. Better soft-pedal it for a while, my idea."

A flash then from Peggy: "I'm not a kid. I'm older than mother was when she married. And anyway"—here one of those radiant smiles to Chet—"anyway, Chet, we're sure, aren't we? Dead sure!"

"First thing I've ever really been sure of in all my life," said Chet. "You can count on that, Peggy." He faced Tot and grinned. "You can count on it, too," he said.

It was then that the second astounding miracle of the evening took place. Tot's smile widened and he stuck out his hand. "Shake," he said, and gripped Chet's fingers. "We need 'em like you in the family, boy. What form would you like my blessing to take?" He hesitated, seemed to be measuring Chet's eyes with his own. "Maybe you've noticed it already," he went on with a broad wink at his sister. "We Breckens have a habit of making up our minds fast. How would you like a second demonstration?"

"I liked the first one," said Chet, finding Peggy's fingers with his.

"Fine! What I said, we need 'em like you in the family. Matter of fact, Peg's not the only one. I've had my eye open for a man like you for some time—man sure of himself, on the level; man who'll stick with me and play the game; man I can trust through thick and thin. Know anything about Wall Street?"

"Not much," said Chet, beginning to tremble just the slightest bit. "I worked there once. Got fired. I was a flop. Sold bonds."

"Sell any?"

"Not many."

"Who thought you would? You're the type. You're faster than that. How much they pay you?"

Chet smiled feebly. "Drawing account and commission," he said. "One week I made seventy dollars. It was the only week I ever made over ——"

"Forget it! Don't tell me. Call it seventy. What you doin' now?"

"Looking for a job."

"My meat," said Peggy's brother with enthusiasm. "Got a job made to order for you. You'll eat it up. My idea is keep the velvet in the family. Pay you seventy-five a week for a starter. More later. How soon can you come to work?"

"T-t-tomorrow morning," Chet almost gasped the words.

"Good! Nine-thirty at the office. Here's a card. Shake. You're hired."

This scene faded from before Chet's vision, and still Chet walked on. He was past his own street now, but he ignored that. In the east the sky was paling to a sickly lavender gray; the buildings on his right, tall and short, graceful and ungainly, began to stand out in pallid silhouette. Dawn was here and day was coming, but Chet ignored that too. He was not yet done with his thinking.

He might as well face facts, he mused. The facts, whatever they were, boiled down in final analysis to one simple fact—the fact that beyond a shadow of a doubt his future, his career, his entire life, lay predestined, ready made, neatly packaged and tied up with pink string, all in the palm of his hand.

"Well, it's my hand," he said aloud and with sudden determination. "It's my hand, just the way it was dealt to me. And as long as I can't draw cards, the game is to play it—for all it's worth." He nodded profoundly at this. It made him feel resolute, invincible.

But soon again he was shaking his head bewilderedly. Now how could the old bird have known that Peggy's own brother, young, wealthy and brilliantly successful, would within twelve hours terminate Chet's worries and take over the wheel of his affairs with an abrupt and startling offer of an opportunity and a salary beyond Chet's wildest hopes? Chet shook his head at his own question. Quite obviously there was no use trying to think of far-fetched answers when the truth lay in the palm of his own hand.

He wheeled and headed homeward. As he strode along he sang. Presently he pulled a card from his pocket and fed his eyes upon the address—a Wall Street address, engraved with chaste dignity. Above the address two balanced lines announced that the card belonged to Mr. L. Tottenham Brecken, First Vice President. But the words engraved in the lower left-hand corner were what intrigued Chet most. He read them slowly: Reorganizations and Reëstablishments, Inc.

"Now what the dickens does that mean?" he demanded of himself.

It took Chet upward of six months to find out precisely all that Reorganizations and Reëstablishments meant; and this was odd, because Tot told him numerous times. On that first morning Tot had said: "Better learn this thing from the ground up. Way to do it is take it slow. For a starter, suppose you just sit around and absorb the atmosphere. Next week, maybe, we'll start you producing."

"Producing what?" Chet asked, for he wanted to know.

"Money," said Tot, and winked.

So Chet sat around and absorbed atmosphere, and when he tired of sitting he walked around and absorbed atmosphere. The atmosphere, or most of it, seemed to be confined within the suite of three offices on the seventeenth story of a white marble building.

These offices were paneled in hand-rubbed walnut to match the hand-rubbed walnut desks; they were carpeted richly in a warm and simple brown of a shade slightly deeper than the walls. The outer office was caged off at one end by a brown marble counter topped to the ceiling by a rather heavy and ornate bronze grille. In this grille were four barred windows behind which a man and four girls manipulated the various machines of business—adding machines, typing machines, addressing machines, stamping machines. This, Chet learned, was actually the mail room and general business office.

"Kind of cramped in there, isn't it?" he asked of Tot.

"Sure, but it looks swell—looks like money. Same as a bank, you know. Lots of business going on behind a cage. Good effect on customers. Makes the outer room look busy all the time."

"But isn't it?"

"Not enough. That's why we need new blood. Here, you better meet Miss Smith. Miss Smith can tell you lots of things I can't. She knows the office from soup to nuts."

Chet was led up to the young woman who sat near a clicking stock ticker by the entrance door, a slim brown-haired young woman clad in a dress of brown silk exactly matching the carpet. She smiled warmly, acknowledging the introduction gracefully and with a perfectly modulated voice. Chet, who was not blind, remarked to himself that she would decorate the front row of any musical-comedy chorus and decorate it handsomely. Later he remarked this to Tot.

"That's where we found her," Tot explained. "They teach 'em diction, too, which is important. You see, Rule A in this business is to have a good-looking girl at the door—good-looking and dumb. This one's so dumb ——"

"But you told me to ask her questions?"

"Sure," said Tot with a laugh. "She's part of the atmosphere. Good idea to talk to her and get her angle on the business. Get everybody's angle. Walk around, poke into things, go behind the cage. I'll introduce you to Jake, who's our steady man back there. Poke into the files, read everything you can—letters, prospectuses, everything you can dig up. Look over the books if they mean anything to you. We'll have Jake fix you a desk back in there."

Chet was disappointed at this last remark, for he had pictured himself as sitting in one or the other of the two inner and more private offices, whose sunny windows looked down over the harbor. In the nearer of these offices the single important piece of furniture was a long walnut table, a directors' table, flanked by ten chairs. The farther office was totally vacant save for an impressive flat-topped desk, two chairs and, in the corner, an electric refrigerator. The lone desk in this holy of holies seemed to be Tot's.

During that long first week Chet wondered considerably about this. If Tot was first vice president, and if this was the only private office, where then did the president sit? Since he had been told to ask questions, he asked.

"He's a dummy," said Tot succinctly. "Dummy for the syndicate that put up the original jack."

"I see," Chet nodded. But he didn't—that is, not entirely. Still, he reflected, Wall Street was complicated and he himself was but a babe in arms, or rather a babe just out of arms being taught to take his first step into the mystic precincts of big business.

In his third week Tot sent for him abruptly. "Familiar with the Colton stuff?" Tot asked.

"Yes—that is, I've read all the correspondence and the reports and things. I don't know too much about it, though."

"You know as much as I do," said Tot. "As a matter of fact, you don't want to know too much. Better results that way. Well, here's the dope, fast. We've bought in their unsold stock, quite a wad of it, because the company's on the rocks. Nobody's business what we paid for it. Company used to manufacture trick automobile tops—tops for open cars. They had a good seller—the Colton One-Hand Top. Worked like a window shade. Lanhard used 'em on their old roadsters. Nothing doing now. That's the whole story in a nutshell. See?"

"Yes," said Chet.

"I want you to prepare a letter," the other went on swiftly. "Base it on our Form 6-A Letter, but write it to fit this case. Better write your own letter first and then check it against Form 6-A. Letter to all present stockholders, telling 'em we've taken hold and that prospects look good. That's all for that. Got it?"

"Yes," said Chet.

"All right. Then write a second letter warning 'em not to sell cheap. Say we know the stock's going up ten points within a month."

"Is it?" asked Chet.

"We ought to know," said Tot, "since we're the guys that'll send it up. I'll explain how it's done some other time. Too much of a hurry now. Get the Colton stockholders' list and have all the envelopes addressed, two sets, one for each of the letters. If the first letter sounds all right to Jake send it out. Don't wait for me. I'm hopping for Oklahoma City on the first train I can get. Oil company down there we can use. Back in a week or ten days. Got everything straight?"

Chet said, "Y-yes."

"Good! Plenty of time after I get back to mail the second letter. Then we start washing and getting the telegrams out. By that time you'll be on the road. If you make a killing on this job, Chet, I'll give you a raise right off the bat. How does that look for wedding bells for you and Peggy?"

"Gee!" said Chet. "Believe me, I'll make good, all right!"

And so he did, and he and Peggy were married. Her father married them and was really quite happy about it, though he pretended to be sad. But then how could any father of somewhat less than comfortable means be sad at the marriage of one of his five daughters, the middle one at that, to a young man whom his own son hailed as the white-haired boy of Wall Street? It had taken Chet not quite four months to make good with Reorganizations and Reëstablishments, Inc.

"Keep it up, boy, and you'll be wearing diamonds," Tot had told him with enthusiasm.

It was the Colton job that had done it, and the whole business was so simple that Chet couldn't understand why Tot's organization seemed to be so completely without competition in its field. Its field, quite obviously, was that of making sick corporations well. You made them well and you made a lot of money at the same time.

The first letter went out to the stockholders. It told them rather formally that the Colton business had been put in the hands of Reorganizations and Reëstablishments, Inc., and that the latter concern, which had built its entire reputation upon its record of conservatism and caution, had given the Colton business a searching analysis and could therefore state—confidentially, of course—that a turn in the market was imminent and that an improvement in the status of the Colton Automobile Top Company could be looked for with confidence.

The second letter, mailed about two weeks later, was even more specific. This letter called the attention of the stockholders to the fact that in the past year or two a distinct trend toward the manufacture of open cars had been evident in the automobile industry—this point, which had been Chet's own contribution, being regarded by Tot as a stroke of genius—and it went on to warn the stockholders that various brokers were in the market for Colton stock and would try to buy it cheap, and that to sell to these brokers would be suicidal, as the stock was going up at least ten points within the next thirty days.

Following this letter, again at an interval of about two weeks, a telegram was sent to each stockholder offering a profit of two dollars a share on all Colton stock available. These telegrams were signed "K. Fields."

"Who's K. Fields?" Chet had asked.

"Dummy. Doesn't matter, because none of these birds will sell if they think the stock's on the rise." Chet wondered about this a little, but his wondering was cut short by his being ordered to take the midnight sleeper for the upstate city where the Colton business was located.

"Take the list of stockholders with you," directed Tot. "Most of 'em are local and you can cover 'em all in a few days. The big idea is this—very simple: We're a square concern and we don't want to see 'em get stuck. We happen to know that the business is going to improve. They don't need to ask how we know, because it's information we've received confidentially and we can't reveal it. See? We've investigated carefully and we know what we're talking about. After you've been in the town a day the stock will start to rise. Watch the papers and see that the stockholders do. Get that?"

"Sure," said Chet.

"Swell! Now listen. As I say, we're a square concern and we don't want to see them get trimmed. They put their money in this thing a long time ago and all they've got out of it so far is disappointment. See? Well, now they're going to get their innings. We've arranged to allot to each stockholder a block of Colton stock amounting to one and one-half times the number of shares he now holds. That gives 'em a chance to come back. They'll have to pay the market price, whatever it's listed at in the papers, so maybe you'd better do some of your work by telephone to let 'em

(Continued on Page 133

So Very Much for

CERTAIN definite values in the New Chrysler "52" will strike you at the very first glance as superior to anything and everything else in the moderate price field.

The New Chrysler "52" is so much larger—with *so very much more* seating and carrying space.

—It is so unmistakably superior in the substantial *wood and steel* body—windows fitted tightly, doors which shut with a satisfying thud.

—It is so far beyond its class in the width, depth and comfort of the seats (*with saddle spring cushions* not found on any other car near its price).

—It is so much more exquisitely fitted and trimmed. Rich quality of upholstery, high grade dull silver handles, beautiful instrument panel, rear view mirror, automatic windshield wiper and other equipment.

—It is so much more striking in its color harmonies.

—It is so much more sturdy throughout—frames, axles and other essential parts built to endure, yet forming a part of a graceful, charming ensemble.

—It attains and maintains with ease 52 miles *and more* an hour, smoothly, sweetly, quietly, and will do that day in and day out.

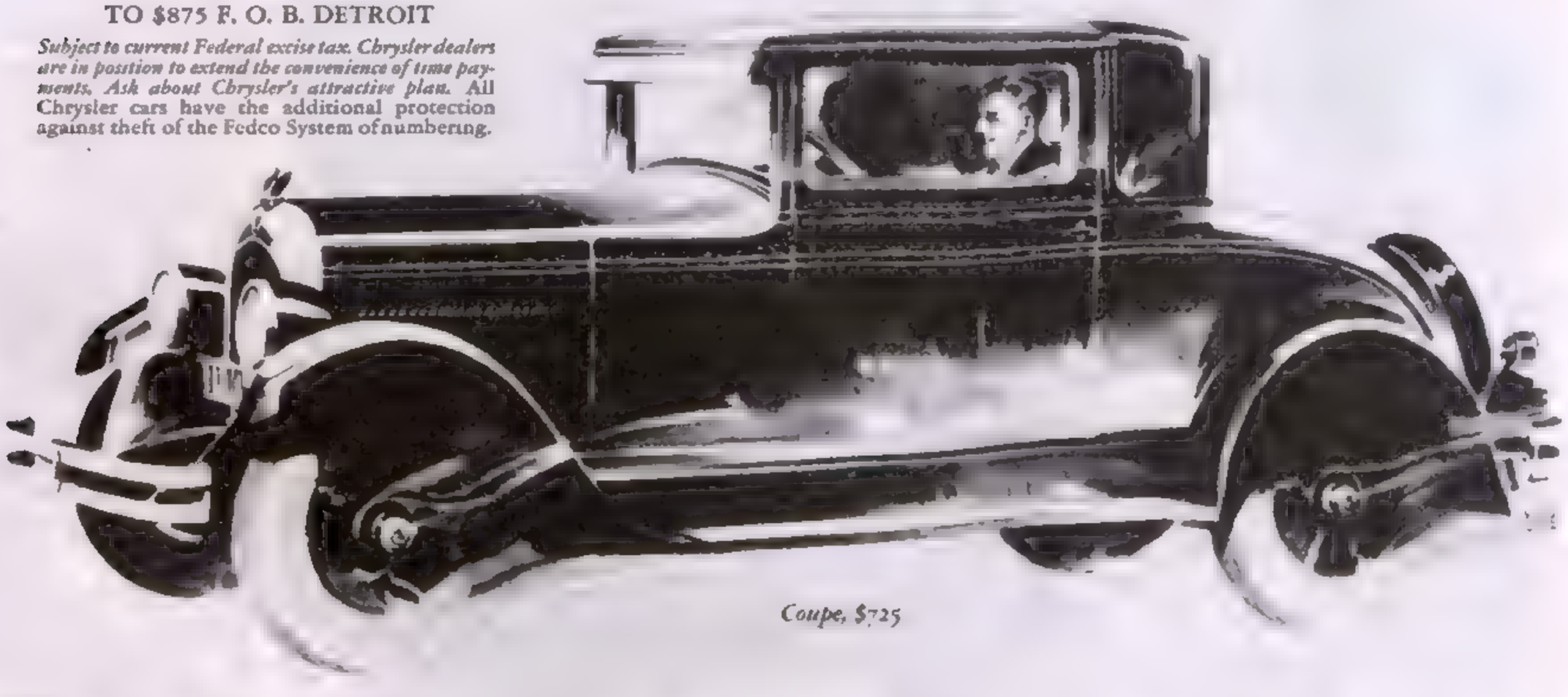
A delight to the eye—a delight on the road—the New Chrysler "52" invites you to put it to your severest tests for comfort, luxury and performance.

New Chrysler "52"

$725

TO $875 F. O. B. DETROIT

Subject to current Federal excise tax. Chrysler dealers are in position to extend the convenience of time payments. Ask about Chrysler's attractive plan. All Chrysler cars have the additional protection against theft of the Fedco System of numbering.



Coupe, $725

"52" CHRY

CHRYSLER MODEL NUMBERS MEAN MILES PER HOUR

More the Money

NATION-WIDE recognition of its pre-eminent value has swept the Great New Chrysler "62" with giant strides to topmost rank among all sixes in its price class.

The way this new Chrysler has captured popular preference is nothing short of phenomenal—and the only possible explanation is its obvious superiority in all the things that count in a truly modern six of moderate price.

Beauty—of the distinguished order that Chrysler originated for the industry to emulate.

Performance—62 and more exceptional miles an hour, with all that such ability means—performance so brilliant and keen you recognize it at once as belonging only to Chrysler.

Ultra-modern features—7-bearing crankshaft, invar-strut pistons, oil filter, air cleaner, thermostatic heat control, 4-wheel hydraulic brakes, etc., etc.,—a combination of quality features previously found only in the famous Chrysler "70" and other finest sixes.

Standardized Quality—Chrysler's inimitable plan of precision manufacture—has, in the New "62," reached new heights of value-giving, resulting in quality so unique in this field as to be amazing.

"Red-Head" Sets Chrysler Performance Farther Ahead

With the new Chrysler "Red-Head" engine, previous Chrysler ratios of fuel compression—which have always been higher than those of ordinary engines—are again increased, adding speed, acceleration and hill-climbing ability to the standards announced.

The "Red-Head" is standard on the roadsters of the New Chrysler "52," the Great New "62," Illustrious New "72" and the Sport Roadster of the Imperial "80." It is available at small extra cost for all other body models of these lines, as well as for earlier Chrysler models now in the hands of owners.

Great New Chrysler "62"

$1095

TO $1295 F.O.B. DETROIT

Subject to current Federal excise tax.

Sedan (2-door) $1145

CHRYSLER "62"

"52" - "62" - "72" - IMPERIAL "80"

Rid your car of "GALLOP"

This inexpensive installation will give you a new experience in riding comfort

No more "galloping"! No more of the bobbing, jiggling, mushy see-saw bouncing up and down of your car that you have been unable to escape on even the smoothest roads.

No more of this last great obstacle to complete riding comfort that is even more annoying to those who ride in the rear seat than to yourself.

Why your car "gallops"

At night you see the real cause of "galloping." The road you thought was glassy smooth has suddenly developed hundreds of startling bumps!

Countless rises and depressions—so small, so gradual you don't even see them in the daytime—truly revealed at night by the bright lights of your car and heavy shadows! These make your car "gallop." For small as they are, they are large enough to keep today's softer springs in constant motion.

There is but one way to stop "galloping." You must have a spring control sensitive enough to absorb the very slightest rebound, such as would be caused by bumps like these.

And you can have it now, you can rid your car of "gallop," with the new Hasslers!*

Big bumps, little bumps —alike!

Ruggedly built to stand the hardest use, thoroughly effective in the control of the severest shocks on rough roads—the new Hasslers* are at the same time so responsive that no inequality is too small to bring their action into immediate play.

So swift in recovery that they keep your car in constant readiness for the closest possible succession of bumps, large or small.

So perfectly adjusted that they preserve the full resiliency of your springs, while yet effectively checking rebound.

A special type for your car

There is a set of Hasslers* especially designed and adjusted for every popular make of car, including the one you drive. A Chrysler set for a Chrysler. A Pontiac set for a Pontiac. A Ford set for a Ford. And so on.

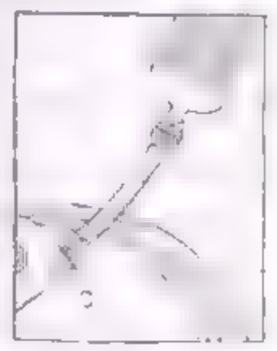
Inexpensive, easily and quickly installed, the new Hasslers* will give you an entirely new experience in riding comfort.

Have a set put on when you buy your car, or on the old car—now. Learn how much the new Hasslers* add to the pleasure of riding. How much play and movement they permit while giving you a thoroughly smooth and rhythmic ride.

Sold by the dealer who sold you your car, or at the Hassler Sales and Service Station near you. If you can not find the new Hasslers,* write us. We'll see that you are supplied Hassler Manufacturing Co., Inc., Indianapolis, U. S. A.

Service troubles eliminated

Sealed against destructive dirt, mud, and slush, the new Hasslers are noiseless under all conditions. The broken-strap bugaboo is eliminated. The new Hasslers will give you uninterrupted service for the life of your car.



Every Hassler is equipped with an Alemite or Zerk fitting for lubrication with Alemite chassis lubricant. A shot of Alemite whenever you lubricate your car is all the service they require. Readjustment is never necessary.

**Now standard factory equipment on the Illustrious new Chrysler "72"*

The NEW HASSLERS*

NO MORE GALLOPING

In the new Hasslers the connecting belt never enters the case, but is attached to the outside. Further identifiable by the red label with the name Hassler boldly lettered on every device

© 1927, Hassler Mfg. Co., Inc.

From seventy to ninety per cent of today's driving is on roads like this. Full of tiny irregularities scarcely visible in the daytime that cause "galloping"

(Continued from Page 129)

all in on the ground floor quick. Get me? We're trying to do the right thing."

Chet scratched his head. Then: "That's mighty darn decent of you," he informed his prospective brother-in-law slowly.

"You bet it is," said Tot. "If they haven't got cash we'll accept Liberty Bonds or any stock they may have that's listed on the New York Exchange. Don't take anything else, though. And use your own judgment about increasing the quota in exceptional cases. Get cash if you can, naturally. Jake will have the whole business ready for you in a brief case. He's accustomed to it."

"That's certainly a mighty square way to do business," Chet said warmly. "I suppose it pays, though, in the long run."

This time the older man looked at the younger queerly. For a moment he seemed to measure him, but then he laughed. "You'll do, all right," he said with ardor "Believe me, Chet, old son, you're a wow."

And a wow Chet proved to be, certainly as far as selling the Colton stock was concerned. On the day of his arrival in the upstate university town where the Colton factory was located the first thing Chet did was to seek out the chief single stockholder of the Colton securities. This individual proved to be none other than Prof. Franklyn B. Colton, of the university itself, inventor of the Colton One-Hand Top; a quiet, bespectacled little man who received Chet with infinite courtesy.

"I—I heard something about this," said the professor cautiously. "I—I was a trifle suspicious of some fraud. You see, the factory—I'll take you down there in my car—the factory has been inoperative for some time. It is only a little factory, Mr. Barton, and it has never actually made money. We leased it out for a year or two, but now the wheels are silent. When your company bought in the outstanding stock I heard rumors that caused me some concern. However, I was outvoted and the stock was sold. Though I am the largest single stockholder, I am considerably short of possessing what they call voting control. There was a group—certain politicians—who had their own way in spite of my protests."

"But you didn't need to protest," Chet informed him eagerly. "Don't you see?" And then Chet told him what he knew of the prospects for the golden future of the Colton Automobile Top Company. "Look at all the open cars you see on the roads," Chet added. "Look at the roadsters, look at the phaetons, which used to be called touring cars, look at the sport cars. And notice how many of them are being driven with the tops down. Of course" and he lowered his voice instinctively "the information we have is confidential. As a matter of fact, I haven't the faintest idea myself what it is. But my fiancée's brother told me—I'm engaged, you see, and we're going to be married if this goes through ——"

"You mean your marriage is dependent upon the success of the Colton company?" the professor asked him.

"Yes. And, you see, my fiancée's brother is the head of our company, and so I'm sure ——"

"So am I then," said the other abruptly. "Besides, Mr. Barton, I can see your fraternity badge. What was your college?"

"Williams."

"Enough, Mr. Barton. Your word is good. In the meantime —— You say you are sure this stock is going to rise?"

"I am as sure as any man can be," said Chet with fervor.

"Very well then, Mr. Barton. I shall be glad to write you a letter of recommendation to the stockholders. Many of them are my friends, or at least acquaintances. If you'll pardon me I'll run up to my study and type it this moment." He rose.

"But what about your own allotment?" Chet asked.

The other smiled wanly. "I am a college professor," he said. "I have a wife and two children. I have neither cash nor Liberty Bonds nor other securities. I am afraid I shall have to let this opportunity pass—as I have been forced to let many opportunities pass," he appended with a half-wistful smile.

Chet said, "That's a darned shame."

"Perhaps, Mr. Barton. Yet there are compensations—many compensations."

Chet hesitated a moment. A thought had just come to him and he was not quite sure whether it would be right or wrong for him to express it; as a matter of fact, there were many things about this untried phase of life called business of which Chet was not quite sure.

Then abruptly he decided to take a chance: "Suppose, Professor Colton—suppose I took your allotment. Do you think that would be—well, honorable?"

"But why not, Mr. Barton? I allot it to you now. Do you really want it? You yourself—you are going to buy this stock?"

"All I can get of it," said Chet. "I haven't any money, professor, but I can raise some, I'm sure. My father has saved up a little and there are two or three fellows I know. You see—well, I want to get married and be happy—you know, not have to count pennies—all that. As long as this investment's good I want in on it—as much as I can get."

The next morning the local papers displayed headlines blazoning the news that five hundred and fifty shares of Colton stock had sold for a dollar and fifteen cents a share on the Boston curb; that afternoon another five hundred and fifty sold for the same figure; an hour later four hundred shares went at a dollar and twenty-two cents; immediately thereafter another four hundred sold at the same figure, only to be followed by a sale of one hundred and fifty shares at a dollar and thirty-six cents. In the next six days Chet sold all the outstanding Colton stock he had. The last five hundred shares went at six dollars and eighty-three cents a share.

When he got back to the Wall Street office with what Tot called a clean-up Chet was shaken heartily by the hand and raised to one hundred dollars a week. It was then—or rather three weeks later—that he and Peggy were married. They were married, and they took an apartment on the upper West Side, and both Chet and Peggy were sure that the apartment was a suburb of heaven itself. Peggy sang little songs and made curtains and painted the kitchen floor; Chet held himself very straight and was inclined to smile a trifle tolerantly at all other male mortals—poor guys!—no single one of whom was aware of what he was missing.

At the club his erstwhile companions spoke of Chet moodily. Another good man gone wrong, they agreed.

And so, for two blissful months, it went. Then one day Chet finally learned what Reorganizations and Reëstablishments, Inc., really meant. He learned it by asking Tot an exceedingly simple question.

"When are we going to stir things up on the Colton business?" Chet asked.

"Stir things up? What do you mean?" Tot was visibly perplexed.

"I mean the factory," said Chet. "I had a letter this morning from Professor Colton and he says it isn't running yet."

Tot laughed heartily. "What's he want for a nickel?" he inquired with humor.

Chet frowned. Perhaps, he reflected—perhaps he hadn't phrased his question properly. Sometimes it was hard to get Tot to take questions seriously. He pondered a moment, then he tried again. "How soon are we going to get the Colton reorganization effected?" he inquired. "You see, all those people are waiting ——"

Tot looked at his brother-in-law squarely. "Are you kidding me?" he asked with a note of sharpness.

"Kidding you? No. All I want to know is when the thing starts."

Tot shook his head. "I'm damned if I get you," he stated. "We started it and finished it. We sold everything except the five hundred and fifty shares we used to wash the price up with in Boston. I've still got those if you think you can sell them. Is that what you're driving at?"

Chet eyed the other bewilderedly. "But but don't we do anything else?" he asked uneasily.

"Do anything else? Say, what's eating you, Chet? What else is there to do? We sold the stock, didn't we?"

"Y-yes," said Chet. Something inside of his ribs was tightening strangely. "Yes," he said, "we sold the stock, right enough. But is that all we do?"

"Naturally. What do you think we are—a missionary society?"

Chet said, "N-no, not a missionary society. But I—I rather thought—what I mean is, didn't we sell that stock to put the Colton company on its feet?"

This time Tot studied the younger man's face. His eyes narrowed. His head began to nod. Then: "Chet," he queried slowly, "are you the world's prize boob?"

The something within Chet's ribs tightened with a jerk. "Let's say I am," he said quietly. "Let's say I am till I get this straight. You sent me up north to sell Colton stock. I saw every stockholder there was and I told 'em all the stock was going to go up."

The other laughed. "And didn't it go up?" he asked harshly. "Didn't it do just what you promised?"

"Yes; but I think I begin to get it now," said Chet. "The reason the stock went up was because you kept selling those five hundred and fifty shares back and forth to yourself at higher and higher prices. Isn't that right?"

"You're a genius," Tot pronounced with sarcasm.

Chet hesitated momentarily. Then he said: "They call them wash sales. They're really fake, I suppose. You sell stock to yourself or to a phony broker and the price goes up. Then a guy like me goes out and a lot of suckers bite."

"Precisely," said Tot. He had reddened. "Precisely," he repeated. "Legitimate too—and incidentally, I don't like that word 'fake.' There's not a thing fake about this business. We're within the law on every count. Do you think we could live if we weren't?"

Said Chet: "Answer me one question, Tot. I'm asking you seriously. Who got the Colton money?"

The other grinned. "Colton money? My dear Chet, we have a signed agreement with the Colton corporation. Wherever it has gone, it has gone legally."

"Who got it?" insisted Chet.

"Well, you got some of it," Tot chuckled. "You got some and I got some and the office got some and the syndicate got some. The rest—and you can believe it wasn't much—went to the stockholders who sold out to us. That ought to answer your question."

"It does. Just a minute now. What's the stock really worth?"

Chet's brother-in-law laughed again. "Any stock is worth what you can get for it," he said.

"But what is it worth in money? What are the five hundred and fifty shares worth that are still unsold?"

"If we haven't cut them up for memorandum pads," said Tot, "I'd say they were worth about a dime, the whole lot."

"I'll give you a dollar for them," said Chet, and pulled out a dollar bill.

Tot said, "Done," and took the dollar. Then abruptly he squinted. "Say, are you nuts?" he asked.

"I guess I am," Chet agreed. A sudden overwhelming weariness had entered his voice. "I guess I am, all right. It—it sort of leaves me flat, Tot. I'm all—I'm all mixed up."

"Oh, forget it," the elder said kindly. "If you mean your conscience is troubling you, forget it. Mine did at first too—you know, it didn't look quite like playing ball—till I learned how business really works. The way I look at it is just this: The world is full of boobs who are aching to give money away. They're going to give it to somebody and they might as well

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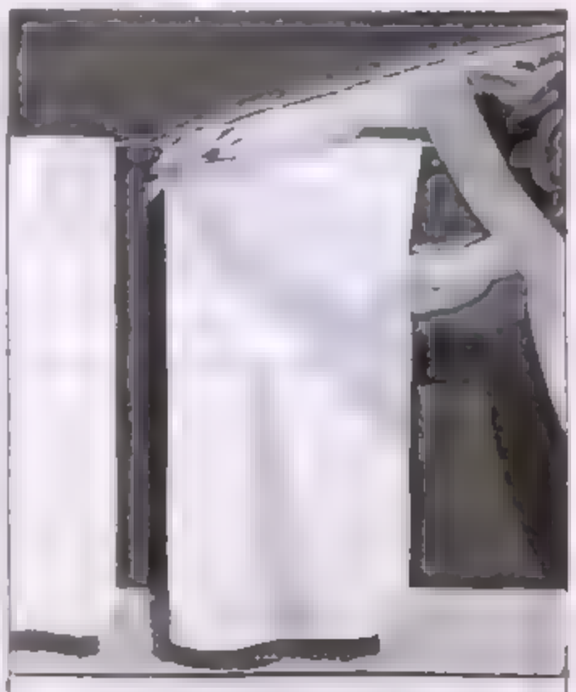

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give it to you. See? As long as you don't actually cheat people or go back on your word ——"

"But we have cheated people," Chet persisted.

"Forget it," his brother-in-law repeated. "As a matter of fact, Chet old-timer, we've done every blessed thing we promised to do. We've kept strictly within the law and we've kept our word."

"Yes, and we've cleaned two or three hundred people out of their savings—cleaned 'em cold and given 'em nothing in return. If that's legal the laws are cuckoo. It may be legal, but I'm damned if it's square."

"Oh, so that's the way you feel about it?" Tot said a little loftily. "Maybe you'd better go over to Broadway and get yourself measured for a high hat."

Chet shook his head miserably. He said: "Good Lord, Tot, I don't feel any particular way about anything. I'm not trying to hurt your feelings; I'm trying to get something straight in my head." Suddenly he grinned. "What you said about the world being full of boobs is right. Do you know what I did with half the thousand dollars you gave Peggy for a wedding present?"

Tot's mouth started to open.

"I put it in Colton stock," said Chet. "And I got my father to put in five hundred too. That's the kind of boob I am." He grinned again. "And now I've just bought the last five hundred and fifty shares from you."

"But, Chet ——"

"With those and Peggy's and dad's and Professor Colton's, maybe I'll come pretty close to owning a voting control of the Colton business," Chet explained. "Maybe I can do something ——"

"The Colton business?" Tot gasped. "Why, there isn't any Colton business, you poor fish! It's dead—dead as the floor we're standing on."

Chet said: "Probably it is, all right. Just the same—well, up there in that town I sort of gave my word we'd stir things up and I guess I wouldn't feel right unless I took a stab at it. I—I haven't had a chance to think anything out, Tot."

"What do you mean?" Tot demanded blankly.

"I don't know yet. Only, I guess I've got to take a crack at seeing if we can't shoot a little juice into the Colton works. Probably have to live there, I suppose. Gee, Peggy will hate to give up the apartment!"

"You mean you're going to quit here?" Tot asked.

Chet smiled feebly. "Looks as if I'd have to," he said. "I don't want to either. You know how a guy makes all his plans and things—you know!"

Abruptly Tot threw his arm about Chet's shoulders. "Oh, forget it!" he encouraged. "You're going big here, Chet. I knew you would, too, the minute I saw you that first night. And as for that stock you bought for Peggy and your father—hell, I'll buy it back this minute at what you paid for it. How's that? We can get rid of it easy and come out with another profit. I'll bet some of those birds up there in that town would fall for a little more, at that. You know, we can tell them there's another allotment—eight dollars a share. They'll bite so hard it'll bruise their teeth."

Chet shook his head dully. "Nix, Tot, nix. Don't you see? I couldn't do that."

Tot's upper lip curled contemptuously. "You couldn't do that, hey? Well, suppose you find something you can do then—something that won't soil your lily-white morals the way this shop seems to. Go on, have it your own way. Take a running dive into life and see for yourself what life is really like. Wait till your wife begins asking for Fifth Avenue clothes and fur coats and chiffon stockings and pearl necklaces. Wait till she wants a car and then a better car and then a better car yet. Wait till she gets a yen for Chinese rugs and Adam chairs. Wait till she cries three times a day because somebody else's wife gets her hats in Paris on the Rue de la Paix. Wait till then, you ass. Wait till you've lain awake in bed night after night sweating blood because you can't see how it's ever going to end. Wait till you're so loaded with debts that you sneak down side streets every time you see somebody you know. Wait till then, I say, and then come crawling in to me on your hands and knees and I'll give you back your job." Tot's face was beet red. Chet's was drawn and white.

"I don't believe it's that way," Chet muttered huskily.

"Of course you don't," snapped Tot. "You aren't baked yet, that's the trouble with you. Go out and bake yourself. Sweat a little blood and put it to profit and loss. Yes, and hang on to your pretty academic ideals while you have 'em, because you won't keep 'em long." The older man's expression softened slightly. He said: "The hell of it is, Chet, I like you. Go out and tell Jake to draw you a check for three weeks' salary. We'll call that your notice."

"You mean—you mean you want me to quit now?"

"Hell, yes!" stated Tot. "You don't think you're worth a damn around here any more, do you?"

"But Tot, there's only one thing—what on earth am I going to tell Peggy?"

The other smiled grimly. "I should lose hair over that," he said. "She's your wife, Chet, not mine. Tell her you think I'm a crook, for all I care. Or here's a better one: Why not tell her you're going out to reform the world?"

Chet set his teeth. "I'll tell her I'm taking over the Colton business," he said.

"That's a good joke too," Tot remarked.

But Chet, strangely enough, told Peggy nothing. It was odd, this omission of Chet's, because he had nerved himself. As a matter of record, he had nerved himself properly. He had gone straight to the club, and there, through the courtesy of various members, he had procured the addresses and mystic passwords of a number of different places—places to which Mr. Volstead's benign influence had not yet found its parching way.

It must have been about five o'clock in the afternoon when Chet at length reached his apartment. He was feeling distinctly heartened. Life, after all, was, by and large, a rosy thing. He greeted the dusky elevator boy with a measure of enthusiasm. The elevator boy responded by chuckling and imparting information.

"You just missed a gentleman," said the elevator boy.

"A gentleman?"

"Yes, sir. Tall gentleman. Seems like he must ha' been a doctor, like."

"A doctor?" Chet blinked his eyes rapidly as if to clear them. The elevator was whining its way upward.

"Yes, sir. Seems I can most always tell doctors, like. Generally they carries little black bags."

Chet flung himself against the door of his apartment and somehow managed to unlock it. He yanked it open, hesitated uncertainly, then took three strides down the long hall toward the bedroom. Guardedly he called out, "Peg! Honey! Peg!"

It was in answer to his call that she came out to him from the bedroom doorway, a slim, trim, dark-haired figure, very feminine, in a softly clinging negligee of sea-green satin. She put her two arms about his neck.

"You're early, Chet. I—you see, I was planning a surprise."

"The doctor!" he gulped. "What about the doctor?"

Peggy said: "Who told you? The elevator boy? Now that spoils it all, and I was going to have such fun. I was going to do it the way they do in books. You know—very formal."

"But, honey, dearest ——"

Now she turned her two eyes full up into his. "What's the most wonderful thing you can think of in all the world?" she asked him softly.

"The most wonderful thing? Why—why ——"

Peggy giggled happily. "Aren't men just dumb-bells!" she informed him. "You're such a goosy, Chet, and there you stand gawping just as if nothing had happened at all."

Chet stared at her uncertainly. A frown caught his forehead. "Are you all right?" he asked. "That's all I want to know. Are you all right?"

Again she giggled. "I'm a whole lot better than all right, husband of mine. Can't you guess?" She pinched his cheek. "Chet, you goof, we're going to have a baby. Isn't that the most heavenly thing?"

Abruptly Chet knew that he was very, very sober.

Next morning, of course, he had to start telling Peggy about what had happened at the office. He was a little surprised, even shocked, when she said, "Oh, isn't that nice!"

"Well, not exactly nice," he parried. "I won't make so much."

"I don't care," said Peggy. "Anything seems nice to me now, dear. Do you think we can get a little house up there in that town, and maybe a little lawn where we can keep him out under a tree all summer long?" Her eyes glowed fondly. Then she said: "I suppose it's cold in winter up there, though. I'll have to make him a lot of woolly blankets. Won't that be exciting?"

Chet peered at her narrowly. No, she wasn't making fun of him. He pondered this a moment, then he asked pointedly, "Who's him?"

"Him?" Peggy drew back. "Why, the baby, goose!"

"Aren't you taking a lot for granted?" Chet asked with amused tolerance.

"Oh, no!" Peggy's eyes grew wide. "I just know he's going to be a boy, dear; but if he's a girl I'll love her just as much. More maybe, because then I can have the fun of dressing her up. You know—fluffy things—little embroidered dresses—hair ribbons."

"Bunk!" scoffed Chet. "You're kidding yourself, honey."

Peggy merely smiled, as from a height. "I always knew there must be something women understood better than men," she said. She continued smiling—as from a height.

Then Chet went upstate again, and this time he stayed a week. When he came back he and Peggy put their apartment on the market for lease, unfurnished; and they sent all their belongings north in a motor van, and Chet and Peggy followed by train.

All Peggy said was, "Oh, I'm so happy—so terribly, terribly happy! Is it wicked to be so happy, Chet?"

"Sure," said Chet with a grin. "At that, it's sort of a relief to feel wicked, dear. Or it will be, I guess, after I get working. Anyway, it's fun to know that I've got a job at last where I can see with my eyes exactly what I'm doing."

"You mean the garage?"

"Yes. I'm a fair mechanic and fixing things is something I can understand. A car comes in and you look for the trouble, and you find it, and you fix it. That's one thing we can be sure of, honey—our little sixty a week—because I know I'll earn it. Gee, Professor Colton was a peach to steer me into that! You know, he worked in a garage once—factory, rather. That's how he came to invent the Colton One-Hand Top. He said to me, 'Barton, you go to work in a garage.' And he found me the job. I'm glad we've got a house near them. Gordon Street. Not so swell, I understand, but quiet and decent."

"But, Chet, will sixty a week ——"

"No, sixty won't," said Chet. "It won't support us and the baby and a maid—I want you to have a maid, dear—in the way we'd like to live. That's why I'll have to get a line on some night work too."

Peggy said, "But you'll wear yourself out."

"Oh, no, I won't," said Chet with a laugh. "It'll be a shock to my system, but

Continued on Page 136

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(Continued from Page 134)

it won't hurt me any. You know, they've revised that old wise crack about 'All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy.'"

Peggy said "I'll bite."

"Sure! They've brought it up to date by moving the period forward—let's see—three words. 'All work and no play makes jack.' Well, a bankful of jack is what we're after."

"But, Chet ——"

"Better encourage me," he warned with a grin. "I've spent all my life looking for the soft side of things. I've spent all my life, I guess, looking for influences, looking for somebody to lean on. That's one place where colleges slip up, Peg; they teach you the value of pull, but they're a little sketchy when it comes to hammering in the value of push. Well, you can thank God I'm beginning to get wise to the push idea. And by the way—I was thinking about it last night—do you know what I'm going to do with those lines on my hand?" He faced her.

"I thought you'd decided they didn't mean anything," said Peggy doubtfully.

"That's right; but just the same, I'm mad at 'em. They fooled me too long. So now I'm going to punish them. I'm going to rub them so hard in grease and grit, I'm going to squeeze them so hard with wrench handles and pound them so hard with tire tools, that before long I'm going to wear those lines right off—wear them off my hands—erase them—exterminate them. See? Then, by gravy, I can give the whole world the laugh!"

Peggy said, entirely irrelevantly, "Oh, Chet, I just adore you!"

"If that's going to be your story, you stick right to it," he beamed.

"You're going to be a big man," she avowed.

"Depends how you feed me," grunted Chet. But he was very happy.

So it came about that Peggy had more curtains to make and another kitchen floor to paint, and Chet was duly initiated into the novitiate of grease and grime and grit. Chet worked eight hours a day, six days a week—except when he worked ten or twelve or even fourteen hours a day, seven days a week. He worked at everything from welding frames to adjusting timers, and in doing this he learned many things. He learned that electric wiring is temperamental and that when you think you have it fixed it fools you and you haven't; he learned that eight, as applied to cylinders, is not just twice four; he learned to belabor certain cars fiercely when they wouldn't behave and to approach others with honeyed words and delicate finger tips; he learned something also of the nature of humankind, for each car that came into the shop was owned by a person, and each person was wrapped in an implicit confidence that his—or often hers—was the only car of consequence upon the highways of all America.

And through it all, Chet's muscles became like the steel springs with which he wrestled, and his appetite became like the appetite a four-ton truck displays for gas and water and oil. At night he went home tired, frequently dog-tired, but his shoulders were squaring and his carriage could have been the envy of any West Pointer. Best of all was Chet's smile. In the old days his smile had been ready enough, even hearty enough, but behind it there had lain a vague something that belied it; not cynicism, perhaps, but a quality closely akin. Now Chet's smile seemed to be actually part of him.

Peggy said once: "You smile when you sleep, dear."

"Hell!" grunted Chet, meaning to be funny. "It's the shape of my face, that's all!"

"That's just what I mean," said Peggy sagely. "It's your face. I like it. Oh, Chet, are you really as happy as I want to think you are?"

Chet's eyes twinkled. "Ought to be," he remarked. "I've got you and I'm doing a man's job at last, and we're putting money in the bank." He hesitated, then: "It's only the Colton thing that worries me."

"But why? Why let anything worry you now?"

"Oh, I don't know. Matter of principle, I suppose. Might make some money too. I thought of a new idea today, though. Get each stockholder to put in five dollars—not five dollars a share but five dollars flat. That would give us money enough to buy materials and things. Then the Doc and Opson and I will give our time, nights."

"Who do you mean—the Doc and Opson?"

Chet laughed and said: "I forgot you didn't know, dear. The Doc is Professor Colton; name they gave him when he used to work at the Lenhard plant here in town. Opson—used to be his foreman—owns the Colton top patent with him. They doped it out together—six or seven years ago it was. Anyway, our idea's this: we'll install a Colton One-Hand Top, free, on the first twenty-five cars that are driven in to us. Stockholders' cars to get preference, of course. Then, you see, there'll be twenty-five Colton-equipped cars driving around town and people will begin to talk."

Peggy asked him what that would mean.

"Can't tell for certain," Chet shrugged. "But if the newspapers will back us up, and the Doc says they will, we'll eventually be able to get somebody interested in the idea, maybe. The Doc knows some of the high-ups in Universal Motors, and we'll ask them up to visit. See? It's our only play, seeing we haven't a cent."

"But what about Lenhard?" Peggy inquired. "They're right here in town, Chet."

"Too close to us. Can't see the woods for the trees. Anyway, they tried the Colton top once, just when open cars were going out. It was a flop for them then and they're afraid of being stuck twice."

"But, Chet, if you're going to install new tops on twenty-five cars—why, you'll be working all night!"

"Looks like it," he chuckled. Then he added: "Don't forget the old motto, honey—baby needs shoes."

The twenty-third car had been Colton equipped when there came a night upon which Chet did not go to work. Instead, he found himself pacing up and down a hospital corridor; up and down, up and down, treading softly. The corridor was a long corridor, painted a pale whitish gray that didn't please Chet's eyes. Even the electric-light fixtures were gray, and so was the linoleum upon the floor. Chet wondered a little irritably why on earth they couldn't decorate a hospital in cheerful reds and yellows and greens.

He looked at his watch. The hour was 9:30. After a long time he looked at his watch again. The hour was 9:32. He paced up and down, up and down.

A crisply starched nurse appeared from nowhere.

"I'm sorry," she said, "but it's against the rules. You'll have to go downstairs to the reception room."

"I'm going to stay right here," said Chet. "I'm sorry if it's against the rules ——"

"But nothing will happen for hours yet," pleaded the nurse. "She's asleep now."

"I'll stay here," said Chet with set lips.

The nurse wheeled away. Chet continued his pacing, up and down, up and down. If only there were something he could do to help. If only there were some way in which he could take his fair share of it. He paced up and down.

Hours later—it seemed hours later—the doctor appeared. He smiled at Chet warmly.

"The nurse won't let me in there," said Chet, jerking his head toward the door of Peggy's room.

"Neither will I," said the doctor cheerfully. The doctor disappeared into the room. Chet paced up and down. When the doctor came out again he took Chet's arm. "You come downstairs with me," he suggested kindly. "She's getting some sleep. You'd better too."

Chet suffered himself to be led downstairs. There the doctor patted him upon the shoulder. "Give me your telephone number and I'll let you know," said the doctor. "It won't be till along toward morning."

Chet stared at him blankly. He gasped: "My telephone number? Why—why, I'm going to be right here."

"Well, I'm not," the other informed him. "I'm going home to bed. See you later. By the way, there's a couch in the medical library if you want to lie down." Then the doctor turned to the night superintendent. "Miss Hyde, this is Mr. Barton's first. Better let him stay or he'll tear down the building."

They both laughed. Chet scowled. Always he had heard that doctors and nurses were heartless, and now he knew it. As if what Peggy was going through was any laughing matter!

Eventually he drifted, rather sheepish, to the couch in the medical library. He lay down upon it, determined not to sleep. Almost at once somebody shook him by the shoulder, and he opened his eyes. Chet shook his head, because the somebody was the doctor. "Inside of an hour now," said the doctor. "She's fine. Couldn't be better."

"Wh-what time is it?" asked Chet.

"Oh, about 5:30. If I let you upstairs will you keep out of the way?"

"Yes, yes," said Chet humbly.

So again he paced up and down, up and down, and a slate-colored dawn made the windows as gray as the hall; and still he paced up and down. His fists were clenched now. Presently there was a white-starched stir of nurses, and a white-sheeted figure slid past him in the hallway, rolling along softly on a sort of high white bed with silent wheels. One of the nurses smiled brightly at Chet and whispered, "She's fine." The high white bed disappeared through a doorway at the far end of the hall. The door was then closed.

A new nurse came up from behind him and caught him by the wrist. "You stay here," she commanded. "Everything's perfect, Mr. Barton—truly."

Chet's face twisted sidewise. "The hell it is!" he snarled.

The nurse patted Chet's hand. "You might thank God you were born a man," she said very softly.

It was then that Chet became aware that his teeth were chattering. The whole inside of his head seemed pumped full of air—air that was painfully hot, yet icy cold.

Then Chet heard another distant noise, a faint little noise like the bleat of a very lonely lamb. The nurse said, "Only a minute now and they'll be out." She must have known what she was talking about, because in a moment two nurses appeared, a fat one and a thin one, and they beamed as they came forward.

They both said it together:

"It's a boy."

Chet gulped. "But—but my wife?"

"Oh, she's dandy. Came through it like a veteran. As soon as she comes back to the room you can ask her all about it."

"Ask her? Can she talk?"

"Can she talk?" said the fat nurse. "My goodness, man, she got that baby named and elected President before I was out of the room!"

Something seemed to snap inside of Chet. The air—the hot-and-cold air that was trying to force its way into his skull and out through his eyes—seemed somehow to fizz away. But still his eyes smarted him, and then he saw hazily that the nurses had turned their backs and were quietly walking away from him. So Chet let the warm tears run down his cheeks, and he giggled a little, just as a girl might have giggled, and then he drew in a long deep breath and whispered: "Well, I'll be damned—a boy!"

A half hour later he bounded out of the hospital. He wanted to shout, but he didn't. Instead, he headed briskly for the railroad station, taking huge strides. The telegraph office at the station would be open, and he intended to give that operator something to do.

The eastern sky had turned pink and yellow and red and gold by the time he reached the station, but Chet did not see the sky. Instead, he marched to the window and scrawled out messages upon a dozen blanks.

"Shoot these," he said to the operator. He smiled in a lordly manner. "You a married man?" he inquired.

"Naw," yawned the operator. He fingered the messages with boredom. Then: "Say, are you this here Chester Barton?"

"I'll say I am," Chet remarked with pride.

"Gordon Street?"

"That's where I live."

"Well, I got a wire for you. Your phone didn't answer. Here!" The operator tossed Chet an oblong of paper.

Chet picked it up without particular interest. He focused his eyes upon it—focused them more sharply as he read the signature, Universal Motors, Inc. Chet frowned. He read the message three times before he even began to understand what it purported. The message said:

TELEGRAPH PRICE COLTON ONE HAND TOPS PER THOUSAND FOR STANDARD EQUIPMENT NEW MODEL SPORTS ROADSTER

Chet squinted at the thing. Then he grinned and addressed the operator. "Now what in thunder are Colton tops?" he queried.

The operator scowled. He said: "Colton tops? Say, bo, they're the cat's pajamas. I got one on my bus and I know."

"Is that so?" said Chet. "Well, I never heard of 'em." He poked his hand through the window. "Say, boy, shake that," he directed. "Shake it and go get yourself married. Go get yourself married and wait till the night you have your first son. I'll bet they could send you a message in Morse code and you'd think you were listening to a cricket in a hayfield."

Now at last the operator smiled. He said: "Come in here, Jack. I got a little left in a bottle. S'pose we tilt it, hey?"

"Can't tempt me," laughed Chet. "I've been off it for months—off it for life, and I'm no crab, at that." And he stalked out of the station.

Upon the platform stood an old woman, a bent old woman, disreputably dressed. She whined something and Chet stopped. Since his heart was overflowing, he could not bear to see a fellow creature less happy than himself.

"Could you use five dollars?" said Chet. He reached for his wallet and handed her a five-dollar bill.

"Oh, meester, meester, for that I read your hand. For five dollars I tell your fortune, the entire future, your life."

Chet beamed down upon her. Then he shot forward his right hand, still slightly begrimed, for black grease is a tenacious thing. "Read that, sister," said Chet. "Read it and weep."

The crone bent over it, finally lifted her face. "But I do not require to weep, meester. Your hand! What a hand! Such a wonderful fate line, straight to success. And your life line—ah, you are influenced."

"So I've heard," Chet commented dryly.

"But there is one influence only. Hold steady, for my eyes are not as they used to be. Yes, one influence. It goes beside the life line. But it is very slender. Could it be perhaps—yes, could it be a baby?" She eyed him knowingly.

Chet caught himself. He stared. His jaw sagged open. "A baby?" he demanded.

"But surely, a leetle baby. Have you by any chance a leetle baby, meester? Is it a leetle man baby then, to make you smile so brave and gay and free?"

Chet said, "Come here." He caught the crone by the arm. "When did you eat last?" he queried gently. "Say, how about a steak—a steak smothered in onions? I'm as hungry as a horse. Aren't you?"

REACHES ALL —*Cleans All*

PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC protects every tooth in your mouth

When you have found a tooth brush that reaches *all* your teeth, you have taken the most important step in keeping your teeth permanently sound and beautiful.

Study the picture of the Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush, shown here. Notice how the bristles are arranged. See how they form a curve ending in a large pyramidal tuft. You can see that this curve is sensibly shaped to fit snugly against the outside and inside profiles of *all* your teeth. The molars in the rear, so hard to get at with an ordinary tooth brush, are easily reached by this convenient end tuft.

The bent handle is the third feature which makes it easy to reach *all* thirty-two of your teeth. Nature aligned most of your teeth on a curve. It naturally follows that a curved handle accommodates itself to this formation more easily and more comfortably than a handle that is straight.

Sold in three sizes by all dealers in the United States, Canada, and all over the world. Prices in the United States and Canada are: Pro-phy-lac-tic Adult, 50c; Pro-phy-lac-tic Small, 40c; Pro-phy-lac-tic Baby, 25c. Made in three different bristle textures—hard, medium, and soft—and with white handles or colored transparent handles—red, green, or orange. ***Always sold in the yellow box.*** (A larger Pro-phy-lac-tic with four rows of bristles is priced 60 cents.) Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush Company, Florence, Massachusetts.

Are you sure you don't need a new tooth brush?

A Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush is made so well that it doesn't look worn out even when it should be replaced with a new one. The handle and even the bristles appear as good as ever. But the best bristle will after continued use lose its springiness and elasticity. Pro-phy-lac-tic bristles are the best that Nature provides, but three or four months of steady twice-daily use will take away their lustre.

Don't try to wear out your Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush. Get a new one every three months. Keep several on hand. To present a Pro-phy-lac-tic in a yellow box is an overnight guest is a thoughtful courtesy.

FREE *... an interesting booklet containing valuable information on the care of the teeth.*

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Pro-phy-lac-tic Brush Company,
Dept. 11a, Florence, Mass.

Please send me your instructive booklet on the care and preservation of the teeth.

Name .....

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$15,000.00 in cash prizes

Read the fascinating story of Nature's most friendly and useful material. Know more about its beauty, durability and economy. Learn the truth about America's vast and permanent supply of timber. Then send us your slogan!

This message may mean $5,000 added to your bank account. And remember that these slogan contest prizes are seldom won by professional writers or technical experts. Nearly always the winners are people who never expected to win. They just hit on the simple way to express the big central idea. You can do that as well as anybody. So do not skip anything—not one word.

Plenty of wood for all future needs

For many years almost everyone has been induced to believe that this country is confronted by an acute shortage of timber. This is not true.

In fact, Col. William B. Greeley, U. S. Forester, urges the nation to "Use wood, and conserve the forests." For timber is a *crop*. It needs to be cut when ripe Failure to do so means *waste*.

There is enough standing timber in the United States today to build a new six-room house for every family in this country, Canada, South America, all of Europe and the entire British Empire! And the *additional* lumber supplied by the *yearly growth* of standing trees would build a continuous row of these houses along both sides of a street reaching across the continent from New York to San Francisco.

One-fifth of the entire area of the United States will continue to grow trees indefinitely. All of our improved farm lands put together do not equal the area covered by our forests.

These are not "opinions"—but *facts* backed up by extensive investigations and published reports of the United States Forest Service.

Better lumber today than ever before

Not only plenty of lumber—but *better* lumber! Today, *American Lumber Standards*, adopted by the industry and endorsed by the U. S. Government, give the purchaser protection he never had before.

Certified by official inspectors and responsible manufacturers, lumber is now a *guaranteed* product. The user knows exactly what he is buying, and is sure of getting what he pays for.

Universal adoption of reliable standards has won for the Lumber Industry the highest praise from Secretary of Commerce Herbert Hoover, leader in the movement for waste elimination and fair dealing in modern business.

Without wood there could have been no America

Stout wooden ships brought the settlers of America across the wide stretches of the stormy Atlantic. Wood sheltered them in sturdy log cabins and wood housed their descendants in Colonial mansions—many of which endure today.

Throughout the Thirteen Colonies wood built the homes, the churches, the town halls, the schools. Wood built the wharves, the warehouses, the stockades, the barns, the corn cribs, the bridges.

Later, the Forty-Niners battled their way over the long cruel trail to California in covered wagons made of wood. On ties of wood the railroads advanced unceasingly, West, East, North and South. And to keep pace with this expansion of a nation came the telegraph and telephone to bind the country together with a network of wires stretched on poles of wood. Newspapers, magazines, books printed on paper made of wood were among the priceless gifts of the forest.

Without wood there could have been no America!

Uses for wood constantly increasing

Twenty years ago there were less than 2600 commercial and industrial uses for wood. Today there are more than 4500. Radio alone uses more lumber than some states use for buildings.

From toothpicks to telegraph poles, from the staunch timbers in mine shafts to the buoyant strength of Lindbergh's immortal plane, wood serves mankind in countless and ever-increasing ways.

for a slogan about WOOD

WOOD *endures*

The oldest and most beautiful homes in America are houses built of wood. After more than two centuries many of them stand today, mellowed by the touch of time, but as sound in timber and beam, and *as livable*, as they were before the Revolution. These early American homes teach us that when you build of wood, and build right, the building lasts! Theories come and go, but a house 200 years old and still in good condition is an unanswerable argument. And today, with scientific treatments to protect wood against rot, fire and insect attack, wood is more enduring than ever.

Wood endures—and the supply is enduring. For it is the only one of our natural resources that *grows*. The mine becomes a gaping hole; the forest forever renews.

WOOD *is beautiful*

Wood possesses a pleasing natural beauty of grain and texture that mellows and deepens with age and defies imitation.

Wood can be fashioned and carved and fitted into thousands of charming designs.

Indeed, to all who admire fine craftsmanship, wood offers an almost unlimited range of adaptability.

And surely it is significant that the American architect prefers lumber for his own home!

WOOD *is friendly*

Of all materials there is none so *friendly*, with such a sense of human companionship, as wood. Wood is warm and alive to the touch of your hand. The handle of a tool, the steering wheel of your car, the arm of your chair, the bowl of your pipe—you like the feel of them because they are wood.

If there is a piece of furniture in your home for which you have a real affection, that piece of furniture is made of wood.

WOOD *is economical*

Wood is stronger, pound for pound, than any other material. It is easily and cheaply fitted to special forms for special needs. Anyone who can drive a nail, handle a saw or turn a screw can work with wood.

Wood's moderate cost is due today, in no small measure, to the elimination of waste. There is a grade of lumber for every purpose, a right wood for every need.

Wood assures its user economy. Supreme among home building materials, it is also the cheapest in purchase and construction cost

After you have read this *turn to panel at the right*

To inspire renewed and greater appreciation of wood, and to make more widely known its almost endless variety of uses, manufacturers of American Standard Lumber in the National Lumber Manufacturers Association are preparing an extensive educational campaign.

The first thing the Association wants is a "slogan" for this campaign.

For the best slogan submitted the Association will pay the sum of $5,000.00. There is a second prize of $2,000.00 and a third prize of $1,000.00. Then there are four prizes of $500.00 each, and fifty prizes of $100.00 each. Making a total of $15,000.00!

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Washington, D. C.
Manufacturers of American Standard Lumber

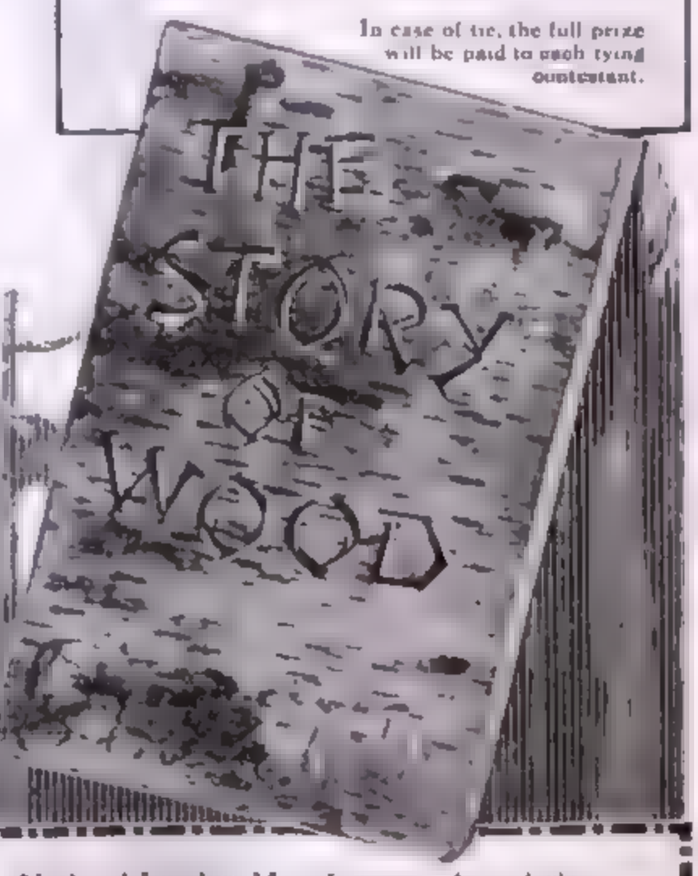
This *free* Booklet may mean $500000 to you *Send today!*

Mail coupon below and booklet will be sent you postpaid. It contains the *Official Blank on Which Your Slogan Must Be Submitted.*

This may mean $5,000.00 added to your bank account. So mail your coupon right now.

First Prize	$5,000
Second Prize	2,000
Third Prize	1,000
Four Prizes (each)	500
Fifty Prizes (each)	100

In case of tie, the full prize will be paid to each tying contestant.



National Lumber Manufacturers Association,
P. O. Box 811, Washington, D. C.

Gentlemen:

I want to enter your $15,000 Prize Slogan Contest. Please send me free copy of your booklet, "The Story of Wood," so that I may qualify.

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It solves a heretofore vexing problem—unevenness of studding surface and variable thickness of panels.

When the two Beveled Edges of Bestwall meet, *there is no ridge.* The joint can be made perfectly smooth—invisible—blended into the surface. Application is greatly speeded up and labor cost reduced.

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Bestwall—due to the exclusive Beaver *fibre* facing (made in our own mills)—is exceptionally strong. Any test will prove it. Can be handled much more roughly—with safety. Breakage loss is reduced.

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Beaver Bestwall is still made with the square edge for those who prefer it. For samples and literature of the Beveled Edge, address Department 1010A, THE BEAVER PRODUCTS CO., Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.; Thorold, Ontario, Canada; London, Eng.

Manufacturers also of **Beaver Board, Beaver American Plaster, Gypsum Lath, Gypsum Block, Thermocrete (Cellular Gypsum), Varnishes and Enamels, Beaver Vulcanite Asphalt Shingles, Mineral and Smooth Surfaced Roll Roofings, Asphalt Paints and Cements**

BEAVER

BEST-WALL

THE SUPERIOR PLASTER WALL BOARD

with the BEVELED edge

GEORGE H. JAY AND THE LADY FROM MOOLGAMOOLLOO

(Continued from Page 34)

damage. Well, I can understand that you feel all battered up. But will you explain all this damage to me? Be frank -it'll pay to be frank, Mr. Gene. I invite you, Miss Redmond invites you, to be frank. First, then, what's your financial damage?"

Mr. Hawksley produced a document which he handed to Mr. Jay without comment. George glanced through it. It was a contract under the terms of which Eugene Sherrard Hawksley agreed to work as a special confidential representative of Lotts & Mutchmore, Stock and Share Brokers, Financial Agents, and so on, for a term of five years at a salary of a thousand a year plus 1¼ per cent of the profits he made for the firm. The document lacked only one thing—the signature of Mr. Hawksley.

"I was on the point of signing that when Maryhill—Miss Redmond—accepted my offer of marriage," said Hawksley. "So I let it go. I—naturally I now wish I hadn't. It was a good post, but they have filled it now."

His smile was wan but brave.

"I see. That was hard luck, yes," said Mr. Jay, without showing the tinge of uneasiness he felt. "But why refuse it after Miss Redmond accepted you?"

"Why, I gathered that she wished me to go back to Australia with her," explained the ever-ready Gene.

"Quite, quite. And naturally you would do what she wished."

"Of course. But there were good prospects in Australia too. She told me so. They, naturally, helped to influence me. Perhaps I was easily influenced; I may have been. A man in love usually is, Mr. Jay. Miss Redmond explained to me about the great likelihood of her friend Mr. ah—Digger Mitchell, an expert prospector, finding gold on her farm."

Mr. Jay nodded gravely.

"Naturally, I was eager to pursue—for her—this possible El Dorado, particularly as it was her own wish. Indeed, I was so anxious to help her—and, in a way, myself, of course, I admit"—he smiled winningly—"that, fired by the thing, I went a little out of my financial depth. I realized that it was well worth while backing up this Digger Mitchell in his search for gold and at the same time getting a reserve fund with which to work the mine when he located it. So I deposited certain securities with the financial firm I mentioned—Messrs. Lotts & Mutchmore—and raised a loan of ten thousand pounds for which, not unreasonably, they required Miss Redmond, my future wife and future owner of the gold mine, to hold herself jointly responsible with me!"

Geo. H. nodded gravely.

"That sounds reasonable enough," he admitted candidly.

"Well, I thought it fair. I thought it showed that I was doing my best for Maryhill Redmond," said Gene, "then—then, my dear Mr. Jay, she—er—turned me down—wallop, so to put it."

He gulped, but smiled courageously through his gulping.

"Yes, yes, quite; oh, quite wallop," agreed George H. absent-mindedly. "Do have another cigar while I think."

Gene did it.

"Of course you understand that Miss Redmond hasn't a cent of real money—that, in fact, she's shy her hotel bill, practically speaking?" asked George.

"Oh, quite. I am naturally prepared to wait for whatever a jury awards me or whatever may be agreed upon between us out of court until Maryhill is in a position to pay it."

"Well, that's fair enough!" said Mr. Jay, and apparently overwhelmed with admiration, added quite vehemently, "Yes, sir, dead fair. You are behaving well in this thing, Mr. Hawksley. Generously, fairly ——"

"Oh, I don't know," said Gene. "I like to—er—play the game. I was—am very fond of Maryhill Redmond, you know."

"Yes, I know," agreed George.

A sudden thought struck him.

"But this loan -what about that? The gold mayn't be found for ages. And Lotts & Mutchmore won't wait forever for their money -principal. And as for the interest, they'll want that sharp on the nail. What about that? Miss Redmond couldn't meet her half of that note—not if they offered her a pair of angel's wings back for discount."

"No; I know," said Mr. Hawksley resignedly. "I shall have to bear the whole brunt of that myself," he explained.

The old Finch Court anteater dropped his lids over his glassy eyes to hide the sudden gleam that he knew flashed into them.

"Bear the whole brunt of it yourself, will you?" he said very silently withinward. "You wouldn't know a brunt if you saw one; no, not if one flew across the Atlantic in an aeroplane and fell on you, you young hound!"

But aloud he merely congratulated the youth on his sporting spirit once more.

"Well, well, we must do the best we can, Mr. Hawksley. Shall come to a friendly arrangement no doubt. Yes, decidedly. It's just one of those unavoidable awkward snags that will crop up in the best-regulated of human ladies' affairs. Ha-ha! I'll go into it with Miss Redmond right away and get in touch with you again."

He rose, beaming. Gene rose, beaming also.

"I see no call for bad blood and bitter words in all this, Mr. Hawksley," declared George. "The gold's the thing! Hey? Let's get the gold; let's get Miss Redmond into a position of financial importance, and you'll see how free she—yes, and her old agent—old Honest John Jay, as they call me round about—can be of any grudging spirit. Yes, sir. We'll keep in close touch, then?"

"Certainly," said Gene, and Mr. Jay showed him out; personally opening the door for him, though, as he told himself after he had closed it, it was hardly necessary. "That slick young scoundrel could slide through the crack underneath it—same as any other eel!"

George Henry sat thinking for a long time after Mr. Hawksley had departed. And yet once more he telephoned that nebulous but eager voice from the City, called Jackson.

"Lotts & Mutchmore, brokers; money lenders, mainly, I figure. Where d'you class 'em, Jackson?" he demanded. He knew, but he liked corroboration when he could get it.

"Class 'em, Mr. Jay. Why, with the other crooks that are still the wrong side of stone walls. No class to 'em, Mr. Jay," reported Mining Records and Prospects, Ltd.

"Thanks. It's as I thought. Good night, Jackson."

George hung up, beaming, and left to get ready for dinner with Maryhill. She was waiting for him, and in her evening frock she looked to him like thirty shillings in the pound.

"Did you see Gene Hawksley, Mr. Jay?" she asked.

"I did," said George.

"Any luck?"

"Couldn't be better. Don't worry any more about it. In a day or two I shall have Gene pretty well where I want him."

She glanced at him—big, burly, competent, an imposing figure of a man in the sharp black and white of his evening dress.

"He's only a kid, after all, Mr. Jay!" she said. "You won't be too rough with him."

"Too rough! Not me, Miss Maryhill. Why, no agent of my position would keep his great reputation a minute if he were rough! Nunno, don't worry. I won't be rough with him—not so you'd notice, my dear—Mary," he boomed and laughed like bulls bellowing. "Come along then; we'll make it the Savoy."

She went along.

They were at the very heart of an important conversation when, late that night, a taxi drew up at Maryhill's hotel and the driver swung a dirty hand wrong way back in a broken-elbowed movement to open the door.

Mr. Jay made, as it were, a long neck toward the driver's ear. "What are you stopping for?" he said hoarsely. "Go on. Drive around and about till I tell you to stop."

With a weary sigh the driver trod his taxi underfoot again and they rolled on.

"And you feel—you really do feel that you'd have no use for London as a home, Mary? Hey? The burg's all right as a sort of—what?—well, a good kind of Spanish Main for a busy kind of pirate, but no home! That right? But your idea of a home is pretty much what mine is, uh? A nice, roomy country house, not so big that you need a whole host of servants to bother about, replete with all the modern improvements, with a bit of land, a cow or two and a few fowls; maybe a couple of good horses for a gallop now and then; an acre of woodland with maybe a few dozen brace of pheasants to be got; and down the bottom of the far meadow a quarter mile of as pretty a bit of trout stream as old Isaiah Walton himself could ask for. How does that strike you as a home, Mary?"

"There's no such place!" protested Miss Redmond's contralto, rather faintly in the taxi gloom.

George H. chuckled. "Oh, is that so, my dear? Well, as it happens, I've got it. And Mary—Mary, my dear—I'd be sort of glad if you'd come along and go halves in it with me."

"But—but—what use have you—a man like you—got for a penniless colonial girl like me?" she was murmuring sorrowfully.

Mr. Jay laughed so that the head lamps of the taxi jumped and dimmed.

"Use? Use, Mary? Why, can't you see I worship you? Why, Mary, I've had so much to do with the high-polished, fancy-witted finches of this country that I'd got to despair of ever meeting a girl like you. I—I want to be human again, and you're the best little humanizer that ever found her way to Finch Court."

"But I've got no money—that gold isn't likely—whatever Digger Mitchell says. Mr. Jay, I've got nothing but what I'm wearing and a few things in my trunk at the hotel."

"Money? Money? Oh, I'm sick of the sound of money," lied Mr. Jay, believing himself. "And maybe I'll be getting you some soon, anyway. The thing is: Are you going to marry me, Mary, or aren't you?"

"I am," said Maryhill faintly.

"Good work," said Mr. Jay, feeling years under his age. He elongated his neck through the door again.

"Driver!"

"Sir!"

"Drive around and about a bit longer. I'll tell you when to go back to the hotel."

"Yes-sir!"

The driver settled down in his seat and continued to step on her.

III

FOR the three days immediately following, London was compelled to stagger along as best she could without the sustaining presence of Mr. George Henry Jay. He disappeared on the morning after his understanding with Maryhill Redmond, clad in a tolerably talkative suit of plus-fours, and he took with him no more than a suitcase, a trout rod and a landing net.

(Continued on Page 143)

Adventurer
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(Continued from Page 141)

But on the morning of the fourth day he reappeared at Five Finch Court looking rather smarter than Gus ever remembered noticing him looking before.

He went through to his office smiling but absent-minded.

"Ah, there you are, Golding. 'Morning, my boy; 'morning. Bring the letters."

Gus brought them and Mr. Jay plowed his hands through them until he found the one he sought. It was a report from Mining Records and Prospects, Ltd.—the company behind which moved mysteriously and subterraneously the voice called Jackson.

"Honest John" Jay read parts of it aloud, muttering:

"Regret to report, on reliable advices received from Brisbane, absolutely no prospect of gold in Moolgamoolloo, Queensland. Mr. Digger Mitchell stated to have given up prospecting in that neighborhood and removed to Western Australia in search of opal ground.

"JACKSON"

"Um-m!" lowed Mr. Jay unconcernedly, and glanced at the clock, then took from his desk drawer a mirror and glanced at that. He rearranged his tie, smiling.

Gus Golding entered smartly, announcing Miss Maryhill Redmond; a very different-looking Maryhill from the girl that had first called on the genial George. There were not a few ladies of the smart set whom George had obliged in some way or another, and from these he had selected the young Countess of Sandacre—famous for her beauty and her wonderful taste in clothes—to give Miss Maryhill the benefit of her advice and hospitality during the past three days. The countess was indebted to George H. for her rescue from a really dangerous and ugly blackmailer, and she was still so grateful about it that George had needed only to breathe the first few words of an intimation that he would regard it as a great favor if the countess could see her way to help his fiancée, Miss Redmond, to adjust herself to ways, means and raiment that were perhaps a trifle more in tune with England and a shade less so with the Never-Never adjoining Moolgamoolloo.

Lady Sandacre had understood instantly, and desiring the worthy Jay—ever a business hero in her eyes—to go on his trip in peace, she had promptly driven to Maryhill's hotel, fetched her away to her own place in Grosvenor Square, and had enthusiastically entered upon the joyous task of showing Mr. Jay, and all whom it might concern, just exactly what a lady of taste could do in three days to get a girl like Maryhill looking her best. The money end did not matter—no protégée of Lady Sandacre had to ask for credit in London. It was harder to dodge it than get it.

From behind his desk gentle Mr. Jay gaped in admiration at the radiant apparition. His! His girl. Old George Henry Jay's; the battler of Finch Court.

"Well, do you like me?" demanded Maryhill, flushed and radiant.

"Like you?" George gulped, moved over and shut the door.

"Privacy, London, my telegraphic address," he murmured mazily. "I'll show you whether I like you, Mary. I'm afraid I'm going to crush that fine frock."

"Oh, darn the frock," said Mary.

Presently George glanced at the clock. "We're due at Lotts & Mutchmore's at eleven and it's five to now," he said. "I'm going to wipe them off the map; Gene Hawksley with them. Care to come and see, my dear?"

She cared.

Messrs. Lotts, Mutchmore and Hawksley were waiting—Lotts with a hungry-looking receipt book all ready on his desk before him. There were quite a number of smiling civilities, and then George Henry got to business.

"About Mr. Hawksley's claim for damages," he said. "I propose to regard that as settled out of court."

"Quite so," approved the shyster financiers. "What figure do you suggest, Mr. Jay?"

George's eyes went glassy, and his voice became harsher, "Nothing. No figure. I said 'settled.' It's settled now. I settle it."

"You're joking, h'm?" snapped the lean and ravenous-looking Lotts.

"Never joked less in my life," responded George. "If you want to sue Miss Redmond in a court of law for damages, go right ahead. I'll 'tend to you there."

"But ——"

"Just a minute," commanded George. "Now, as regards Miss Redmond's signature to that promissory note."

"Yes?"

"I repudiate it. You'd better sue for that, too, when you feel the suing's good. That clear?"

All three men were on their feet. "But this is waste of time. Man, you're crazy," snarled Lotts contemptuously. "Do you think we are in the least likely to submit to that or to advise Mr. Hawksley to do so either?"

George H. smiled. "I do think so. And now I'll tell you why. The thing's a conspiracy from post to finish, and the conspirators are Messrs. Lotts & Mutchmore and the Hawksley Brothers—the Hawksley Brothers, ha-ha!"

He laughed like a man who loved a good joke and a hearty laugh.

"You had me guessing about the gold and the gold field, Hawksley. I believed there really was a likelihood of it being there; especially as Miss Redmond believed in it. But there never was. I've had my Australian agents on it and now I know more about Moolgamoolloo than the man who invented it. Never mind that. Let's begin at the beginning. What you wanted, Hawksley, was to get Miss Redmond in debt to you. And you went all the way to Australia to do it—to get a practically penniless girl in debt to you.

"Why? Because you knew that a time wasn't far off when she'd be able to pay her debts and still have a trifle over. A trifle, did I say? Ha-ha!" brayed George triumphantly. "I'll tell you about that trifle in a minute or two. I mulled that gold-field story over in my mind till I'd got it ground small, and the smaller I ground it the harder it was to digest. And then I got a line on the answer to the conundrum you'd set me, as a high-class agent of my stamp couldn't fail to do, if he only kept his brains simmering. I proposed marriage to Miss Redmond and she did me the honor of accepting me—God bless her. And then I went to Wales—Wales, friends!"

The light scowls on the faces of the friends suddenly became dark ones and their chill, sardonic, confident smiles vanished.

"Wales," insisted the gentle Jay. "Why? I remembered that old gentleman who was the only ancestor Miss Redmond owned—Sir Paunceforte Redmond. The invalid who had sent through his secretary a message that he had no wish to receive or become acquainted with Miss Redmond—his own brother's great-granddaughter!"

Mr. Jay's voice hardened a little and a curious grimness crept into his keen and vitreous eyes.

Hawksley rose quickly.

"I don't think you need allow this insulting scoundrel any more rope," he said rather swiftly, and his partners nodded.

Gentle George's square visage changed sharply to a very rugged, rough-hewn affair indeed, and there was something like a touch of genuine ferocity in his voice as he bellowed:

"Sit, you slick young hound; sit, I tell you, or I'll have the police at you in ten seconds."

Hawksley paled and sat, as desired.

"I found out almost at once the name of Sir Paunceforte's secretary. And what do you think it was, Mary?" He turned to his fiancée, who was listening raptly. "It was Hawksley—Cyril Hawksley. And who d'ye think he was but own brother to eely little Gene here! Yes. I tried to see Sir Paunceforte, but Cyril the secretary handed out to me much the same sort of refusal as he handed out to you, Mary. But old George Henry is used to that sort of icy welcome—he wouldn't be next in line for Grand Master of the Agents Institute if he weren't—and he acted as he thought best, and made a few inquiries, spent a little money, saw Sir Paunceforte's solicitors, and here's the result in a nutshell:

"Six months ago, Sir Paunceforte, a very old man, fell ill, and grew worse. He made a will, and in that will he left everything he owned to the surviving descendants of his brother, James Redmond, who were believed to reside at Moolgamoolloo—if any. If none, then everything went to charities. There was one, friends—my fiancée, Miss Maryhill Redmond! The lady to whom I proposed marriage when she hadn't a cent! You, Mary. The Hawksleys decided to go for what they considered their share, and Gene went to Australia in search of you; found you had left Moolgamoolloo and caught you on the boat. You thought yourself next door to poor, Mary, and so you were; but Gene knew what was bound to come to you before long. Well, he nearly succeeded in hooking you, Mary. . . . Didn't you, Gene? But not quite—no, not quite."

George chuckled.

"Finished your fairy story?" sneered Lotts. "If so, perhaps you'll come to facts. These facts!" He indicated the unsigned contract and the promissory note.

"Oh, those, yes," said Mr. Jay good-humoredly. "That contract was pure fake between you two and Hawksley. In the first place, Hawksley isn't worth a thousand a year salary and, moreover, you two couldn't pay it. You don't do the class of business that calls for it. You're pretty well known in the City. When you bring on your breach-of-promise case I'll pay a good counsel to explain how well known in the City—to the judge and jury. And as regards your promissory note, take a look at your books, if you keep any, and refresh your memories. I'm perfectly agreeable to take on the task of inviting you to prove in any court in the world that you advanced as much as twopence to Hawksley, that you have got ten thousand to advance, or that you would advance it if you had it. I'll ask Hawksley to prove that he deposited any securities against that phantom loan, and that he has any securities—except maybe his dress suit—to deposit. Your note is like your contract—window dressing, dummies, something for show, not for use."

Hawksley appealed to Maryhill. "Are you going to allow this man to repudiate your signature in this barefaced way, Maryhill? You can afford to play the game, you know."

"How do you know she can?" snapped Mr. Jay.

Hawksley hesitated.

"Won't say, huh?" continued George. "Well, I'll tell you. You know she can afford it, because you know—from your brother—what Miss Redmond doesn't know, but what her old agent, Geo. H. Jay, knows for her. And that's the fact that Sir Paunceforte Redmond died yesterday morning leaving property worth round about a hundred thousand pounds. All of which—every cent—goes to the future Mrs. George H. Jay! Hey?"

He turned to the amazed Maryhill. "Quite true, my dear. And I think that on the whole we had better be going to take care of it, don't you? There's still one Hawksley near it."

"I do," agreed Maryhill gayly.

"Very well, my dear; we will," beamed George, and without one word from the trio of crooks watching them, they left.

Mr. Jay paused for a second outside the closed door, listening for the furious outburst of recriminations he expected. It came with an oath like a pistol shot from the baffled Hawksley. George Henry smiled, drew the future Mrs. George's hand through his arm, and moving with a kind of triumphant stateliness, guided her entirely unfaltering footsteps out of the office upon the path that led almost directly to more or less holy matrimony for two.

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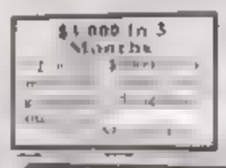

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BIG TIME

(Continued from Page 15)

he could and would; and they all went over to the bare stage of the opera like two parties bound for a dueling ground. And there, so the story ran, Verblennes, without music, accompanied Di Passo himself in his one song, the Song of the Flea, so that at the end Di Passo himself, with the fervor of an artist, took Verblennes in his arms and thanked him.

This story got abroad. There was a great exile colony of musicians in town, for it was during the war; and Verblennes became the rage among them—they all had some rusty spots to polish. And for debuts and auditions no one else would do, if you had the voice or the fingers or the bow to command him. There were tens of thousands of students seeking a hearing, and he could pick and choose.

Some stories were whispered about him, but the whispers were hushed when he sat down and struck his piano and nodded to his soloist. His soloist —— He was the star. The audience came to hear him. An artist who couldn't fill Town Hall alone would stand them up in Carnegie if Hector Verblennes were at the piano. Among his eccentricities was to neglect to shave for his biggest concerts. This morning Hector Verblennes was found by a servant, pinned to the floor of his music room by an African assagai, snatched for the purpose from a wall decoration.

Estrelle only tasted her bouillon. Braxton nodded to the waiter; then came some fish with the sauce for which the chef wore the cross with palms. The pause had been good for Estrelle. Her voice no longer trembled.

"You have her in your custody?" she said, at the same time bowing to a friend across the room with a sweet smile.

"Learn to so frame your words," said Cuyler Braxton, with the effect of great caution but not the air of it, "that anyone could overhear without getting your meaning. You and I are among people all the while. We have no moments of privacy. We are shut off from confidences unless we learn this trick. Try it again."

"Was the meeting last night?" she asked.

The dead man had been found at dawn.

"No; the night before," said he. "Easy, easy!" he said, laughing, because she started violently. "That sauce is hot." She shredded her fish with the tine of a fork. "She had come to me directly from there."

"From where?"

"There!"

"What time was it?"

"Three"

"Why you?"

"I have always dabbled in music," he said. "Fortunately she knew of me. She had the deuce of a time getting away from there at that hour," he added lightly, as if the creature had torn away from some hilarious party at a night club. "She must have sat on my doorbell. I sleep like a mummy. I was tired and sore, and she was naturally wrought up. But after a while we got to the end of it, for the time being—for the time being," he repeated grimly. "We shall have to go over it, over and over again. Plays aren't written. They are rewritten as I believe someone has said before me." He pushed back his things, turned his chair to face the room, flicked the dust off a toe with the end of his napkin.

"Of course she wanted to rush immediately to the front," he said, looking oddly at Estrelle. "Emotion—that sort of thing, you know. My idea was to let it ride, to let it grow cold," he said, with that curious lack of interest in his own words he could assume at times. "Fortunately Sunday intervened. I said nothing about the trousseau. That occurred to me later. There is a concert tomorrow afternoon. If you could run over, it would be a good time to give her the once-over without her realizing the occasion."

"She is going to sing—in public?"

"Life goes on," said Cuyler Braxton, in that judicial tone young lawyers practice. "Why not? It occupies her."

With the greatest difficulty Estrelle asked quietly, "I suppose she must be beautiful?"

"I have been thinking about that," he said. "There is youth." Estrelle, alas, had not youth. Style and aplomb, yes; and a glorious radiance, but not youth. Youth comes twice, says Bernard Shaw—at seventeen and at thirty-one—and Estrelle was verging on recovered maidenhood. Her eyes had widened and grown dusky. "There is the air of innocence," resumed Cuyler Braxton, still busy painting his picture, "and a certain pleading prettiness. We shall have to get rid of that." He shook his head disdainfully. "These are all leads for you. The foundation is there—erase here and build up there. To an artist like you it will be joy. . . . But you are not eating your salad."

"No," she said.

"There is some nice runny cheese."

"No."

"Coffee?"

"I think not."

"I have distressed you?"

"Yes. It is like a painted agony. It is terrible." Her well-trained face belied her words.

"For me," he said, smiling, "it is the one thing I have been praying for—something in the big time. And here it comes tumbling into my lap. She is perfectly cast. I believe I could put her on without a rehearsal, if I had to risk it."

There was a pause. "Bring me a sweet," she said; and the *garçon*, his ears sharp enough for that, hastened up with the confectionery epergne. As she toyed with a glazed dainty she found herself examining Cuyler Braxton through the filter of a new understanding: this portrait was strange, the young man in the throes of luck.

Their glance met and held. There comes a time when words fail but the idea goes on. After what seemed an eternity, she asked, "There is no immediate danger then?" She meant was there danger of immediate apprehension.

"As yet, no," he said. "I shall want to stage that very carefully." He was only a stage manager assembling his props. Entirely sunk in it, he added, "Every move has to be calculated. I have seen black turn white in a jury box." He leaned forward. "You realize what it will mean to me? Have I your help?"

"I have a curious feeling that we are being overheard," said Estrelle, her voice hardly more than a whisper. At this instant M. Brody, who had been fidgeting in his chair at the end of the room, suddenly arose and approached. In one hand he carried his coffee cup, in the other his serviette. Except that he was not dressed for it, he looked like some apotheosized head waiter.

Without a by-your-leave he set down his cup and drew up a chair, filling his cup from their silver pot, and he said, "*Une vraie trouvaille, madame.* . . . You speak French, sir?" he said, turning to Cuyler Braxton.

Braxton admitted that he did, and understood some of it, too, having learned the A. E. F. version. M. Brody, who took it all for granted, had something to confide. It was astonishing how secretive he could be. His voice rumbled, shook the sides, scraped the bottom. Incredible as it appeared, madame, m'sieu, as an infant he had been feeble, very little—he illustrated—a *maladie* of nerves—too tight, like a violin string. It caused his beloved parents to despair of saving him for his great career.

For example, he suffered from a morbidly acute sense of hearing. A fly walking across a windowpane was the galloping of a cavalry horse; a train crossing a bridge a mile away was the collision of worlds in space: the dropping of a pin, the tick of a watch, the running of water, gave him exquisite torture; and as for plotters whispering—ha! He laughed—nothing was hidden from him. Even today he finds himself embarrassed by this frightful—*affreux!*—sense of hearing. It remains as the sole souvenir of his *malaise*.

"What do I do with this beard of mine at night? Monsieur, I leave it out with the cat! I am desolated, but I am in possession of your complete conversation."

Cuyler Braxton was taking his change from the silver salver as he said to M. Brody, without the flicker of an eyelash, "We count on your discretion. You introduce a new note." They arose. M. Brody, bowing deep, indicated that he was wholly their slave. "*Une vraie trouvaille!*" repeated M. Brody, as he made his adieus for the last time. A treasure-trove, indeed—a trousseau for a murderess!

II

THERE was a saying that big-time murders never opened cold for Deputy Parr, the man hunter. He seemed to have a way of anticipating them, as if they had calculable orbits. And it was a fact that he usually was to be found sitting in the front row when the curtain went up.

Saturday night, for no reason at all, he decided at the last minute to stay downtown and bunk in the dormitory. Smoking his good-night cigar on the deserted front steps, he looked up at the sky and remarked to Barney the old doorman, "The wind is backing, Barney. That's always bad."

Barney dutifully laughed at this moth-eaten wheeze—they used it when they went fishing off the Hook to explain lack of interest on the part of the fishes. But later, when he was sweeping up, Barney said to himself, "Something is due. The big fellow knows."

But backing or hauling, the wind accomplished nothing, and there was only the usual run of fry during the night. Sunday passed, and Sunday night. Monday morning brought the police slip Parr seemed to have been waiting for. Parr first got out several pairs of shoes to change during the day. Then he gathered his searchers—men of science who would ask nothing more stirring than a lock of hair, a drop of blood, wax from an ear or a finger nail paring, over which, in the quiet of their laboratories, they would make incantations like witch doctors making voodoo over a pinch of dust from the victim's footprints. These searchers took all the romance out of the detective-story business, making clews so ridiculously simple.

When Parr arrived at the scene of the crime the hounds of the press were already there, sniffing at the door crack. The first extra was on the street. The newspapers had already coined their slug for this case—The Assagai Murder. The reporters wanted to get inside.

"Not yet," said Parr.

Conditions were perfect for the experts. Seldom in Parr's experience had the matrix of a crime come to hand so fresh and unbroken. No one had entered the place—not even the manservant who made the discovery. This fellow had climbed up and peered over a transom light and run screaming to the street.

Nothing would be touched now; it would lie in this rigid attitude for hours on end, to be examined from every angle, in every light. Even the dead man would endure it, as if, immovable, he too challenged haste in his own redress.

Parr's first act was to send for his friend and occasional collaborator, Oliver Armiston. The deputy sensed the unfinished here. Some murders end a story, others begin one. This had the earmarks of the latter category. Oliver was already on his way downtown when word reached him.

"You know who he was," said Oliver, coming in on them. Parr nodded. "You know what he was then," said Oliver. Parr

(Continued on Page 148)

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(Continued from Page 144)

nodded. Yes, he knew that, too, in its several implications.

"Some woman," said Oliver, "or some man avenging her."

"Or himself," Parr amended with an odd smile. In his knowledge nothing shoots so wide of the mark as a guess at motive—murder is blind.

"Why the assagai?" mused Oliver. The slender reedlike shaft stood trembling at a breath.

"Merely a gesture," said Parr.

It wasn't an assagai murder, even if the tabloids would have it so for the sake of typography. Verblennes was a strong man. His idea of a joke was to walk off with a telephone booth with someone in it. That needle-like spear would never have put Verblennes out, on his feet. And if he had fallen on it when transfixed, the thing would have been shattered. No, he had been pinned down afterward, like a butterfly specimen.

The music room was, say, forty by twenty-five. It was the loft of what once had been a brick stable; and his apartments in the rear had been the quarters of the coachman's family in less genteel days. In the studio the walls were dressed with weapons, ancient and barbaric—ax, mace, flail; bolo, machete, boomerang; javelin, creese, scimitar, assagai—this one had been snatched from a cluster backing a kafir shield.

Next in importance to the collection of weapons was the radio equipment. One corner—it had the look of a physics laboratory swept under a bench for the time being—was devoted to experimental paraphernalia.

Armiston, after a brief examination, threw over a little knife switch, and instantly a familiar voice, of a determined cheeriness, was saying, "Take a deep breath! Now! Ready! One—two—three ——" Armiston was one of the daily doesn'ts and he shut the thing off with a wry face. Under the bench some actuating deviltry suspired with a dwindling sigh. Oliver raised on tiptoe to look out of the rear window.

"Hello! A back yard!" he exclaimed.

Back yards are getting scarce in this part of the midtown section. Here was a whole block interior of back yards—little bandbox gardens, probably fifty in all, opening on a hollow square of houses, mostly private, fronting on four streets. Fifty doors of escape for an agile, catlike, resourceful fugitive.

Patient policemen had been, for the last hour, consuming brain power and shoe leather examining every entry, every areaway, every roof top and every householder in this hollow square. They were searching for the needle in the haystack, which, contrary to the burden of the proverb, is not at all a rare find in police work. This patient plodding is usually the stuff which solves murder mysteries.

A telephone rang. It had been taken over by the police and looped through Central Office, left open as a trap for the unwary. But this was one of Parr's voodoo experts, Doctor Horty.

"Could that have been an electrocution, sir?" he asked.

"Certainly; why not?" said Parr affably; and while he waited he wrote the word for Armiston to stare at.

"The red corpuscles are broken down, sir," said Horty.

"Good!" said Parr, and hung up. That would alter the aspect of everything. In the first place, they could revise their theory of time. At first sight—and without the aid of a skilled physicist and his microscope—it might have occurred since midnight. But if the red corpuscles were broken down, it might have abided here awaiting the hue and cry for another twenty-four hours. "Morel," said Parr to his man Friday, "go around the block again, on the supposition that it was Saturday, not Sunday." He turned to Oliver. Oliver was down on his knees in the radio corner. "Is there enough juice there for a fatal dose?" he asked.

Oliver got up. He threw over the knife switch again. The actuating deviltry under the bench emitted a fine, rising whine. Oliver threw back the switch. The whine subsided in diminishing ratio.

"There you are!" he said. "A motor generator. Three thousand volts. There isn't any antidote for that, if you get it right." No, it wasn't an assagai murder. Oliver pointed at the switch. "There's your fatal weapon," he said.

There should have been some mark on the man, some burn. But there was none. They found nothing until they came to look elsewhere. Among the trappings on the wall was a pair of hammered copper bracelets, to fit the forearm of a Thor with barbaric splendor. On the edge of one of these was a telltale iris of purple shading to red, and in its center a shiny bit of copper drawn to a polished bead—the unmistakable signature of an electric arc. It was a perfectly logical assumption that these had been used as electrodes for the application of the lethal current—except for one thing. Why, if the strong man was so meek as to permit himself to be harnessed in this wise, if he wore those bracelets—then why the electric current? There were so many simpler ways.

Morel came in at this juncture and reported that at 154, diagonally across the back yards and fronting on the parallel street, a landscape gardener had been called in by the tenant who lived in the basement apartment even a coachman would have scorned to occupy a basement in the old days. The landscape artist had been given carte blanche to turn the twenty feet of yard into a garden. No idle inch had escaped his art. There was hardly room to walk among the congested flora. However, someone had walked! Someone in a Number 10—or thereabouts—shoe of French cut had come down, with considerable weight, off the fence, and left his imprint in the expensive patented humus that covered the landscape like a quilt.

It was not the footprint of Manuel Sierra, a violinist, who occupied the basement; and certainly not that of his daughter Pepita, aged five, who, with her dog, a smooth fox terrier, had the run of the garden. The Mexican family were absent—had been, over the week-end—and their windows and doors were strongly barred, like a jail. But that signified nothing. This old private house was fitted with a fire escape to conform to the tenement law, there being a family to each floor now, with cooking privilege.

On the parlor floor was an old woman dressmaker whose clientele was entirely of the dowagers of the rich who did not care for modern fashions. On the second were two maiden sisters who rarely came out, but sat in the window all day looking down on the busy street. On the third were five girls—art students; on the top, an Italian count who did not pay his bills well. His mail box revealed that this morning, the sixteenth, he was receiving a first notice from the electric company and a second from the gas company—the regular form duns put out by the collections departments for slow accounts. Morel, watching a mail box briefly, could give a Bradstreet rating. The Italian count was not unknown to the police.

"It is Giovanni di Vergonzi, chief," said Morel.

"The confectionery count!" cried Parr, delighted.

Some humus—Morel had it in an envelope—was found on the top-floor fire-escape landing—it was the patented stuff put out for rich people's gardens and was identical with that which held the footprint down below. On the strength of this, Pelts—Morel's partner, who had gathered these painstaking data—had entered the count's establishment, first making sure no one was home.

He had found the shoes—of acute French pattern—fitting the print in the garden. They contained, or rather showed traces of, the patent garden mold. They were not the count's shoes. The count's feet were Number 6's. The boot soles were polished and pitted by use; also, they were scratched, as if by sharp claws. Now householders nail barbed wire on top of their fences to discourage cats and thieves. The boots might have been tight-rope walking the barbs.

All this might or might not hang a man. Police business is to fill the bag and examine the contents at leisure. Pelts, Morel reported, took away the shoes and left a man on guard to note the reaction of the owner. Happily, the janitor being discovered to be a small crook wanted by the police, he was taken away and a police detective given his job. If the owner of the shoes took alarm, then the business of the footprinted flower bed might be worth while. If not, maybe not.

Meantime every other house in the hollow square was being gone over again with fine-tooth detail. Here in the room of the murder all the doors were locked on the inside, and all the transoms held accumulations of undisturbed dust—of which the voodoo doctors had taken samples. The murderer must have gone by the back yards, and if by the back yards, then through or over one of these fifty houses. Police in uniform talked to householders on every doorstep.

Meantime Parr's secret minions, in the guise of gas men, inspectors, window washers, grocer boys and peddlers, were taking more elaborate views inside. A special detail concentrated on Number 154.

Conte Giovanni di Vergonzi was an extremely graceful and well-dressed young man without a single nickel to his illustrious name. Every day supercilious footmen drove up to the door in town cars of Continental make and left dinner cards of prodigious size. Epicures testify that no man, no matter how great his hunger, can eat a quail a day for thirty days. But the count, during this long hard, winter, was coming perilously near to doing it.

A confectioner who catered to grand dinner parties paid his rent—or rather, guaranteed it, which was the same thing—and in return the count went to these parties as part of the decorations, being furnished by the confectioner on much the same basis as any other elaborate sweet. For furniture the count was provided by a distinguished hostess with an elaborate assortment, including, besides the necessities, such *outré* impedimenta of our naïve yesterday as ormolu clocks with pastoral scenes; bisque ladies under bell jars, fruits and flowers in porcelain, an Empire bed, and so on. Almost any society matron had tons of this Mauve Decade stuff eating its head off in storage.

If, as the sage says, utility is the soul of beauty, then these stodgy ornaments were beautiful, for the count was pawning them one by one and selling the tickets for pin money—or more truthfully, gin money. Once or twice he had run afoul of the police, as one who collects and sells pawn tickets is apt to do; but it was always explained away by somebody's lawyer as a terrible mistake. Nevertheless, Parr kept his eye on the confectionery count. Some day, somehow, somewhere, the count would come home to roost—to show up in the morning line-up.

Finally the door of the murder scene was thrown open to reporters, and, each one with his bone, off they scurried. This early crew were content with fragments. Later in the day the big fellows would come on the scene, taking their time about it, not accepting too much for granted and not telling all they knew, even in print. The early birds rushed to the nearest telephone with such crumbs as Parr saw fit to let fall.

Parr wasn't interested in feeding the public's depraved taste for crime and crime news. He was feeding the criminal. Step by step, as the muddle of clews increased, he would make the fugitive think he was coming nearer and nearer, like the tapping of a blind man's cane. Sometimes when most at sea he so managed this effect that it became horribly cumulative, and the

(Continued on Page 149)

$100 for Better Pipe

would have saved $2500 replacement cost last year

ON Michigan Avenue, fronting the park and the lake, stands a monumental building which has been a landmark for twenty years. Its beauty, its lofty dignity, and its importance have made it known from coast to coast.

This building was one of the first "sky-scrapers" in whose plumbing and drainage systems wrought iron pipe was altogether dispensed with. By methods then recently introduced, steel pipe had been so vastly improved—so it was thought—as to equal or surpass the wonderful durability of wrought iron. On that comparison, however, Time had yet to speak with authority. And Time has spoken.

Inquire what the experience in this particular building has been. Ask about last year, for example. Here is the answer:

"Two downspouts in the drainage system had to be replaced, from roof to basement—about two hundred feet for each. They were in bad shape. Then the main drainage line, from basement to sewer, failed. That had to come out—about seventy feet. The repairs were troublesome. The cost? Well, we have before us the figures for only one of the downspouts; but it is fairly typical. The pipe itself cost $60. Labor and incidentals cost $1,000. The management might have bought Byers Pipe to begin with—for this one line, that is—at an extra cost of a few dollars; and thus the $1,000 replacement expense would have been avoided. For all three of the lines in question, the added cost of genuine wrought iron, at today's prices, would be about $100. On the three replacement jobs, they are *out* something like $2,500, all within a year; and probably the worst is yet to come."

How do we know that with Byers Pipe this "grief" would have been avoided? Because in other buildings on the same street, using the same water, under the same general conditions, Byers Pipe was actually installed—some about the same time, some much earlier; and it is good to this day. Indications are that it will be good for generations to come.

The case described is actual and typical—name of building on request.

A. M. BYERS COMPANY
Established 1864 Pittsburgh, Pa.
Distributors in all Jobbing Centers

Why Byers Pipe Lasts

Byers Pipe is made of genuine wrought iron, long known for its great rust resistance. For sixty years, the Byers Company have been the foremost producers of high quality wrought iron pipe. The service record of Byers Pipe, indeed, affords the basis of comparison by which the rust resistance of all pipe is measured; for the best metallurgists in the world cannot predict the durability of any metal save from its past performance. At no time in the history of the Byers Company have the Byers standards been compromised for the sake of cheapness, whatever the competition. To the same unwavering policy the company is firmly committed for the future. You are safe when you rest your confidence on the Pipe with the Spiral Stripe.

BYERS PIPE

GENUINE WROUGHT IRON

The Brand you Know By Hart

HART BRAND CANNED FOODS

Let your Grocer be your Gardener!

No longer are you dependent upon the seasons for the choicest of full-flavored, fresh garden vegetables and fruits, for Hart Brand foods are available at leading grocers' the year around.

Hart Brand vegetables are grown from pedigreed seed under expert supervision on farms owned and controlled by W. R. Roach & Company. They are conveyed to nearby model plants where they are packed in hermetically sealed cans within an amazingly short time after they are harvested by skilled help.

Leading Grocers Carry These Delicious Hart Brand Foods

Peas (11 popular sizes), Corn (5 varieties), Green Lima Beans Succotash, Green Lima Beans, Green String Beans, Wax Beans, Red Kidney Beans, Spinach, Beets, Pumpkin Strawberries, Cherries, Red Raspberries, Black Raspberries, Blackberries—and many other varieties—all first in quality—all moderately priced!

All of the natural flavor and freshness of Hart Brand products is retained in the cans.

Now is an excellent time to replenish your pantry shelves for fall and winter. You will find it most convenient and economical to buy Hart Brand vegetables and fruits in case or half-case lots.

The "Hart Brand" name and the red heart on every can are the identifying marks of quality and flavor . . . your safe guide always in the purchase of wholesome canned foods. You can let your grocer be your gardener!

W. R. ROACH & COMPANY, Grand Rapids, Michigan

VEGETABLES HART AND FRUITS

THE BRAND YOU KNOW BY HART

(Continued from Page 146)
guilty man would reveal himself most unexpectedly.

"Oh! Oh! Electric! Electric murder! Extra!" bellowed the newsboys in the hollow streets. It was then nearly ten o'clock.

Somewhere in some crowd someone's heart skipped a beat at sound of that word "electric"; to someone that word was like the first footfalls of the Gods of the Mountain in the fantastic drama of Dunsany.

Just what was the layout at this hour? Well, from opposite directions, it had not yet occurred to Cuyler Braxton and M. Brody, as by common agreement, to turn their feet toward the shop of Estrelle, Inc. In fact, the Rochambeau had only come up the river a little while ago. Linda Surrey, a young music student who was to debut tomorrow and introduce her small vocality to a waiting world, slept late this morning and was not to know until afternoon that there were special extras on the street.

The count, on the other hand, was out early, for him, pawning an alabaster vase in a Third Avenue pawnshop. He was wondering why another customer, a fishy-eyed bulky person, seemed so vulgarly curious about what he was offering. Concluding his transaction, the count went next door, as was his custom, to sell the ticket; then the vulgar person tapped him familiarly on a shoulder, winked and jerked his head with a come-along gesture. The count was being picked up again as a suspicious person and taken to the station house to give an account of himself. This fellow simply didn't like his looks.

Note how this accident snapped one of Parr's carefully forged links. On the way to the station the cry of a newsboy smote their ears. The count turned pale, then of a sudden he went jubilantly crazy. He smote his captor a mighty stroke on his tomato nose. He hurled a paving stone through a show window. He upset an apple cart and beat the poor old apple auntie with a club he took from another policeman. He tore off his own coat, vest, collar, tie, shirt, tore them to bits and jumped on them. Before he was subdued and put in a strait-jacket he was a total stranger, not a confection, and he gave a fictitious name, laughing gayly. If you want to hide from the police, there is no place—except the morgue—like a police cell on a workhouse charge.

Back in the music room of Hector Verblennes the telephone was ringing again. It was another professor of voodoo.

"I have to report on the dust, sir," said the professor. Parr chuckled and listened. "On the ledge of the street-door transom," said the expert, "the dust is new laid."

"New-laid dust!" repeated Parr. Oliver pricked up his ears.

"It contains foreign material—namely, wool lint from a Bokhara rug, silk floss from a Persian prayer carpet, a trace of lubricating oil, copper dust with graphite impregnation, face powder colored with Number 12 saffron."

"There isn't any romance in crime any more," said Parr, hanging up. "That fellow brought his own dust!"

He laughed, looking up at the street-door transom, on the ledge of which somebody had dusted his own dust, like a floor painter painting himself out of a room. "Gad, have we got to begin pyramiding all over again?" cried Parr.

III

LINDA SURREY had contracted, several months previously, for her debut at the Orphic Chambers on the afternoon of the seventeenth, and the big-time murder in which she was called on to play a part was one of those purely chance happenings which so frequently intervene to alter the course of an entire career—especially, it seems, among artists. Linda was to live to shudder over the thought of what might have been her fate had it not been for that fortuitous event. So with all of us. The barking of a dog deviated the course of the history of Christendom.

Being alone and unknown and undiscovered—nay, even unsuspected, one might say, among the thousands of students aspiring for a hearing—it was necessary for her to contract for this debut, to go out and buy it, much as one buys a complete funeral or a blue-plate dinner. Everything is furnished by the contractor; hall, heat, light, tickets, programs, flowers—to be run down the aisle after the first encore—and even, or especially, the audience, which must be of a type and bridlewise. This *entrepreneur* of the masses sometimes would go so far as to guarantee good press, but this is too naïve for any but the ultra-credulous.

Monday night she was up till dawn with her nails and hair and putting a last stitch in some things. She lay late and, on rising, broke fast on a glass of water. She vocalized sparingly as she drew on her silk stockings, which were a tan exactly to match the foundation of her complexion, which was not Number 12 saffron. Her coach—she had always dreamed of having Hector Verblennes for this occasion—came in at the last minute to put her over the hurdles and wring the last drop of nectar out of the limp phrases of Schubert, Donizetti and Delibes which were to do duty for the afternoon.

Her parents had come on from Pray's Mills with a little party of neighbors who had helped send her to New York for finishing touches. But wishing to avoid a premature demonstration, Linda had wisely sent them on to the hall alone. She followed in the car Sam Black, the contractor, sent for her.

The atmosphere was perfect. Even Cuyler Braxton, coming in from the street and getting an unprejudiced view of it, had to take off his hat to the impresario. There is something about a music-hall audience that is distinctly *sui generis*. It isn't only that they must be what we call nice people; it is the perfume, the flutter, the chatter, the air of expectancy, the cozy visiting back and forth. Linda Surrey, looking out through the crack of the waiting-room door offstage, was amazed to note how many faces she knew—fellow students. Nevertheless, she got the thrill of it; this house was assembled for her—for her!

"Where do the critics sit?" she asked. All the papers, of course, would send their first-line battleships.

"Eh? Oh, in the empty aisle seats," said Sam Black. "Don't fret, girlie. They'll show up. There's one now—a new one."

A handsome man who looked music to the finger tips was turning down one of the pair of aisle seats reserved for the Times. It was Morel, Parr's handsome man.

"Who is the beautiful woman being seated now?"

"That is Estrelle," said Sam proudly.

"Not Estrelle, Inc.?"

"Yes. And M. Brody, of Paris, Inc., is the fellow with her."

Cuyler Braxton came in just as the boy went out to open the piano and light the floor lamp. A hush fell o'er Eden. Linda Surrey, clasping a spray of bridesmaid roses, was greeted with a spatter of applause that rose to a small ovation. She was not at all affected by stage fright. She knew just exactly what she could expect of her voice and of her audience. She nodded to her accompanist, tapped her foot, took the wrist of one hand firmly in the other and began to sing.

This is not a review of the debut. If you will, you may get the flavor of it through the moist eyes of the proud parents, to whom it was wonderful and beautiful; or of the proud neighbors, to whom it was the realization of fondest hopes; or of the papered house, which, you may be sure, played its part to perfection, for they never know whose turn comes next; or of the critics, several of whom looked in—to please Cuyler Braxton—and—for the same reason—either said something kind or nothing at all; or of Estrelle. Estrelle covertly searched for Braxton throughout the program, but did not find him, because he had purposely taken a position behind her where he could note the reaction on her and M. Brody. Estrelle's first and final judgment was that the girl was not quite up to the part Braxton had given her. M. Brody regarded the girl on the stage throughout the performance with the glazed look of a hypnotized bird—if you can imagine a bird with whiskers.

In the end there was the fluttering rush down the aisles, led by the students, in imitation of the oblations at Carnegie Hall, and the final turning off of lights to dismiss the persistent admirers. Then the audience straggled out, leaving the happy debutante to her own people on the darkened stage.

"It was all right, eh?" asked Sam Black of Braxton, in the lobby.

"Fine!" nodded Braxton. Estrelle, in passing, gave him a chilly nod and went to her car. M. Brody was handing her in when Braxton touched him on the elbow and mutely begged him to remain a little longer. The car drove off with Estrelle.

"I'll have to depend on you, I guess," he said. "Women are squeamish. I'd like to have you talk with the girl. Wait."

Shortly he returned with Linda Surrey. She had got rid of her people on the promise to be with them for dinner. It was to be a celebration. Her fingers trembled slightly on Braxton's arm as he presented the distinguished M. Brody, of Paris, Inc. They all three got into Cuyler's car and were driven into the line waiting to flow into the Avenue. It was here that Morel stepped out of the crowd and with a curt nod to Braxton took his seat beside the chauffeur. Morel and Braxton were not strangers to each other, and to look at them now one might say there was no love lost between them. Braxton shot a look at his two companions.

"Police!" he muttered under his breath; and to Morel he cried, trying to control his tones, "Morel, this is a little bit too cool You can't exactly board us this way."

Morel turned and surveyed them, and for the moment held his peace in a menacing silence. Then he said, in friendly caution, "Easy! You'll have a crowd on your back if you start a row here. I'm trying to save you. I am to take you to the big fellow."

The girl had gone deadly white. There is a saying that at the moment of arrest the guilty one is prepared and blusters it out, whereas the innocent one is invariably crushed at the thought of the ignominy. Morel was watching the girl oddly. Except for the pallor, she gave no sign.

"Me," said M. Brody, putting a leg out, "I depart. It is not of my ball of yarn."

"Sorry," said Morel, "but my orders are to deliver the package unbroken. Tell your troubles to the chief when we arrive."

It looked like an easy get-away, if M. Brody, dressed for an afternoon wedding though he might be, cared to try. Braxton caught something of the thought. He shook his head vigorously, cast his eye to either side significantly. They were invisibly surrounded—the police took no chances. So they drove up the Avenue. In their careful anonymity they rolled along in the parade unmarked, except for a discriminating eye here and there noting the cut of M. Brody's coat. Shortly they passed into a side street and across town, under the Elevated, and pulled up in front of a row of low brick structures. The block looked deserted, an air that some of these side streets—lying like eddies between two big arteries of traffic—will assume at certain hours of the day. But as they stopped, Braxton became aware the street was not so empty. Men materialized from here or there, managed to be passing when the party got out. Bulls from Central Office looking for trouble. Braxton looked up at the number.

"Morel," he cried angrily, "you can't do this! As counsel I most certainly "

"You are not here as counsel," said Morel, helping him out. "You are an accessory—and for obstructing justice."

"Me, I am just in from my sheep yesterday!" protested M. Brody from the seat.

"You picked bad company your first day ashore," said Morel. "Come, get out!"

The girl alone made no protest. She meekly permitted herself to be herded into a little hallway. They started to climb. It was one of those old-fashioned box stairways long since outlawed. Their footfalls announced their coming, for a door opened at the top of the first flight and Deputy Parr came out. He stood blocking the passage, to turn them into the room. Then the girl's nerve seemed to break. As if only then she realized where she was, she suddenly threw her arms above her head and uttered a piercing shriek, at the same time toppling over backward. She was saved from a fall by Morel, who caught her and came on, carrying her. Parr scowled at Cuyler Braxton as the young lawyer passed through the doorway. Parr lifted an eyebrow when M. Brody came to a mulish halt at the threshold. M. Brody began explaining about his sheep again—yesterday morning, on his arrival, he had sent his thirty-seven trunks to customs stores and he must go claim them at once!

"Yes, yes," said Parr soothingly; dropping a paw on M. Brody's shoulder, he gently impelled him onward. Morel passed in with the girl, and Parr closed the door behind them. Morel propped the girl in a wing chair by the fire. She lay weeping dry tears into her cupped hands. M. Brody was standing at full height, staring at an imaginary point in the floor, his eyes having taken on their glazed look again. Oliver Armiston lounged against the radio bench in the corner, eying the scene. Braxton seemed to have become suddenly philosophical. He pushed a chair over to Brody, and the man dressmaker, with a start, sat down, his eyes wavering.

The room had been completely set in order again. The matrix of murder having yielded its all, it had been broken up and cast aside. Life here, where a dead man had lain but a few hours before staring at the ceiling, had taken up the broken threads again. Parr's stenographer sat at a table sharpening pencils, of which he already had a full dozen. The words he would shortly take down would be as meaningless to him as the ciphers a bookkeeper enters hour after hour in a bank ledger. The scene had no thrill for him.

The girl lifted her head and examined her surroundings. Her eyes did not go to that imaginary spot on the floor where the assagai had stood. But her gaze nevertheless had the shrinking aspect of a terrible fear. Finally she fixed on Parr as the source of dread and settled down to a slow regard of his every movement. He rolled a cigar and lit it.

"So this is the girl you are measuring for a shroud, eh?" said Parr, inhaling the first puff.

"What makes you say that?" demanded Cuyler Braxton sharply.

"Your waiter at Marguery's was one of my men," said Parr, smiling. "We were there for something else. When we hold a basket, there is no telling whose head will tumble into it." He paused, giving them a little silent treatment, his eye roving from one to another and occasionally to the imaginary spot on the floor. He turned to the girl.

"Now, young lady," he said blandly, "let us have the story of your life." The stenographer's pencil began to move rapidly. "Remember that anything you say may be used against you. We will begin at three A.M. Sunday morning and work backward. Now when and under what circumstances did it first occur to you that you would be accused of the murder of Hector Verblennes, and would be in need of counsel and a trousseau?"

The hypnotized eyes of the girl shifted from Parr, when his words ceased, to the stenographer; when the pencil ceased to move she drew a deep breath, as if suddenly awakened from a dream, and stared at Braxton, who shook his head.

"Answer nothing," he said quietly, and relapsed into his waiting attitude, eying Parr narrowly.

"You studied in Paris two years," said Parr. (Continued on Page 153)

In every well-appointed home—

THREE KINDS *of Writing Paper*

CRANE'S WEDGE WEAVE

The very latest paper for smart women; watermarked in wedge design. In white and the newest colors forecast by a famous style authority as most fashionable this Autumn. $1.50, $1.75, $2.00 *the Box.*

EATON'S DECKLE VELLUM

Fine flat sheets of generous size, $7\frac{1}{4}$" x $10\frac{1}{8}$", *with deckle edge and vellum finish, to fold twice.* $1.00 *the Box.*

Eaton

A fashion that is founded on a sense of the appropriate

GOOD TASTE dictates the use of different kinds of stationery for the different needs of the modern household. The custom of the smart home is always to have available three kinds of writing paper.

For everyday correspondence one requires a good note paper with easy writing surface.

For the man, a generous size flat sheet, which is also available for miscellaneous purposes — many people today keep a portable typewriter in their homes.

For very best, Crane's, recognized by people of refinement for more than a century as the finest of all writing papers.

Correct examples of the three kinds of paper are pictured in this advertisement. Eaton, Crane & Pike social stationery contains an almost endless variety to suit the personality of the most discriminating.

In every store where good stationery is sold if you will ask for Eaton, Crane & Pike papers, you will simplify the problem of finding exactly the styles that appeal to you for use on every occasion. Eaton, Crane & Pike Company, New York—Factories at Pittsfield, Mass., and Toronto.

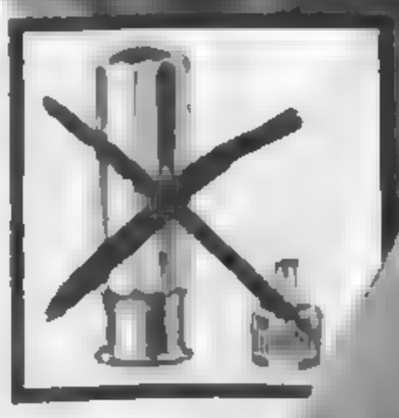
EATON'S HIGHLAND LINEN

The most popular of all writing papers. In white and of new colors; different sizes; plain and tissue-lined envelopes. From 50 cents to $1.00 the Box

Crane & Pike

DILL
Standard Tire Valves and Valve Parts

1 cap instead of 2



DILL Instant-On is dust and valve cap combined in one convenient unit. A turn or two —a push—another turn and it's on. Comes off just as easily.

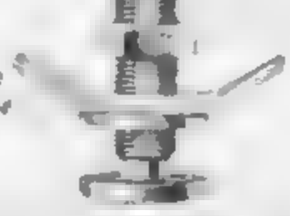
Because this remarkable device is so marked a convenience it is being enthusiastically adopted by tire and car manufacturers who seek to anticipate the demand for the utmost in convenience—comfort—safety.

Like all Dill valve products the Instant-On is absolutely proof against air leaks.

Designed, manufactured and marketed by a concern that for years has supplied leading tire makers with valves and valve parts.

Dill Instant-Ons are available for cars now in service through dealers everywhere —$1.00 for a box of 5.

Sturdy Dill Valve Inside



Complete Dill Valve Stem

Small Dill Valve Cap

THE DILL MANUFACTURING CO., *Cleveland, Ohio*

America's leading tire manufacturers use Dill valves and valve parts

(Continued from Page 149)

The girl looked, with fright, at Braxton, who gave no sign. She nodded—yes, she had studied in Paris.

"Verblennes used to go over occasionally when you were there, didn't he?"

"Answer nothing," whispered Braxton.

"You have good cause to remember those visits," said Parr, scowling. No answer. "Was that the motive?" he asked suddenly, leaning forward. She wet her lips. Still no answer.

"Didn't you implore him, on several occasions, to make amends—to keep his word—to bring you out with great éclat?"

The girl moved uneasily, but a slight gesture from Cuyler Braxton quieted her. She took refuge in a rigidity of pose that was almost cataleptic.

"I will answer for you," said Parr. "That's the only way to get on. Verblennes refused. He laughed at you. Then you found that instead of being one, you were one of twenty, or fifty, or a hundred. He had told you that you would never be a great artist till you had touched life, drunk it to the dregs." She winced. "And you drank it. Love justified everything—so it seems. And then you suddenly wake up to the cold shock of reality. You discover that everything is gone; that it is only a question of time when you will stand before the world—before your friends—before your parents—before the neighbors, who think you another Melba—when you stand before them revealed! You haven't even made a beginning, when they think you are arrived!" He rolled back in his chair, smoking. She did not move. "Nothing remained but revenge," he said nasally. "It's the old story. You followed him back here to make a last effort to force his hand."

"Pardon," said M. Brody, interrupting. "But it must be much pain to the young lady that me, a stranger, I am present. I go, if you please."

He half arose, but Parr motioned him down. "You go when I tell you, not before," said Parr. "Now, Linda, tell me this: How did you get in here at eleven o'clock Saturday night? Did you have a key? I think you came through a window. That is the only way I can account for your being here, waiting for him. You were here waiting for him, weren't you?"

He paused for a reply. The girl's eyes were immovable. Braxton muttered, "Answer nothing!" Parr turned and pointed to the music shelves in one corner. They were built row on row to the ceiling and were covered with sliding curtains of green baize. He got up and went over and drew back one of them, disclosing an empty nook.

"This is where you waited, isn't it?" he asked, in the form of a statement of fact. "You smoked four cigarettes while you waited. That was complacency!" He opened a drawer of a little table and took out four cigarette butts. "And, as usual, you dropped a comb. You women always leave a comb! Here it is!" He took out the comb, a small affair of shell, studded with rhinestones. "And then, with a thoughtfulness characteristic of you amateurs at this sort of thing, you kindly left a perfect thumb print on the brass curtain rod."

He came to one of his vibrant pauses again, eying her for the effect of his words. There seemed to be none.

"I tell you these things," he cried, "in hopes you will tell me some things I want to know. How did Hector get in when he finally came home from his party? He was very drunk. He crawled upstairs on his hands and knees. How did he open the door? Or did you open it for him? Yes, you opened it for him. Didn't you? You got him on his feet. You half dragged him across the room. Then he went down in a heap again. You were wondering what you could do. That wasn't the sweet revenge you had come for. He didn't even know who you were—he fell asleep before he hit the floor. The biggest part of revenge is in the victim's knowledge of what it is all about. Eh? Isn't that true?"

The girl's face was totally devoid of color, but she never stirred under this rain of blows. Cuyler Braxton, watching her when Parr paused, smiled contemptuously.

"Me," said M. Brody, "I am—I suffer, for this young lady. I rise, I walk a little, with your kind permission, sir."

Parr said brusquely, "Go in that inner room and wait."

The deputy held up a finger, challenging the girl's attention again.

"He was lying there. He didn't even know who you were!" he cried. "Then," he said in a hoarse whisper, "you heard somebody coming." Her eyes quailed for an instant. "You couldn't afford to be found here. You pushed the door shut quietly. You locked it. You left the key in the lock so no prying eye could watch. And you waited there in the dark. Somebody was putting a ladder or something up against that door. You got frightened. You crept over there"—he turned and pointed at the music shelves—"and you hid behind that green curtain. Didn't you? Eh, didn't you?"

The girl drew a deep sigh, shuddering at the top of it, as if her calm were false, as if she were only holding back the shrieks by sheer strength of will. M. Brody had gone into the next room, behind the curtained doorway. They could see his one leg swung over the other as he sat down.

"Now you go on," urged Parr. "You tell me. Someone came over that transom. Who was it?"

"Look out!" warned Braxton in a low tone. "He's trying to trick you. Answer nothing."

"I am doing her a great favor," said Parr. "I am trying to show her her position, and beg her to throw herself on my mercy, not on the mercy of the court, if she will only help me a little. She will admit what I have said so far. Then she will tell the jury that at this point the transom was pushed open and a night prowler, whom she could not see very well in the dark, crawled through and came into the room—and—did — the — job — she — had — come — to—do! Before her very eyes, while she crouched behind that curtain. Ha-ha! Braxton, my dear fellow, tell me, does that sound good to you? You have been a prosecutor. Will the jury swallow it? They will not. Now come through! Tell me! Who was this providential monomaniac? What did he use the salt shaker for?"

Everybody started in surprise. Even the foot of M. Brody, visible through the opening, ceased to swing.

"All right," said Parr, "I'll tell you. When this fellow crawled in and saw how things were—poor Hector being comatose with bootleg gin—well, he turned on the light and took his time about things. His first act was to crawl up to his transom again and sprinkle it with his salt shaker—like this." Parr made a rapid movement with one hand, as if sprinkling salt from a shaker. The girl's eyes bulged.

"Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes!" she gasped, amazed. Then, as if she had hung herself by this one admission, she sank forward, her head in her hand, softly moaning, "But what did he do? How did you know?"

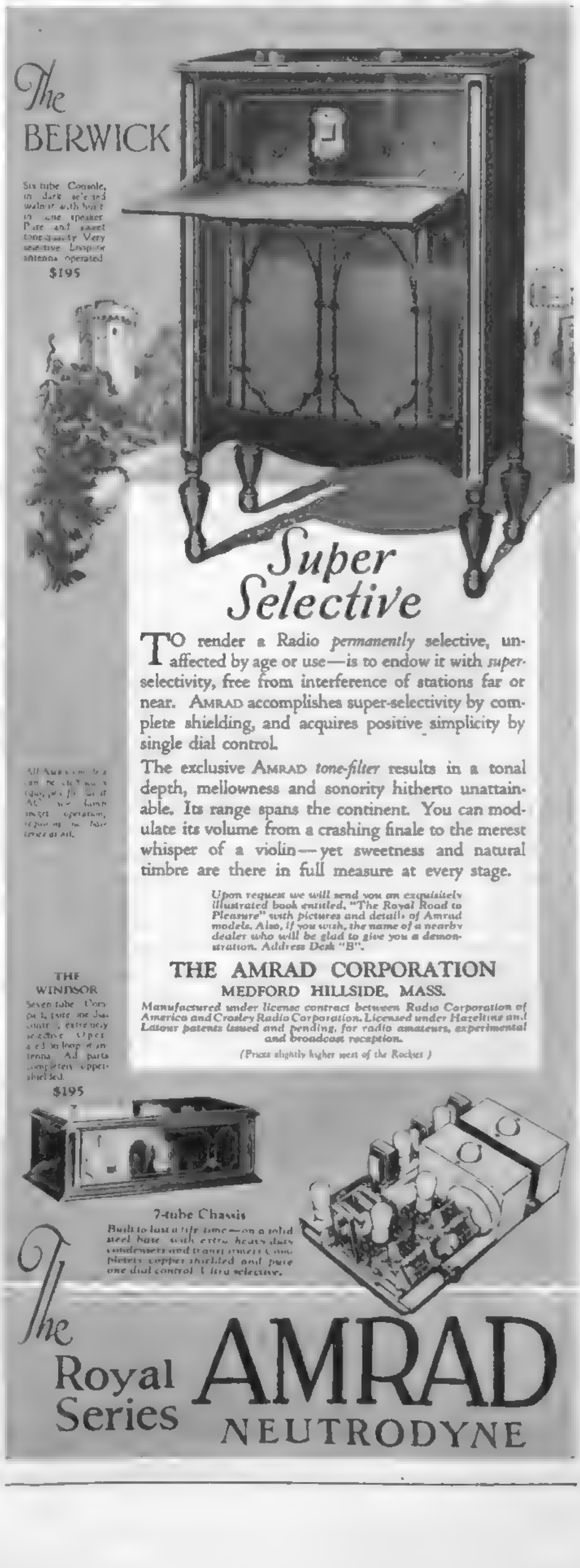
"Careful! Careful!" begged Braxton. Parr chuckled.

"Oh, you begin to wake up, eh?" he said. "Well, he was covering his tracks—laying some new dust. This clever fellow brought his own dust with him. Yes, he brought his own dust with him." He laughed. Then with a swift change he half rose, glaring ferociously at her. "Who was he?" he snarled. "You saw him in the light—who was he? That's what you are here to tell me."

Strangely this sudden attack seemed to nerve the girl. She sat upright again, stared, challenging, at him.

"Good!" muttered Braxton jubilantly. "Hold your trap; he's trying to bully you!"

"If she tells me," said Parr, "I'll believe her. If she tells the jury they'll give her the laugh. Even you can't put that over, Braxton, and I've seen you pull some raw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stuff on the other side of the fence. Come on, kid, give me a lead. No? Well, I can go a little farther. I'll show you."

He got up and went over to the radio corner. He took down the pair of hammered copper armlets. From under the radio bench he brought out a coil of twisted-pair wire which he attached to the armlets. He dragged these electrodes to the imaginary spot on the floor in the middle of the room.

"We put these on the drunken man's arms," he said, and he went through the motions. The girl was gnawing at her knuckles. Then she seized her hair by the roots at her temples as if to lift it off her head. But she did not actually break until, at Parr's signal, Oliver Armiston pushed over the knife switch once, twice, a third time, the last time holding it down, and the motor generator under the bench, building deadly voltage as it sped up, gave forth a rising fine whine that mounted almost to a shriek. Then the girl shrieked.

"You devil! I'll tell! Oh, oh, oh!" Her voice trailed off in a diminishing wail of unspeakable anguish.

"There he goes!" cried Oliver in a hoarse whisper.

Everybody turned. The girl became still.

"Well?" cried Parr menacingly. "Well?"

The girl shrieked again, shrinking from him. Then Parr, with Armiston and Morel, bounded into the back room; they cautiously peered out of the open window giving on the nest of back yards. M. Brody, in the dimming light of evening, was running across the barbed coping of the fence tops like a tight-rope walker. He dropped down into the landscaped garden.

"He seems to know his way," said Parr, chuckling.

M. Brody, the gladness of his afternoon raiment sadly disarranged, was climbing the fire escape. He struggled frantically with the window leading to the apartment of the confectionery count on the top floor; he opened it and sprang inside.

"I thought his nerve was going to hold," said Parr.

"It was the whine of that generator," said Oliver. "It was like killing his victim all over again. I suppose that whine will haunt him to his dying day—when he takes the juice himself for killing Hector Verblennes."

Parr was watching the top-floor window across the way. In a moment the eager face of little Pelts, his trusty sleuthhound, peered out, and at sight of his chief he waved a triumphant signal. M. Brody was in chains.

Parr and Braxton gripped each other by the hand. "Good boy!" cried Parr. "It worked."

"I certainly thought she was lying when she came to me with that yarn," said Braxton. "It sounded like the yarn they make up."

"It didn't sound that way to Brody," said Parr grimly.

They went back to the girl. She was plainly badly shaken, now that it was all over. She was white, tremulous, and looked up at them pathetically. Parr brought her a sedative. She got up and patted her dress and hat, took up her purse and gloves and the program she had brought away from her debut. She twisted the program into a rope.

"Did I do well?" she asked, hardly daring to trust her voice.

"Perfect!" ejaculated Parr, watching her narrowly.

"Do I—do I get my Milan scholarship?"

Parr nodded. Yes, she got that too. La Scala! He looked at his watch. "You are keeping your parents waiting," he said. "You should be going. Here is Mr. Braxton, ready for you."

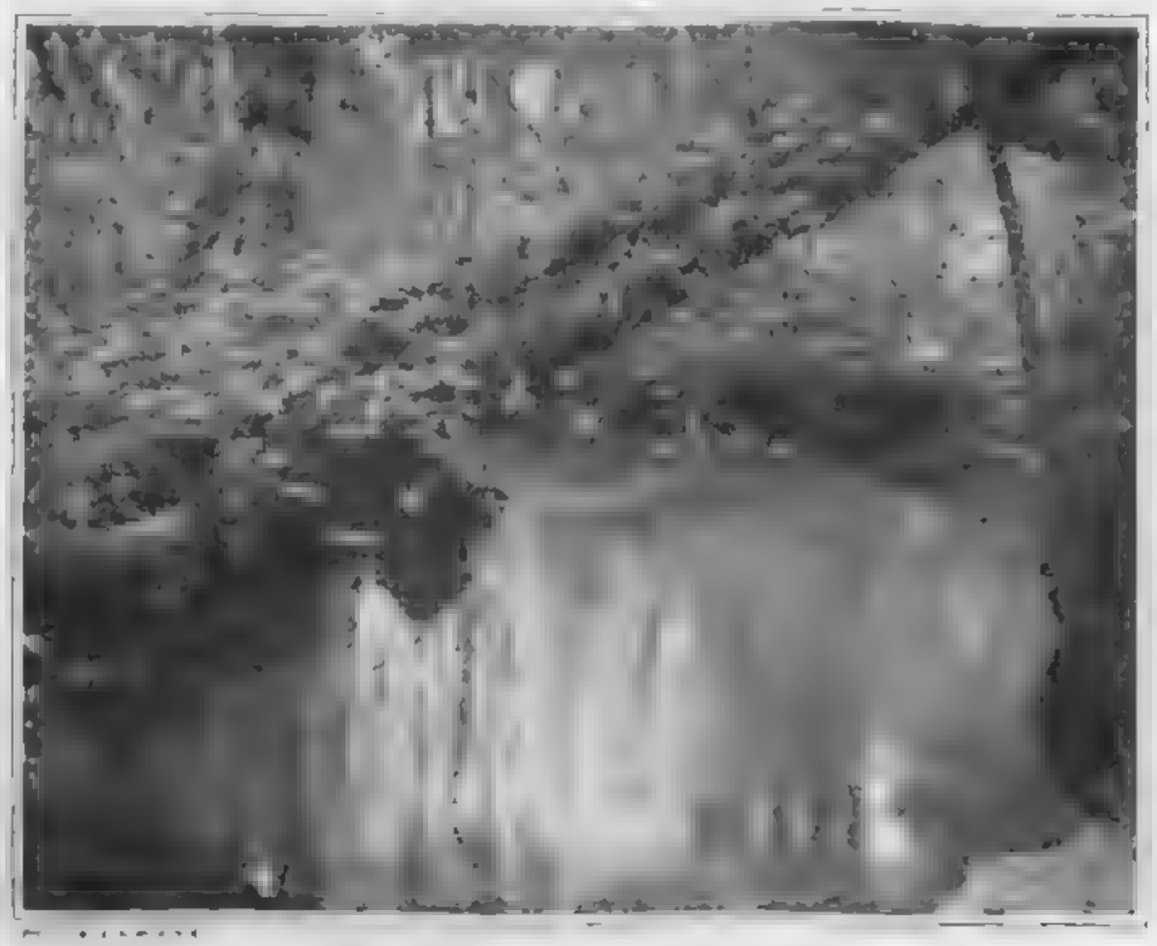
Newsboys were bellowing the extra within an hour. M. Brody, of Paris, Inc., had confessed! He had come to this country secretly, on his brother's passport, ten days ago, and had lain in hiding in the rooms of the confectionery count, Di Vergonzi, biding his time. It was an old feud of gallantry between these two professional beaus, and only blood could wipe it out. It was Brody's brother who came in on the Rochambeau Monday morning, the day after the crime, with a perfect alibi for him. The innocent brother merely imagined he was being of assistance in another of those affairs of the heart which constantly engaged the great dressmaker. Except for the diseased sense of hearing from which M. Brody suffered, they were alike as twins, so the deception was easy.

The newspapers made much of the footprint, the patent garden mold and the salt shaker, for they dearly love to suspend a mystery on a thread. It was the salt shaker that convicted M. Brody, for he had taken his supply of dust, to cover his tracks, from a vacuum cleaner in the rooms of the count. That was where the trail began. Cuyler Braxton's going to Parr for help wrote the finis.

But Linda Surrey never appeared in the case. Last year, when she came back from Milan as guest artist at the Opera, she had suddenly come into possession of a voice whose depth of understanding bespoke an artist who, in the words of Hector Verblennes, had really touched life.

Estrelle, listening to the applause finally die away, whispered in the ear of Cuyler Braxton, "Did you ever ask her, in so many words, about the assagai?"

He shook his head—no.



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That is why the world's dietetic urge now is to *watch your breakfast;* to start days with food that "stands by" you through the morning and thus protect the most important hours of your day.

Katharine Caley, principal of St. Nicholas School, Seattle, Wash., recently made the statement that the majority of all the so-called "hard" studies—possibly 75%, in practically every school in America—were set for the morning.

According to editorial investigations of the great women's magazines, the average housewife's heaviest duties come before luncheon.

THE average person *thinks* he works 8 or more hours a day. But 70% of that day's work is done between 8:30 a. m. and 12:30 p. m., according to recently compiled statistics—statistics that reveal figures which amaze.

For instance, it's now known that between 75% and 80% of all important classes in some 2,000 schools and colleges are held in those four hours. This includes Yale, Harvard, Chicago, Northwestern, scores of the great State Colleges and innumerable grade schools.

It is known that an average of some 70% of the day's important work, in virtually all big business institutions throughout America, falls into the morning hours. Consider what this means.

In the average home, national editorial investigations by the *Ladies' Home Journal, Pictorial Review, Woman's Home Companion* and other important women's magazines, reveal that *75% or more* of the average woman's heaviest tasks come in the after-breakfast hours.

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Thus leading dietary authorities, both in Europe and America, urge Quaker Oats breakfasts as an all-important factor in modern life.

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That means food well-balanced in essential food elements. It means food that is delicious, so as to tempt the appetite. It means a *rich and flavory* hot breakfast to supply the human engine with fuel.

Quaker Oats contains 16% protein, food's great tissue builder; 65% carbohydrate, its great energy producer; and is well supplied with minerals (bone builders) and all-important vitamines. Its "bulk" supplies, too, the roughage which helps in making laxatives seldom needed.

In food value, thus, but few foods compare. The oat is the best balanced cereal known. While in deliciousness, Quaker Oats—steaming, flavory and appetizing — stands almost alone. Thus on almost every count, dietary authorities give this rich food first place — food that energizes your vital working hours.

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Serve every day for a while — note how much better your mornings are. What comes will surprise you

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY

WINGS OF SONG

(Continued from Page 5)

time of my life. I lived joyfully in the present; and if I thought of the future, it was to dream of a wedding more beautiful than any girl had ever had. Beyond that stretched a vague land of promise into which we would walk together. For Enrico it was a peaceful and perfect interval, partly because, away from the footlights and the constant stare of the public eye, he was living the part of the happy lover instead of acting it.

Like Desdemona, I listened with wide eyes to the tales he told me of strange people and far-off lands, of kings and emperors for whom he had sung and who later became his friends. I saw the jewels given him by dead and forgotten rulers to express their royal pleasure—rubies from the Czar of all the Russias, pearls from the Emperor of Germany, watches, rare enameled boxes, medals, all of which he brought to show me with boyish pride and delight.

He told me, too, with some hesitation, about his two sons. I think he realized that to an American girl the story would sound strange, and I know too that he feared the knowledge of that part of his life might turn me against him. But instead I only admired and respected him the more, and had only sympathy for the love he had lavished so freely in those young days that had later brought him so much sorrow. He had not been able to legalize his early union, but when his sons were born he hastened to recognize them in the courts of Milan and to give them his name.

Enrico told me also of his mother. Although she died when he was fifteen years old, his devotion to her was one of the deepest emotions of his life. Wherever he lived, her portrait hung in his bedroom; and often in moments of doubt or discouragement he stood before it, looking up into her strong peasant face, as though he drew from it sympathy and help. In her serene gaze there was not only the simple endurance one often sees in faces of this type: there was also a fineness and austere nobility that set her apart from her class.

For her son, Anna Caruso made many sacrifices. As he said, "My mother went without shoes so that I could sing."

A Troubled Romance

Of the twenty-one children born to her he was her favorite, the flower of her heart. Of him she expected great things, and there is a touching reason for her belief. She had a patroness and friend who was a lady of noble blood. At the time of Enrico's birth this lady also gave birth to an infant who died soon after it came into the world. Hearing of her friend's illness and the despondency into which she had been thrown by her baby's death, Anna Caruso hurried to her side and placed in the lady's arms her own newly born babe, Enrico.

Anna Caruso believed that from this noble foster mother her baby drew into his tiny being superior qualities that set him apart from her other children. It was Enrico who begged for a daily bath, dragging pails of water up to his room and splashing about like a small brown bird in a puddle. It was he who strangely insisted that his shirts should be clean and would not wear one if it were torn. It was his suggestion that she should cut him shirt fronts of clean white paper when he went to sing hymns in the church. How proudly she watched him march off to the singing lessons for which she paid with daily sacrifices, hiding her hunger or her weariness behind her beaming pride in his growing talent!

Enrico's father, Marcellino, seeing his son strong and intelligent, put him to work in a factory; but nothing—hardships, work or discouragement—could stop his singing, and he drudged through the days chanting solemn hymns which he learned to please his mother, or shouting the Neapolitan street songs that he sang to please himself. At night, when his day's work was finished, he sat under the street lamps outside his father's house and carefully copied by the flickering yellow light the music of his beloved songs.

Anna Caruso, with that mysterious intuition of a mother, believed that her son had a great future ahead of him. She encouraged him by every means in her power, and with her praise wisely mingled reminders that only hard work would bring success. It was her faith in him that kept the spirit of song alive in the little boy. After her death he realized with sorrow and bitterness the necessities she had denied herself for his sake, and young as he was, he took a solemn oath that these sacrifices should not have been made in vain.

In his early years her memory inspired him to struggle on through the obstacles that sprang up in his path, and in the days of his success, when he stood before her portrait, it was to remember with deepest gratitude her faith in him and to know that he had realized her ambitions.

For some time I had wanted to tell Miss B of our engagement. At last Enrico gave me permission to do so, and I confided all my happiness to her. How fast I talked and what a joy it was to tell someone of this secret that had lain hidden in my heart! Every girl knows with what tender pride she tells of her first love and with what glowing colors she paints the future that rises from her happiness like a mirage of rose and gold. At the same time I explained to her our reasons for not telling father at the moment and begged her to keep my secret for a little while.

My happiness was so great and bewildering that I actually began to doubt if I was doing right in promising Enrico to marry him. I asked myself anxiously if I loved him because he was a famous singer. Was it his fame and popularity that influenced me in my decision? If he was just any Mr. Caruso, "unknown, unhonored and unsung," would I still love him and be willing to marry him?

I finally brought myself to tell Enrico how I felt about him. He listened with sympathy and then advised me to go away for a while to some quiet place where I might be alone and think it over. He wanted me to be sure—as sure as he was—that we would be happy together.

Needless to say, in the days away from him, I grew more and more certain that it was Enrico I loved, and I returned ready to share his life and to do all in my power to make him happy. When I reached home I found that my father had been told of my meetings with Enrico. The whole matter had been put before him in such a way that he was furiously angry with us both.

I went at once to father, but he would not listen to me. He refused to see Enrico or to permit our engagement.

As in the case of all celebrities, there had grown around the name of Caruso a tangle of poisonous stories fostered by people who wished to injure his professional reputation. Father evidently had been told these stories and believed them to be true. He pointed out the difference of twenty-two years in our ages. He insisted that the life of Caruso was one that I could not share; that he was devoted to his singing and that I would be sacrificed to his public. He also dwelt upon the difference in tradition. Enrico came of a peasant family. My ancestors, he reminded me, were among the early settlers of New York and New England and were ladies and gentlemen.

None of these arguments was strong enough to shake my love for Enrico and, with the optimism of youth, none of them seemed to be of the least importance beside the fact that Enrico and I loved each other.

Mr. and Mrs. Caruso on Washington Rock

But I am afraid that many fathers would have felt the same in his place, and that any one of the reasons taken alone would have been a strong argument for forbidding the marriage. To my anxious father I must have seemed a foolish, headstrong girl, determined to wreck her life by a wholly unsuitable marriage. As he put it, "Caruso as a singer is one thing, but Caruso as a son-in-law is something entirely different."

In the end, finding me still obstinate, he forbade me to see Enrico again without a chaperon, and added, like the father of romance, that Caruso was never to cross his threshold again.

I knew that Enrico's respect for parental authority was so strong that he would feel we had to obey and that he would consider father's refusal to allow him to come to the house as a terrible insult.

After this I decided to keep my secrets to myself. The days became dreary and hopeless. Enrico was so unhappy that he thought his voice was failing, and it seemed to me that unless my father relented I would surely die of a broken heart.

How many times during those days did I bless Mr. Alexander Graham Bell, the inventor of the telephone! Without those reassuring conversations with Enrico I never could have had the courage to face my stern and silent father. Every time we talked together, which was four or five times a day, Enrico would say, "We must obey father. But you must trust me and wait patiently. Everything will be all right."

I had written my sister Torrance about my engagement to Enrico, and now I sent her a desperate letter telling her of the terrible thing that had happened. She was in camp at Anniston, Alabama, where her husband, Captain Frederick W. Goddard, was with the Blue and Gray Division. When she received my letter she came North and stayed at my father's house.

Together we decided that since father had said I was not to see Enrico without a chaperon, as long as she was with us we would be obeying the letter of the law.

Enrico was a little doubtful about the propriety of this arrangement. He was so honest that he hated the idea of taking advantage of father, and I do not suppose he considered sister a very formidable duenna. However, what lover ever let scruples of conscience torment him at such a time? We resumed our drives in the country, with Enrico sitting happily between Torrance and me.

As I said before, I knew little about music. I knew even less about singing. But I had a remarkable memory for useless things—for instance, the words of old songs once popular on Broadway. The more banal the song, the more likely I was to remember the words. My sister was equally accomplished, and so, to Enrico's amusement, we sang to him everything we could remember. He would shake with laughter and beg us to go on, and sometimes he would pick up one of the tunes and sing with us. He specially liked Under the Bamboo Tree and insisted that the words were Italian: "If you lik-a me, like I lik-a you."

Practicing With Spaghetti

On one of our trips away from the city we went to Washington Rock in the Watchung Mountains. I think it was from this point that Washington looked down upon a battle. But it remains in my memory as the place where we tried to teach Enrico the words of The Star-Spangled Banner, which he was to sing at a Red Cross concert the next week. It sounded very amusing to us, sung with an Italian accent. We tried without success to modify the Italian r. "The rockets' red glare" was a frightful stumblingblock and the r's rolled like drums.

On the way home the car was stopped at a crossing. The street cleaner, an old Italian, caught a glimpse of Enrico and with a shout of "Carus!" he flung his brush into the gutter and leaped upon the running board. Leaning in the window, he overwhelmed us with a flood of Italian and garlic. Enrico laughed, replied to him in the Neapolitan dialect and shook his hand. As the old man turned to jump off Caruso slyly poked a bill into the pocket of his overalls.

At some of the Italian restaurants out in the country Enrico tried to teach us to eat spaghetti. He would not allow us to cut up the long strips, but insisted that we should roll it about our forks and put the whole mass into our mouths. I can still see the tears in my sister's eyes as she tried to swallow, and I know I looked just as funny with the long ends of spaghetti hanging from my mouth to the plate.

But none of us was happy meeting in this way. Enrico especially felt that this disregard of father's wishes would bring him bad luck in the future. We wanted to put an end to the situation, but we did not know how to go about it.

One day we lunched at a restaurant on the Palisades. Enrico was nervous and tired and had a headache. I was restless and miserable, because I foresaw the time coming when my sister would have to leave me, and Enrico and I would be separated again. Sister sat looking from one to the other of us, sad because we could not be happy and sad because she loved father devotedly and yet could not take his side against us.

Enrico walked over to a phonograph and started the record that happened to be on it. In a moment his own voice singing the sad and beautiful aria from Aida filled the air. I saw him turn away and bow his head in his hands. In a moment I was beside him, and putting my arms around him tried to comfort him. He was like an unhappy child, standing there with tears.

(Continued on Page 161)

"Real service

We Service All Makes and Sell Willards for All Cars, for Farm Light and for Radio, too.

The Willard

saves repairs"

REAL SERVICE sure does save repairs, and the Willard Battery Man does a thorough job when you ask him to service your battery.

Of course, your battery is not removed from the car, but each of the five service operations pictured is performed as carefully as if the service man had the battery on his workbench.

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Some time, we hope, you'll try a Willard Threaded Rubber Battery. Then you'll really know what we mean when we talk about full measure of useful battery life and uninterrupted service in the owner's car.

You're fully covered against reinsulation expense, too, when you have one of these very different batteries.

Battery men

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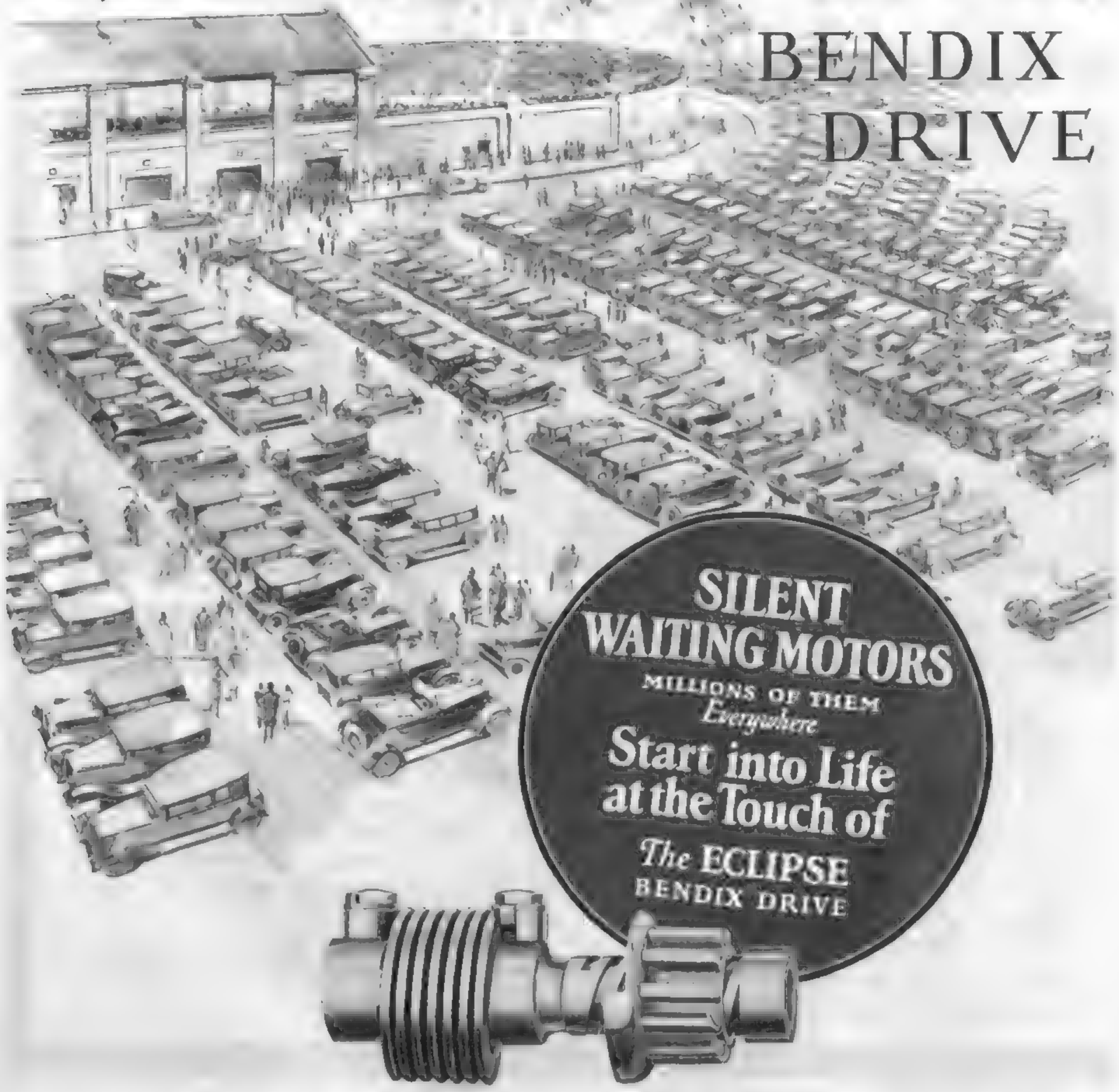

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(Continued from Page 157)

rolling down his cheeks. Beside him the glorious voice, the Caruso known to the public, went on singing "Celeste Aïda—Celeste Aïda, forma divina. . . ."

"Let us get married now -right away!" he cried to me desperately. "Let us do it and have no more deception." I clung to him, wiping away his tears and willing to do anything if he would only be his smiling self. At that time I was worried that he should have these constantly recurring headaches, and wanted above all things to be able to be near him and to take care of him.

I beckoned to my sister, who was looking at us with tears in her eyes.

Enrico turned to her:

"Why should Dorothy and I not get married today?"

Sister hesitated. She wanted us to be happy and I know it struck her as a romantic idea, but she shook her head. "There's father," she reminded me. We both began to talk at once, but still she shook her head. "It would hurt him terribly."

"What then?" asked Enrico.

"Won't you come and see father?" she asked him.

"He refused to see me." Caruso spoke angrily. I knew this had been a very sore point with him.

"No, no!" I interrupted. "You don't need to come, Enrico; father wouldn't see you."

Sister put her arm around me. "If he refuses, then I will help you. I will come with you to the minister or you can be married from my house. But please make one attempt. It will take a lot of courage." She looked gravely at Enrico.

Enrico nodded: "You are right, *sorella mia;* he is father, and for that reason I will come to see him tonight."

I shall never forget that evening. Fortunately, Miss B was out, so we had father all to ourselves, and he was in his best humor. After dinner I went to my room, shaking with nervousness.

Down in the library I could hear father talking with Torrance. The smoke of his cigar drifted up the stairs to me as I sat by the open window. Now and then I could hear my sister laugh nervously.

The doorbell rang. My heart stopped beating and the room swam around me, but I gathered together enough energy to tiptoe to the head of the stairs. Down below in the hall I heard Enrico's voice. I saw the top of the butler's head as he came up the stairs and stood by the library door.

"Mr. Caruso is calling, sir," he announced.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Mrs. Caruso and Mrs. Goddard. The next will appear in an early issue

AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN PROSPERITY

(Continued from Page 27)

as basis for currencies, and if it accumulates in one country it is scarce in other countries, so there is felt to be only so much prosperity, and the division of this over the world is held to be unequal and unequitable. Europe feels that she has less than her natural share, and other countries have more than their natural shares. And Europe has less than her natural share because other countries in some way or other are felt to have taken it from her.

The losses of the war fell predominatingly upon Europe, any gains of the war accrued predominatingly to other countries, especially to the United States. After everybody had been knocked economically unconscious by the war, so to speak, the North Americans recovered consciousness more quickly than the Europeans and got the start in the process of recovery. The countries hurt least in the war of course recover most quickly, other things being equal; and in such countries the commercial gains of war are least ephemeral. Europeans, therefore, grope for some formula that will enable them to have restored that of which they feel they have been deprived. This vague feeling is more or less widely current throughout Europe and to a surprising extent affects the policies of influential men.

This formulation is untenable as an approach to the problems of Europe. The continent of Europe was the chief seat of the World War. War represents loss of men, wealth and resources. Within Europe belligerent countries suffered more than nonbelligerent countries. Belligerents outside of Europe suffered less—Russia disregarded—than belligerents in Europe. This does not suggest that countries lying outside of a war zone owe to the countries within a war zone any accounting for respective degrees of losses.

During wars some groups in all countries, belligerent and nonbelligerent, profit monetarily. The Great War gave to the United States and to Great Britain certain chemical industries at the expense of Germany; to India and Japan it gave textile factories at the expense of Great Britain. It is not alone the belligerent countries that lose industries as result of war; it happens also to neutrals. Often the wargotten gains do not stick; witness ocean shipping as an illustration. Many wartime industries are so artificial that they die with the advent of peace, but some remain, for sound reasons. Germany will not give up artificial nitrate for the sake of the saltpeter fields of Chile; nor are sugar-cane plantations in various parts of the world to be abandoned in order to return European beet sugar to the position it occupied before the war.

It is difficult for the peoples concerned to reconcile themselves to the fact that some of these developments are permanent. But such local gains, though important in particulars, are incidental when appraising the situation as a whole. Broadly considered, monetary war gains are to be discounted. There is no net gain from war; in the long view there is always a net loss to every country, belligerent and neutral, and this net loss is usually heavy.

Consider agriculture the world over. The relatively high prices of a few war years resulted in inflation of land values, overextension of credit, and overexpansion in operations. In the years following the decline of prices of raw materials in 1920, the war gains were wiped out while the war liabilities were maintained or expanded. The World War was followed by huge operative losses to agriculture—to wool growers in Australasia, to cattle raisers in North and South America, to silk growers in Asia, to corn growers and hog raisers in the regions of the Mississippi and the Danube, and to wheat and cotton growers everywhere. The railroads in many countries of the world are still suffering from the war. There is no purpose in pursuing the subject further, since it is folly to argue that ultimate profit follows the destruction of life and property.

The American rebuttal to the European implication stated above is not one peculiar to the United States. This rebuttal runs to the effect that countries outside of Europe now enjoying high prosperity do not owe it to the war and have not taken it from Europe. They owe it to circumstances inherent in the modern developments of material civilization, to their natural resources and to the initiative and characteristics of the people.

Not only this, but the experiences of these countries can be used to indicate to Europe the path that she must follow if she is to reacquire a prosperity comparable to that prevalent in other countries.

How does one compare prosperities in different countries? It is intriguing to

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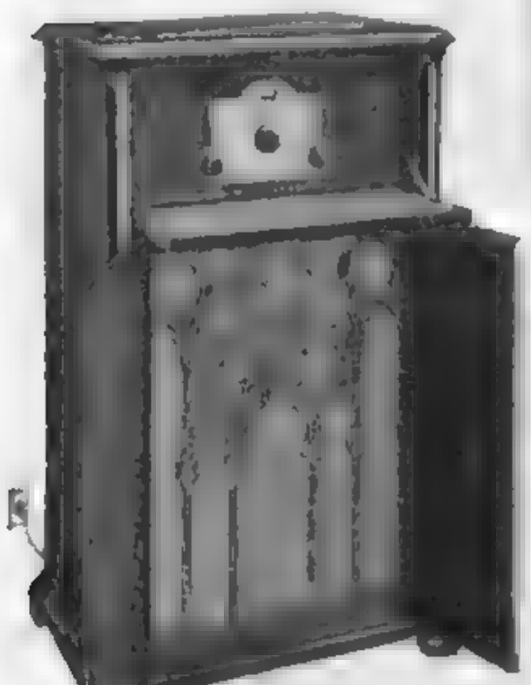

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MAKES LIFE'S WALK EASY

regard the population of a country as homogeneous and to set up a definition of prosperity for the unit, but it is hazardous. The writings on prewar business cycles and postwar developments in analysis of business make us pause. In the hardest of times, some groups and occupations are prosperous; in the best of times, some groups and occupations are unprosperous. Compare textiles with automobiles during the past five years; compare Northwestern with Southwestern railroads. While European delegations have been studying the amazing prosperity of certain American manufacturing industries, we have had investigations of the low prosperity in agriculture and coal mining.

National income, bank transactions, volumes of production, unfilled orders, car loadings, price trends, wage levels and unemployment figures are highly significant. But they are not comparable in different countries. It is much easier to compare the conditions in one country at different times than to contrast those of different countries at the same time.

If it is hazardous, in the appraisal of prosperity, to regard the population of the United States as homogeneous, it is still more hazardous to regard the different states of Europe as a unity. Coal mining is relatively prosperous in Germany and France, relatively unprosperous in Great Britain and Poland. Judged by employment, France has been strikingly prosperous, Great Britain significantly unprosperous. Wheat growers have enjoyed much larger returns in France and Italy than in Hungary. Side by side in Europe, with depression in steel industries, the electrical industries have been prosperous on account of large-scale hydroelectric installations. The plants of agriculture and industry suffered direct injury during the war and were also allowed to run down. The repair of the wastage of war entails heavy taxation. During the course of the war, oversea countries expanded their agriculture and European agriculture therefore faces severe competition in domestic markets. Shipping that before the war was a source of large revenue for many countries has suffered heavy depreciation. The inevitable results of the war have been intensified and exaggerated by the shortsighted and misguided, even vicious, trade policies exhibited by many European states toward one another.

The Disabilities of Europe

After the war the European countries felt keenly the losses sustained through physical destructions and did not foresee the dislocations. Now it seems agreed that the dislocations are worse than the destructions. The most pronounced disabilities of Europe may be grouped under three heads:

1. During the war, outside countries established industries to supply them with goods that they previously secured from Europe. On the resumption of peace, these new industries endeavor to maintain themselves, usually with the aid of governmental support. Failing to reacquire the accustomed foreign markets and facing a lower level of domestic consumption, unemployment of capital and labor in Europe is the consequence.

2. To a large extent, before the war, the prosperity of the principal countries of Western Europe revolved about coal and steel. The markets of the products of the so-called heavy industries have since been seriously curtailed abroad and at home. Backward countries are hesitant in developments requiring capital goods; in other countries the industries devoted to corresponding goods have been enlarged. In addition, economies in the use of coal and substitution with fuel oil and water-power electricity have become prominent. The result for Europe is unemployment of capital and labor.

3. Instability and depreciation of currencies have resulted in losses of capital and resources. The spurious prosperity of the period of depreciation and inflation was followed by unemployment and high prices attending stabilization and deflation. The net result over the nine years has been loss of markets.

In each country are groups that are only partly employed and therefore unprosperous. This may be only a small per cent of the population. But if these cannot be absorbed into the rest of the working population they remain a drag upon society. In Europe this absorption of workers from certain lines into the general body of employed workers is made very difficult by the traditions of the region and class and the rigidity of labor organizations.

Restriction of immigration is commonly offered as an outstanding reason for widespread unemployment in Europe. It was stated at the International Economic Conference that the unemployed in Europe, outside of Russia, today amount with dependents to some 20,000,000 people. It is wrong to attempt to make the United States responsible for this; it is misleading to cite the 20,000,000 unemployed people in Europe as a consequence of our policy of immigration restriction. Canada, Australasia and South American countries seek immigrants, but with disappointing results.

Comparing Prosperity

Unemployment in Europe is primarily and largely the result of domestic disturbances and is not due to damming back of emigrants. Where the domestic economic problems are resolutely faced, the imputed effects of American restriction of immigration are dissipated. Thus, whereas before the war some 800,000 Italians were regarded as annually destined for emigration, under the present economic policy of Italy the figure has been reduced. In any event, countries with high birth rates cannot claim to have their excess populations taken over by countries with lower birth rates, irrespective of nationalities.

Upon just what do Europeans base their ideas of the prosperity of the United States? Trained European observers, of course, employ business indications. The press and the common people judge our prosperity by wage level, cost of living, employment of workers, growth in savings-bank deposits and life-insurance policies, active construction—dwellings, business buildings, factories, highways and other public improvements—and by the continuous improvement and expansion in the standard of living. Contrasted with this, Europeans observe in their own continent, varying from country to country, considerable unemployment of workers, state payment of doles, low wage levels, high cost of living, small savings by working classes, a low plane of building operations, and little expansion and improvement in the standard of living, either judged by prewar standards at home or by postwar standards in the United States. The workers compare the wage scales per hour and the hours of work. The conditions of our working classes have been repeatedly studied by workmen from abroad, and one point in their findings that is impressive to European workers is the fact that whereas in many lines of production the labor cost per unit of goods is quite the same in the United States and in Europe, through the use of efficient methods of manufacture the income of the workers is very much higher in this country. One misses in Europe the idea of increasing the domestic market by elevating the standard of living of all classes. Europeans see dimly that there are two sets of factors to be considered: Differences in production costs and differences in freedom of trade.

Now, disregarding Canada and other prosperous countries and confining the comparison to the United States and Europe, outside of Russia, what do we possess that Europe lacks?

American prosperity is the cumulative result of a number of factors, of which two are clearly major, with others supplementary but important. Under the Federal Reserve System we have enjoyed stability of money, credit and prices. There has

(Continued on Page 185)

This Modern Brush polishes teeth *amazingly* white!

DR. WEST'S TOOTH Brush really *polishes* your teeth every time you use it. Rapidly all dinginess vanishes. Brilliant clean whiteness comes to replace stains and discoloration.

That is precisely the purpose for which it was designed.

Use any good dentifrice you like. Your modern Dr. West's brush does the polishing. Brush away from the gums, always—four minutes daily; two at night, two in the morning. *The new whiteness this brings will astonish you.*

* * *

The accompanying diagram shows how this modern brush gets its remarkable polishing ability. Note that it fits perfectly the neglected inside curve of teeth—as well as the outside. That every surface and curve of every tooth is firmly contacted—even *behind* teeth farthest back. Note, too, how its extra-pointed tufts penetrate into, and sweep clean, *all* crevices between teeth.

Most important of all, you see that its special bristles remain always erect. Only the tips of bristles can cleanse and polish. Teeth cannot be cleaned, polished, by bent-over bristle-tufts.

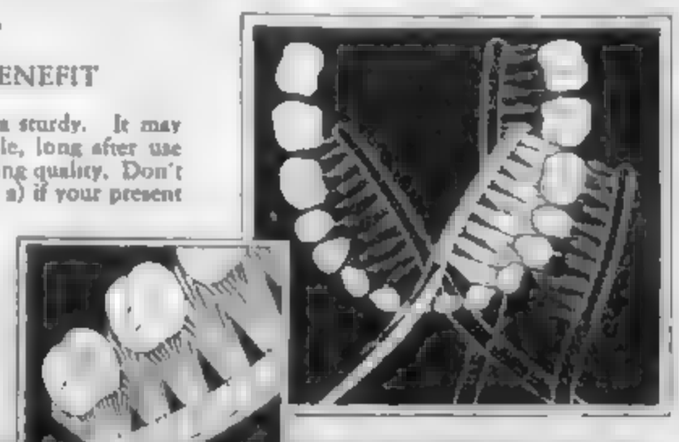
In addition to *modern* design, Dr. West's Tooth Brush is made of special polishing bristles—for which premium prices are paid, *from two to five times more* than the cost of ordinary bristles.

That's why whiter teeth are bound to follow regular brushing with Dr. West's. Stop at any drug store, today, and get one for each member of your family: Adult's size, 50c; Youth's, 35c; Child's, 25c; special Gum Massage Brush, 75c. See what a difference it makes—and how quickly this becomes apparent.

* * *

To Get Full Benefit

Dr. West's Tooth Brush is extra sturdy. It may look all right, may still be usable, long after use has impaired the amazing polishing quality. Don't use it too long. Get a new one: a) if your present brush has been in use for 90 days. b) if bristles soften, lose resilience, immediately when wet; or c) if spaces between tufts show tangled, bent-over bristles. Dentists change their own Dr. West's monthly, for this reason



Unlike any other brush known—in modern size, design, and bristles!

Caution:

For your protection, every Dr. West's Tooth Brush is first sterilized, then sealed in a special envelope, then packed in the customary carton. No one can thumb or handle the Dr. West's you buy!

There are handles of six different colors, too—one for each member of your family.

Note the Differences:

Dr. West's brush perfectly fits the neglected *inside* curve of teeth as well as the outside. Wide-spaced tufts sweep crevices clean. Special bristles remain erect—polishing, whitening.

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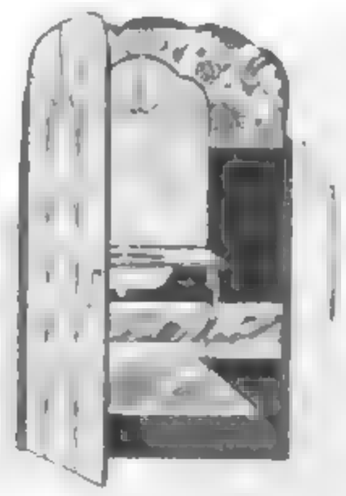

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LOVELY women show their sense of daintiness in the selection of household accessories.

Even the bathroom is a place of impeccable good taste—with glistening tile—with brightly burnished fittings—with well-chosen toilet things.

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For A. P. W. Satin Tissue appeals to dainty women. They like its silky satin texture—the finest tissue made. So smooth, absorbent, firm, so absolutely soluble. And spotless clean.

Made of long, soft fibres of purest virgin pulp, and fresh water from our deep artesian wells.

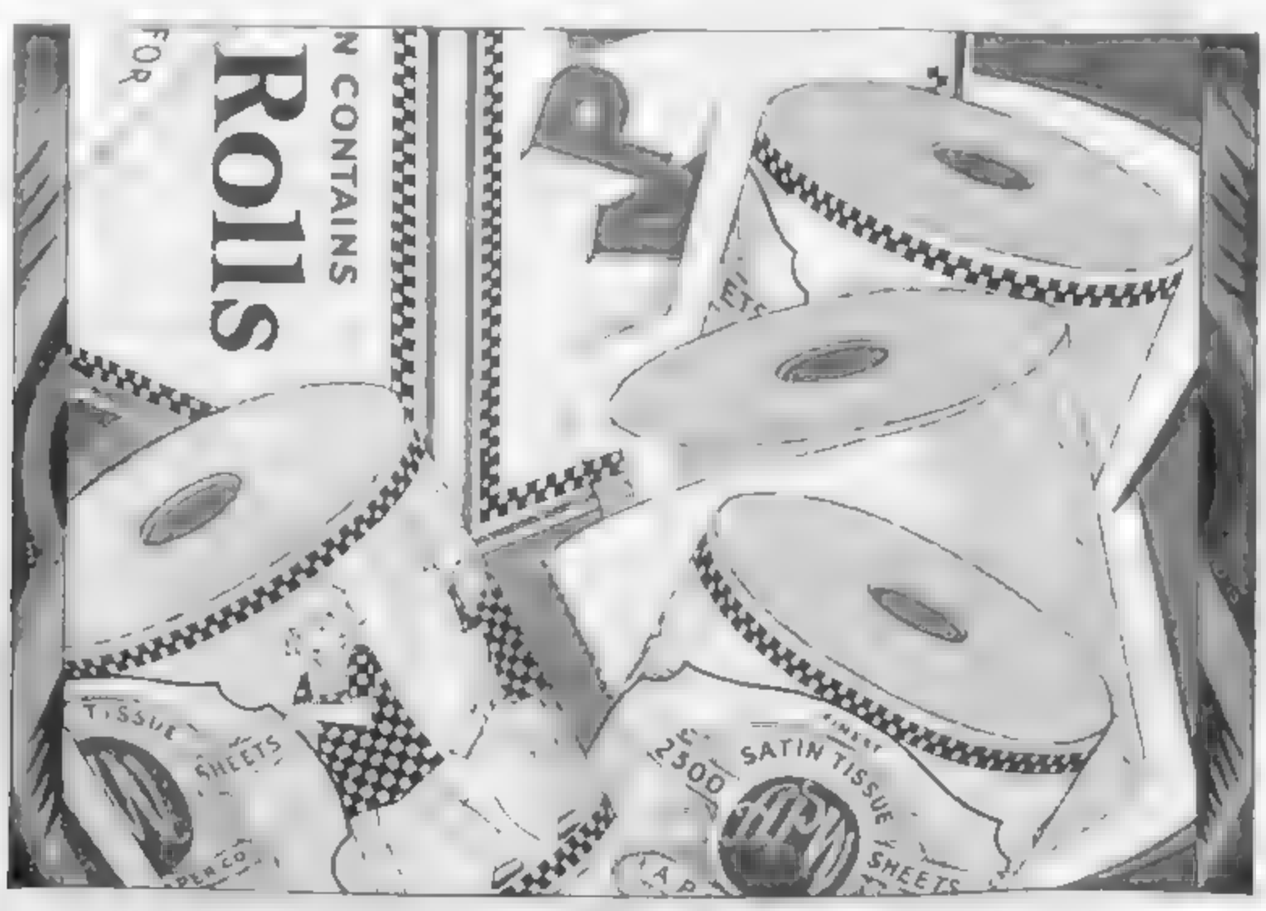
Sterilized time and time again in making, then dustproof wrapped, kept clean from mill to you.

Ask your dealer for the famous year's supply carton—10,000 sheets in rolls—$2.00. Or the carton, 6,000 sheets on tightly wound Junior rolls to fit built-in recessed fixtures—one dollar. Bought this way A. P. W. Satin Tissue actually costs less per year than harsh, abrading papers.

Phone your dealer for a carton now. Save time and conversation. Buy once for months to come.

If he can't supply you, send the coupon, with dealer's name to us. We'll have the carton delivered at your door—plain wrapped—postpaid.

One word of caution. Much cheap toilet paper is made of "reclaimed stock," old newspapers, and the like. Unknown rolls are sometimes risky. Be safe, be sure. Buy toilet paper by brand name only. Say "I want A. P. W."



A. P. W. Satin Tissue de luxe size—carton 10,000 sheets in rolls, a year's supply—$2.00 Junior size—tight wound rolls for recessed fixtures—6,000 sheets $1.00 Also flat in packages—9,000 sheets $2.45

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Buy the carton—a year's supply

PHONE YOUR DEALER for the carton, an average year's supply. If he has none in stock, just mail the coupon with check or bills enclosed, and dealer's name. We'll send the carton you prefer, by mail postpaid, securely wrapped.

A. P. W. PAPER COMPANY, Albany, N. Y. [A-10]

For the enclosed $_____

Please send me postpaid, plainly wrapped, carton of A. P. W. Satin Tissue checked below.

☐ 10,000 sheets, de luxe size, in rolls, $2.00 ☐ 6,000 sheets, tight wound Junior rolls, $1.00 ☐ 9,000 sheets, flat, large size, $2.45

*Dealer's Name and Address*_____

*My Name and Address*_____

(Continued from Page 162)

been large accumulation of capital, improvement in the mobility of capital, and economy in the use of capital. During the past ten years we have repurchased a large part of the American securities in foreign hands and our nationals have invested heavily in foreign countries the world over. We have become a net creditor nation. Our recent foreign investments are the result of prosperity and not the cause of it. To be sure, the export of capital has aided the export of goods. The war debts due us have had no influence on our prosperity and certainly no direct adverse influence on the prosperity of Europe, for the simple reason that the payments have been so small as to be negligible in this regard.

Exceptional management has resulted in notable improvement in efficiency of operation of our railways, which now give a service superior to anything known before the war. Very important from the standpoint of employment of capital, labor and materials has been the heavy volume of construction of buildings and public roads during the past five years. These represent in part a catching up, in part, however, improvements that are a part of the general advance in the standard of living. Expansions in the industries devoted to the manufacture of automobiles, electrical labor-saving machinery and instruments of communications are also part of the improvement in the standard of living.

Little Difference in Resources

Our export trade is large, but cannot be credited with creating a special share of our prosperity, because it has only grown about in proportion to the expansion of production. Our imports have also grown, as expression of our need of raw materials and of our buying power for luxuries and semi-luxuries of foreign manufacture. Our growth in foreign trade is really the expression of our volume of production and of our standard of living, the result of prosperity rather than the cause of it, though contributing somewhat to national income. Advanced social policies also have contributed to our national efficiency. Our sanitation is superior to that of Europe, and prohibition has surely had some effect on prosperity.

Coming now to the larger factors, these are human rather than material. They are rationalization of production and free trade between the individual states. Rationalization of business is a European term to describe an American fact. Under rationalization of business—making business rational—are included simplification, standardization, reduction of waste, mass production, the concept of high wage scale with low labor cost. These are characteristics of American management in the use of capital and labor applied to resources, affecting production, to date, rather than distribution.

This is not a postwar movement, but is a postwar extension of a movement that goes back several decades and has acquired increasing momentum and dimensions with time and experience. Outturn per worker has increased steadily in agriculture, manufactures, transportation and mining. This implies more continuous employment, higher output per unit of time, a larger per capita use of capital and power; and the added value of manufacture rises accordingly.

Rationalization of production is dependent on a high plane of education and on scientific research. Also, it is founded upon the forward-looking attitude of employer and employe. On the part of employer it means a sense of responsibility alike toward the investing group, the consuming public and the working class, striving toward equitable division of the new wealth created under improvements. On the part of labor it means no restriction of output, but cooperation with management in increase of output through application of machinery, securing through collective bargaining an equitable share in the added value and through employe ownership a responsible voice in management.

In short, we have greater production, larger use of capital and power, higher added value of manufacture, and a relatively high wage scale with a relatively low labor cost, from which follow a large income and a high and expanding standard of living. This is generally but not everywhere true, the outstanding exceptions being in agriculture, coal mining and cotton and woolen textiles.

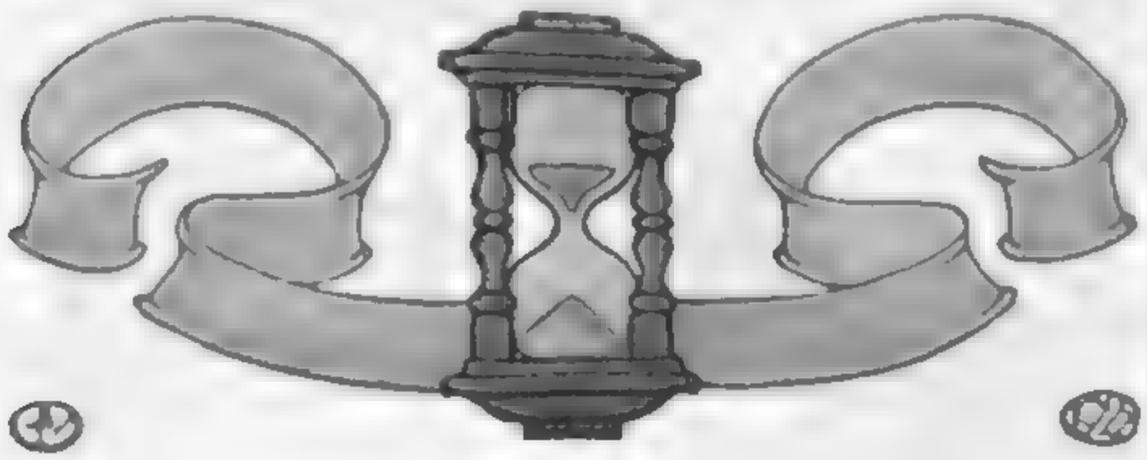
More tangible to the European observer is the factor of free trade between the forty-eight states of the United States. Europe, outside of Russia, is composed of twenty-seven individual states. Taking Europe as a whole, the natural resources are not greatly inferior to those of the United States. Geographically, there are wide divergences in both; but Finland is hardly more different from Spain than is Maine from Arizona. Both the United States and Europe contain coal, petroleum and iron in abundance; lead and zinc are available in both, but Europe lacks the abundant copper deposits of the United States. Both have deposits of phosphate—regarding the North African fields as European—neither has natural nitrate, and both have potash, the European supply being more developed. Both lack tin and nickel; both have still extensive forest reserves. Europe has no cotton, otherwise the agricultures of the two are not very different. Broadly considered, therefore, from the standpoints of geography, climate and resources, Europe, outside of Russia, and the United States are fairly comparable. Europe has a much denser population. Our stock comes largely from Europe, but the average standard of education is much higher in the United States.

Barriers to Unity

The doctrine of laissez-faire finds complete application within the United States. This implies freedom of movement of capital, of monetary metals and instruments of credit and exchange; freedom of movement of raw materials; freedom of movement of manufactures; freedom of movement of fuels and all forms of commercial power; freedom of transportation and communications; freedom of exchange of services; and freedom of movement of population. This freedom of commerce makes possible a unity of manufacturing policy throughout the different states.

Now, Europe possesses no such things. In the operation of not a single one of the above factors has freedom existed between the twenty-seven states of Europe. Barriers of one kind or another have stood between all of the twenty-seven states.

Protective tariffs, considered merely as tariff levels, are the least important of these



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For the Cost of 2½ Tons of Coal

You Can Weather Strip Your Home

Will More Than Pay For The Cost The First Winter

NO more storm windows—no more chilly rooms—no more dangerous drafts—no more dust and window rattles. When you consider its low cost Bosley's Seal-It (wood and felt) Weather Strip pays for itself over and over again in the saving of fuel and doctor bills

It comes in handy units cut-to-fit any standard size door or window Standardized in long lengths by good hardware stores since 1869. Seal-It in 1927 is packed in handy units. Ask your dealer for Bosley's Seal-It Weather Strip

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Standard Weather Strip Since 1869

barriers. Trade barriers prevent continuity of policy and uniformity of practice, and no producer or trader can foresee from time to time what obstacles may be encountered in the international commerce between these twenty-seven states. It was against this mass of trade barriers of almost diabolical ingenuity, largely postwar in origin and both directly and indirectly the expression of the spirit of war, that protest was made in the international manifesto issued some time ago.

When, now, the peoples of Europe—agriculturists, manufacturers, bankers, traders, statesmen and politicians—are brought face to face with the freedom of trade between the forty-eight individual states of the United States and the trade barriers between the twenty-seven states of Europe, not in generalities but in specific practices; and when, thereafter, these Europeans are brought face to face with the differences in industry in Europe and the United States as revealed in the respective degrees of rationalization of production in effect in Europe and the United States—when these respective positions are clearly realized by Europeans, the feeling that American prosperity has been taken from Europe disappears. Instead, our prosperity is seen to have benefited Europe, since from it has been derived the capital that has gone into loans so indispensable to Europe since the war. Instead of blaming the United States for the difference in prosperity, Europeans begin to ask what can be done there to achieve the circumstances upon which American prosperity is founded. Certainly, the states within the continent of Europe cannot hope to have that continent enjoy free trade with other continents so long as there is not free trade within their own continent. But bad as trade barriers are, there is ground for believing that Europeans underestimate the lack of rationalization.

America has unity of monetary system, freedom of trade, and a forward-looking attitude of employer and employe; Europe has twenty-seven systems of currency, trade barriers at frontiers, and a backward-looking attitude of employer and employe. How shall reform be undertaken in Europe? An objective appreciation by Europeans of the essential differences between the United States and Europe is to them at once encouragement and discouragement. It is an advantage to have the route clearly laid out to an objective point, even if it is long and difficult. When, on the other hand, the Europeans realize how long it has taken us to secure results in the United States under favorable circumstances, their prospective problem under unfavorable circumstances may appear well-nigh insuperable. To the writer a forward-looking German remarked that, regarding American prosperity as the result of the efforts of one generation, Europeans could hardly expect to accomplish as much in two generations.

The first objective of European reform is to secure a return to that degree of freedom of commerce which existed before the war; and thereafter to add to that such rationalization of production and distribution as may be possible in the present state of education and scientific attainment. This obviously means the economic mastery of Europe, as a continent, by the countries of Western Europe.

Europe needs a new balance between national and international feeling; but it is Utopian to hope that international feeling will soon have dominant ascendancy over national feeling. And under these circumstances it is clearly the first objective of European reconstruction to achieve such trade reformation as would correspond to the reestablishment of the conditions that existed before the war. These were far behind the conditions that exist in the United States, but they were far in advance of the conditions that at present hold in Europe.

Byron West of Michigan

18 or 80

Here's Cash for Spare Hours

A. B. Arment of Ohio

WHATEVER your age, we will offer you liberal payment to care for our present subscribers and enroll new readers for *The Saturday Evening Post, The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman.*

Byron West, for instance, has made $7.50 in 3 hours. On Saturday afternoons and in the evenings, Grant DeK. Pritchard says he has many times averaged $2.50 an hour. A. B. Arment has made $100.00 in a single month.

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I'll be glad to look over a proposition which will pay me up to, say, $1.50 an hour for my spare time. No obligation, of course, if I don't like it.

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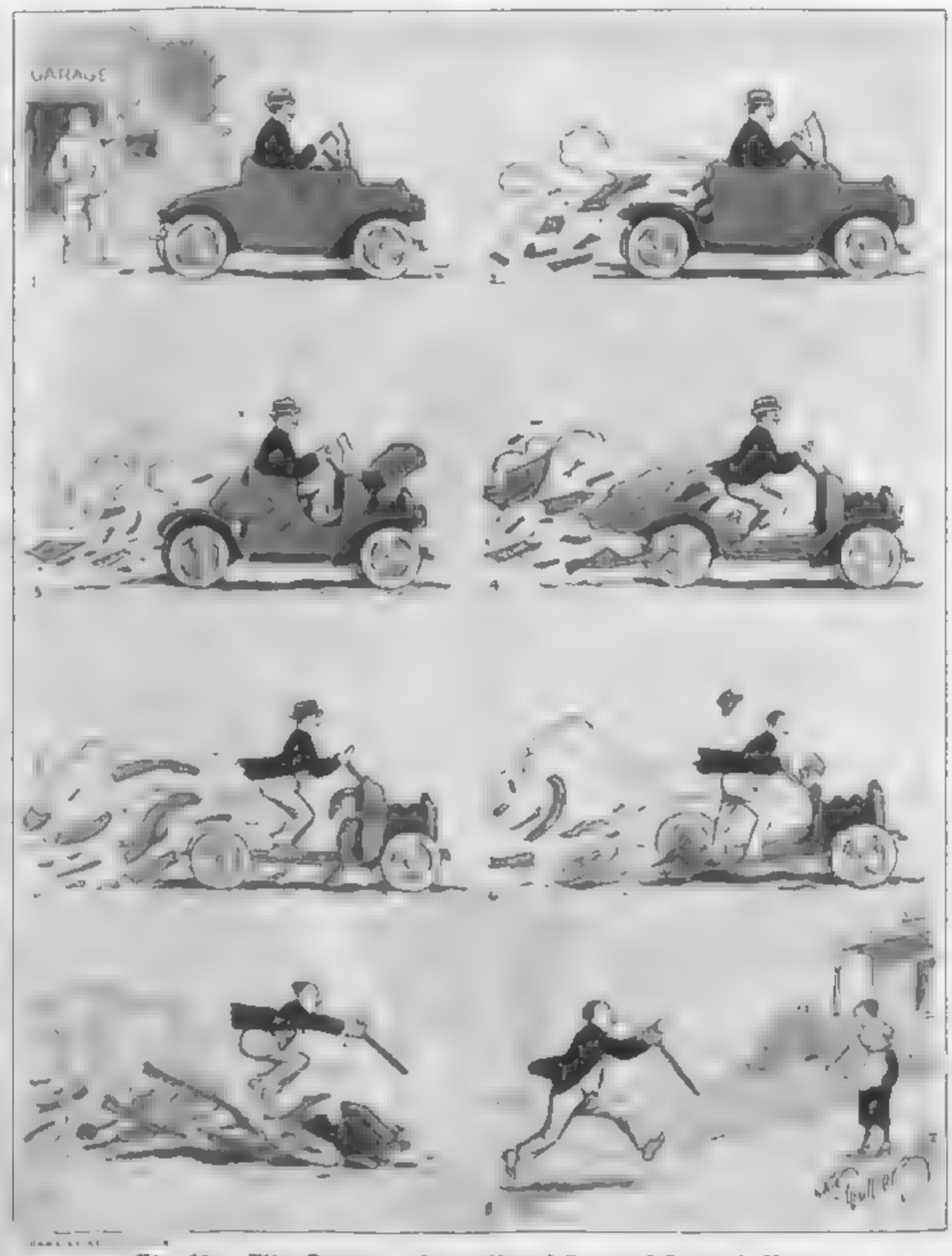
City ..... State



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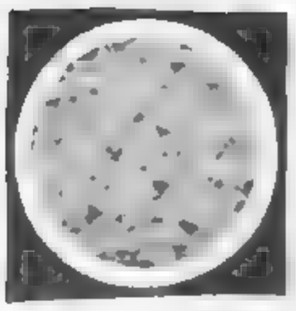
It has revolutionized interior painting

Replacing both paint and enamel



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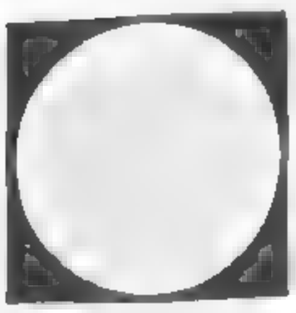

Barreled Sunlight

The microscope shows the difference

These photographs of paint surfaces were made through a powerful microscope. The astonishing contrast shows why Barreled Sunlight is so easy to keep clean. Smooth, unbroken and non-porous, it resists dirt and washes like tile.

TWENTY years ago Barreled Sunlight was a pioneer—a trail blazer—and is still the recognized leader in its field.

It found millions working and living in dark, sombre interiors. It flooded these interiors with light. Its handsome, deeply lustrous surface quickly won friends everywhere.

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But Barreled Sunlight brought more than light to dark interiors. It brought lasting cleanliness. Photographs made through high-powered microscopes showed graphically that its surface was so smooth, so unbroken, that dirt could find no hiding place. "Washable as tile" became another slogan that measured the step of progress in interior painting.

* *

Barreled Sunlight has all the beauty of the finest enamel, yet costs less than enamel and is more opaque (fewer coats needed).

It has such freedom of flow and spread that anyone can easily apply it without leaving laps or brush marks.

Guaranteed to remain white longest.

In Gloss, Semi-Gloss and Flat. Cans and drums.

For priming use Barreled Sunlight Undercoat.

Easy to tint any shade. Ask your dealer about the new Barreled Sunlight Tinting Colors in handy tubes.

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(If you wish a sample can, enclose 10c)

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Street

City State

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WITH your oil storage tank set up, and the pipe and electric connections ready, it will take but a few hours to change your furnace from an exacting taskmaster to that automatic heat machine—an oil heater.

Dump the last load of dirty ashes from your grate; and before your house cools off, you will be free from furnace drudgery forever. It makes no difference whether you heat with steam, hot water or warm air; the change is easily and quickly made for every type of furnace.

Scientific Temperature Control

And your house will be heated scientifically. The clean, hot flame from your oil heater is instantaneously and automatically controlled to keep your house at an even temperature. There are fewer colds in the oil-heated home. One reason is the absence of germ-carrying dust. The other is that, with an evenly sustained temperature, steady healthful ventilation can be maintained all the time.

Using oil fuel in your furnace is just like using gasoline in your automobile. As long as you keep oil in the tank, your house is warm. By setting the automatic control you set the temperature of your house, just as you set the speed of your car by moving the throttle.

Ask your neighbor who is using oil heat what he thinks of it. He will tell you that he would rather give up his car for a horse and buggy than go back to stoking a furnace after enjoying the comfort and convenience which a modern oil heating plant gives him.

The Oil Heating Institute has published an 80-page book, written by national authorities on oil heat. It gives impartial information on how to select an oil heater, and contains descriptions of the equipment of leading manufacturers.

If you will read this book you will appreciate the advantages of installing an oil heater at once—so that you can enjoy oil heat this winter.

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S E P 10

This is the Emblem of the
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This is the symbol of satisfactory public service in oil heating.

Only the manufacturers who are members of the Oil Heating Institute are permitted to use it.

These manufacturers have earned their membership through the enthusiasm of thousands of home owners whom they have provided with efficient and dependable oil heating.

This emblem protects you, and it will be protected, on your behalf, by the Oil Heating Institute.

The Oil Heating Institute is prepared to furnish special information on the heating of churches, theatres, hotels, appartment houses and office buildings, and on the various heat treating processes of industry.

IN THE WHEAT PIT

(Continued from Page 23)

would not haul, and what they did haul would not grade. That was before they had these dryers which are now used to evaporate the excess moisture from the grain.

I had several million bushels, much of it bought for around fifty-seven cents. Brother George was worried for fear our clerical force would not be able to handle the paper work in connection with the receiving of such a bulk of grain and the payments that had to be made. There was a rule of the board then that a buyer must pay cash for grain delivered to him not later than eleven o'clock on the morning of delivery. There was a possibility that we might find ourselves technically in default because of the physical difficulties in the way of writing and delivering so many checks. We had plenty of money to carry our lines, but not everyone believed so. I guess they were kind of hoping. I was carrying a heavy line of oats, as well as all that corn.

In the latter part of April I sent word around that I would be glad to get my grain before the first day of the delivery month. Moreover, I paid on the nail all those who undertook to make early deliveries. That was terribly discouraging to the shorts who had not covered, and in their anxiety to buy corn they ran the price up to 82¾ cents a bushel, which was more nearly where it belonged. I took tremendous deliveries, but there was a shortage of corn and the high price of the crop year was not reached until July, so that I had ample time to dispose of the corpse. As the market advanced I let them have it.

All that occurred in 1908, the year Taft was elected President. Before I had closed out all my corn I had begun to buy a line of September wheat. In many ways it was one of the busiest years of my career on the Board of Trade.

If I had all the money newspaper gossip has attributed to me, I suppose I really would have a corner in gold. In the old days, if the market declined rapidly, it would be published that Pardridge had made a million and a half or two million; or if it went up, that Old Hutch made as much. Men made millions and lost them, and it has always been a significant thing for me that the only men who recovered their fortunes after losing them in the market were those whose word could be counted on.

Fortunes Lost and Won

John Cudahy went bankrupt in 1893, but in 1896 he was again one of the leading traders and paid off more than $400,000 of the indebtedness left from the collapse of his deal in '93. He was a ruddy, rotund person with a face that masked his thoughts. Generally there was a twinkle in his eye. He was frequently on the floor directing his brokers.

His difficulties in 1893 came from the collapse of a pork corner that involved in some fashion his deal in lard. Pork had opened August first at $18.75 a barrel. In half an hour it had tumbled nine dollars and many firms were ruined. Cudahy's big loss was in lard. He had about 200,000 tierces. A tierce contains between 360 and 390 pounds of lard. His failure was announced at noon. Then in one minute lard dropped way down. It went from $9.35 a tierce, at the opening, to $6.40 at the close. That was a frantic day, for there were seventeen failures. One man killed himself because of an unpayable balance of fifty-six dollars on his books. Actually, I suppose, he killed himself because the emotional strain had been too great.

Cudahy's creditors accepted fifty cents on the dollar along with his promise to pay more when he could. E. W. Bailey offered twenty-five cents on the dollar in cash and more later. He paid his debts with interest, won another fortune and took it with him into retirement.

Edward Pardridge died in 1896. He had been a consistent bear and a great plunger. Several times he was on the verge of bankruptcy. He lost about $600,000 when the market advanced sharply in the spring and summer of 1892, but the next year, when there was a panic, his winnings were tremendous. A panic is usually a time of plenty for the short seller. He was an unassuming little fellow who had made his first business success as a dry-goods merchant in Buffalo. He came to Chicago and opened a store in 1869 and then was attracted to the wheat pit by the published accounts of the operations of Ream, Singer, Kent and Jones, as other men might be attracted to a play by a favorable dramatic criticism.

When he was short a long line of wheat in 1892 a South Dakota farmer made an attempt to assassinate him. It would be amusing, were the consequences less tragic, to review some of the foolish antics of men who have believed that because a trader took advantage of his belief that there was more wheat than the world could use, he was therefore responsible for that condition. The price of wheat would have gone as low if Pardridge had never contracted to deliver a single bushel that year.

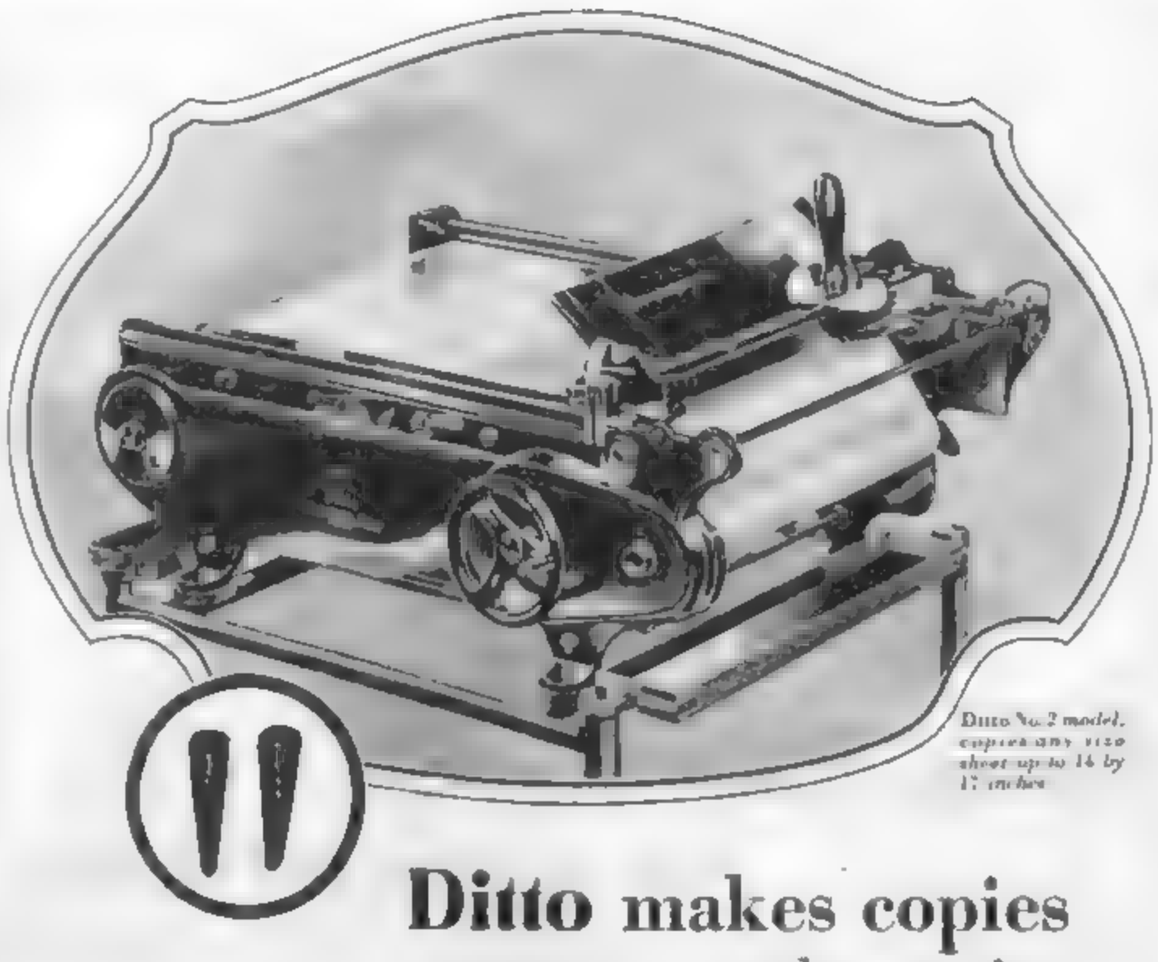
Above the Uproar

Pardridge was a consistent short seller because he was usually tempted to enter the market by conditions that caused him to believe the price of wheat was too high. A certain pattern in the economic condition of the world was significant for him. It was a different pattern that appealed to me. He was one of the few men I have known who made considerable money selling short, but even Pardridge was carried to his grave a bull. His executors, closing out his short line, bought wheat so fast that the market reacted.

Pardridge seemed to have nerves of iron; so did Cudahy; others eased the strain with drink. I stood it by not drinking. But the noise, which seems maddening to those who look on sometime from the gallery, is the least nerve-racking feature of the trading. Many men have broken under the strain because they took a position in the market before they were sure of their facts, and for that reason, before they had any right to form a judgment. I tried to be sure of my ground and then I did not have to worry.

The outsider who listens to the roar of the wheat pit hears only a great volume of sound that drowns the words of individuals as the orchestra dominates in Tannhauser; but for the experienced trader there may be sounds there that will echo as sweetly in his ear as when Pareto sings the Bell Song in Lakmé.

There have been blind men who traded in that pit, and deaf ones. John Schaack, who used to be the head trader for my brokers, still goes into the pit on occasions and in that uproar easily distinguishes the phrases and identifies the voices crying: "Sell fifty sep at forty" or "Buy ten deece at forty-five." He knows the voices, though he can no longer see the faces or the hand signals. Schaack's lost vision was the penalty of the strain of wheat-pit trading. But he may buy or sell a hundred thousand bushels of wheat in darkness there in the wheat pit with the same confidence that a housewife may purchase a loaf of bread. For me that is proof of the fineness of the market mechanism we call the Chicago Board of Trade. Herbie Blum trades there and has told me that he hears and distinguishes every voice in the mad orchestration, which is unusual only because Blum in ordinary dinner-table intercourse is quite deaf. Just how the vibration of the wheat-pit voices tightens his ear drums, I cannot say, but in that awful din he hears, and when he leaves it he is deaf.



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Two cents invested in a stamp—to mail this coupon—may bring you an opportunity to earn hundreds of dollars!

WHEN the end of the month rolls around with its bills from the stores—does your pocketbook "take a lacing?"

Wouldn't you appreciate an opportunity to make some *extra* money? Wouldn't you like not only to have something left over at the end of the month but to feel able to afford any little luxuries, or perhaps vacation trips, you might desire?

Then just reach for a pencil—right now—and fill in the coupon below. It will bring you all the details of how, as our subscription representative, your chance to make extra money *in spare time* is as good as that of Mr. G. N Bennet, shown above, who has made $9.00 extra in a single day or of Mr E D. Vernon, below, who has made an even $10.00 extra in one day

You need no experience, no capital, no—but here we are at the coupon Clip it now!

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
217 Independence Square
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

How may I earn extra money every day.

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Street

City *State*

Keeps Hair Neat—

Rich-looking and Orderly

IF your hair lacks natural gloss and lustre, or is difficult to keep in place it is very easy to give it that rich, glossy, refined and orderly appearance so essential to well-groomed men.

Just rub a little Glostora through your hair once or twice a week—or after shampooing, and your hair will then stay, each day, just as you comb it.

Glostora softens the hair and makes it pliable. Then, even stubborn hair will stay in place of its own accord.

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Glostora also keeps the scalp soft, and the hair healthy by restoring the natural oils from which the hair derives its health, life, gloss and lustre.

Try it! See how easy it is to keep your hair combed any style you like, whether brushed lightly or combed down flat.

If you want your hair to lie down particularly smooth and tight, after applying Glostora, simply moisten your hair with water before brushing it.

A large bottle of Glostora costs but a trifle at any drug store.

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There have been traders there, and there are a few today, whom I would not trust; but that is true of any large assemblage of men. We all know the world contains many dishonorable people. They are to be found in any company. That is why we have laws. Sometimes I think there are so many crooks and so many crooks' tricks that I wonder how an honest man can make a living, but for the great majority of men in the grain trade I have deep respect; and in their integrity I have an abiding faith. Had I felt otherwise I should not have spent my life in the business.

Not long ago there was a scandal in the grain trade caused by the discovery that the men in control of one of the large elevators—grain warehouses—had been cheating their customers. Since the trading in future deliveries has had to bear so much of criticism, let it be understood at the start that future transactions were not involved. This was a scandal of the cash-grain business. State officers, employes of that grain-inspection department for which I worked when I first came to Chicago, take samples of the grain which comes to market. The samples, in paper sacks about the size of those small bags in which banks handle coin, are brought to the floor of the exchange so that buyers may be saved the trouble of going out into the maze of freight cars in the vast reaches of railroad yards that make Chicago the greatest inland city of the world. Each sample represents a freight-car load of grain, or else it represents a much larger quantity stored in a bin sixty or a hundred feet deep. Each sample is marked with the grade of the lot it represents as determined by the inspector who examined it and took the sample. The prestige of the state of Illinois and the honor of the business men who make up the Board of Trade are involved in the integrity of those samples.

In the scandal to which I refer certain men had switched samples. At night they slipped into the office of the warehouse where were stored the samples taken by state inspectors and substituted for them samples of higher grades of grain, having less of dirt and moisture in them. That old Roman injunction of *caveat emptor* is supposed not to apply on Board of Trade transactions, because the merchants there are banded together for the primary purpose of making it unnecessary for buyers to beware. Still, this did happen. Some men involved were expelled from the Board of Trade and forced to restore their soiled profits.

I do not think that kind of cheating is likely to happen again. But it had to be tried before we could stop it.

Bins With False Bottoms

Many years ago, before I became a member of the Board of Trade, there was another bad scandal. A firm of elevator operators secretly had some false bottoms made for their bins. Quantities of grain were poured onto those boards so that a few hundred bushels of grain suggested the presence of many thousands of bushels, in the manner that a few artificial trees on a stage are made to suggest a forest. Grain receipts in that day did not have to be registered with state officials. The men who worked that scurvy trick were short in the market.

By displaying bins that were apparently full, the crooked operators were able to pretend to the men with whom they had contracted to deliver grain into Chicago elevators that such delivery actually had been made.

This is the way they profited by the trick: With the end of the delivery month May, let us say—the price fell off and then they bought cash grain for much less than they would have had to pay earlier. Against those empty bins they had previously issued false receipts that were supposed to represent grain actually in storage in Chicago.

As a result of that scandal the state of Illinois took charge of the registration of grain receipts. We build up our defenses in commerce as the weak places are discovered by men who are looking for ways to cheat. Honest men cannot be expected to anticipate all the ways of crooks. Rules and regulations have come in the grain trade, as in others, as reactions to unfair behavior.

Sometimes, unhappily, the regulations are drawn by men lacking in understanding, so that the rules sometimes hamper the legitimate transactions of honest men quite as much as they embarrass thieves. Similarly the Board of Trade has had to make strict rules about the spreading of false information concerning supply and demand in the grain trade. Expulsion would be the fate of any man who deliberately and knowingly started a false report in the trade.

Inside Information

There are four crop reporters with credentials of the Chicago Board of Trade. With one of them, Bernard Snow, an employe of the Bartlett-Frazier Company, through whom I traded, I have countless times made long journeys of hundreds of miles so as to get a cross-section view of the corn or wheat or oats crop. There are about two men in every wheat-growing county in the United States who contribute information to him. If one of those correspondents sends a message having unusual significance, Snow, more often than not, goes at once to that section to look at the fields for himself.

That is what I mean by information. But there is a lot of it—the price in Liverpool, the temperature in France, rust in Australia, war in the Balkans, rain in the Argentine, drought in Texas. There may be 10,000 such scraps of information in a man's head before he evolves for himself a sound opinion, and then maybe that opinion will have as its foundation a single authenticated bit of news about the grain, such as frost in South America.

On the New York Stock Exchange, when you trade, you frequently encounter smoke screens. You need inside information there. In buying wheat or corn or oats there is no such thing as inside information. The facts are there for anyone who can interpret them.

One of my friends had an extraordinary ability to get inside information. For a long time he has been long on stocks that went to sensational highs in 1927. How did he get that information? Certainly not in the way that he would get information about the supply of wheat.

(Continued on Page 174)

TREND
ARROW'S NEWEST

THE TREND in men's dress is all tailored comfort, mannishness, and simplicity. The things that men wear, specially collars, are being designed to give the utmost in comfort without sacrificing smartness. The new starched collars meet the modern idea and are most popular. They are offered in a variety of styles of which TREND is one

WDT

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CLUETT·PEABODY·&·CO·INC·TROY·N·Y

How to get variety into your meals this winter with fewer dishes

A question of natural flavor

THE secret of a varied menu is not so much in the number of dishes, as in their distinctive flavor. When food tastes insipid, people tire of it. They never tire of food which has a relish, however simple and few the viands.

Of course you can cook the flavor out of any food. And you can kill it with too much salt and pepper. These are makeshifts for natural flavor.

On the other hand, no cook, however expert, can manufacture flavor out of nothing. It must first be in the raw ingredients which she uses. That is something many women overlook.

They pay a high price for choice meats, for certified milk, for prime butter, for fresh eggs and succulent greens, and then neglect to preserve their natural flavor by letting the food deteriorate. They receive them ice-cold from the butcher, the grocer and the milkman, in the freshest possible condition, and then let them stand around in pantry and kitchen, sometimes for hours, or they put them in a leaky old refrigerator with little or no ice in it.

The food may not spoil for a while, but it does lose the crisp, sweet, appetizing relish which only ice-cold freshness can assure.

To have appetizing food on your table it is necessary to have a good refrigerator, kept constantly well iced the year 'round, and to put all perishables into it the moment they are received. Food must be kept evenly cold; to do this ice must be taken regularly; otherwise you lose its major benefit—the preservation of food and food flavor.

It is a good plan to have the ice man keep your ice chamber as well filled in fall and winter as in the hot weather. That maintains an even cold in your refrigerator, regardless of changes in the weather, and makes a big difference in your food. Very little ice is required; costs but a few cents a day. A nickel's worth of ice will save a dollar's worth of flavor

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF ICE INDUSTRIES 163 W. WASHINGTON STREET, CHICAGO

MAIL THIS COUPON (19)

National Association of Ice Industries, 163 W. Washington Street, Chicago

Please send free, your booklet, *"The Care of the Home Refrigerator."*

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The Harvest of Quality

BUSINESS growth is the simple process of holding satisfied customers and adding new ones.

The process is simple but the requirements are exacting.

To hold satisfied customers and win new ones, the product must have exceptional merit,—a tire, for instance, must deliver much more service with virtually no trouble of any kind.

Because of a great saving in the cost of distribution, thousands of extra miles of trouble-free service are built into Mansfield Tires and delivered to car-owners at no extra cost.

So Mansfields are making new friends with amazing rapidity,—and holding old ones.

Verily, the harvest of exceptional quality is the patronage of the discriminating.

THE MANSFIELD TIRE & RUBBER CO
Mansfield, Ohio

Balloon Cords *Truck Cords* *Heavy Duty Cords*

The great Hardware Wholesalers of the country have in a sense combined to give this exceptional tire—the widest, most thorough, most economical distribution ever enjoyed by any tire

The Cost of Distribution is Lower—The Standard of Quality is Higher

MANSFIELD

Built — Not to Undersell, but — to Overserve

Use this army precaution when you buy motor oil

A SENTRY takes no chances. Before he allows anyone to enter the lines, he demands that they "advance to be recognized".

Use this same precaution when you buy motor oil. Before you allow one drop of oil to enter your motor, demand that it "advance to be recognized". Don't ask for "just oil". That's taking a needless chance. Too many unknown oils are poor. And you know what *poor* oil does to a motor. Gums it up. Slows it up. Sends it to the repair shop. Maybe to the scrap-heap. Poor lubrication is the biggest single cause of repairs in motoring.

1,800,000 motorists recognize their oil by the emblem shown below

THESE motorists never say "Give me a quart of oil". They ask for "Pure Pennsylvania Oil"—and get it.

And they get sweet motoring with it. Maximum mileage, too—under normal conditions, at least 1,000 perfect miles from every filling. And that without an oil rectifier.

To Nature goes the first credit for this remarkable oil. She gave Pure Pennsylvania its unusual qualities—

—characteristically greater resistance to heat. That means low consumption under extreme heat.

—free-flowing tendency at normal ·rting temperature. That means a ready pply of oil at every point.

—least "breakdown" or thinning out when heated. That means safest body and oiliness at efficient operating temperatures.

Put these all together—you get a more efficient piston seal, greater power, minimum dilution, and decreased gasoline consumption. No wonder experts call Pennsylvania "*The highest grade oil in the world*"!

The emblem shown below appears on many different brands of oil. But it identifies them all as 100% Pure Pennsylvania Oil. No other kind, or grade of oil can use it.

Locate the dealer nearest you who displays this emblem. Have him fill your crank-case with Pure Pennsylvania Oil. Then drive. Keep on driving. Maintain the oil level of course, but it won't be necessary to drain again for at least 1,000 beautiful miles.

Join the 1,800,000 wise motorists who allow only Pennsylvania Oil to enter their motors

100% PURE PENNSYLVANIA OIL

PENNSYLVANIA GRADE CRUDE OIL ASS'N,
114 Center Street, Oil City, Pa.

Please send me the booklet, "The Inside Story of Motor Oil." Worth money to every oil user.

Name

Street Address

City State

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(Continued from Page 170)

Two years ago he said to me, "Jim, buy some Blank Manufacturing Company."

"No, sir," I told him. "I'm past speculating."

"Well," he agreed, "I guess that's a good thing. Speculating means worry. You save yourself a lot of trouble."

"Trouble?" I repeated. "Do you call it trouble when 70,000 shares of your stock go up ten points in a day?"

He grinned at me. His Blank Manufacturing stock had done that, and since he advised me to buy its climb has been sensational.

"No," I went on. "You are twenty years younger than I am and speculating is the thing for you, but I don't have to do it."

I never did see as much in stocks as in commodities, but I have noticed that as men get older they lose their power. My understanding and insight, I believe, are as good as they ever were, but I lack some of the courage I used to have. Twenty years ago I was afraid of nothing, but today, if I had a deal like that of my friend, I might not sleep well at night. My sleep has become increasingly precious.

It is hard to trade against those fellows who have inside information. You often cannot tell by the statement what a company is doing. Sometimes they have heavy charge offs, and you do not see their earnings. You may then think it is time to sell a stock, though the insiders know it is time to buy. Later they bring out all the earnings, making an extremely favorable showing; then, if you buy, the insiders may be selling.

Frazier was quite a trader. Bartlett-Frazier opened an office in Wall Street and Frazier went to a banker there to get some money. He was one of the cold type, a financial glacier.

"Mr. Frazier," he asked portentously, "do you ever speculate?"

Looking him right in the eyes, Skip said, "Yes; don't you?"

The banker's pose wilted. He laughed and loaned Frazier the money.

A report got started somehow down there in New York that Bartlett-Frazier Company was going to fail. A reporter came to see Skip.

"May I ask you a question, Mr. Frazier?"

"Surely; spin your yarn."

"Well, what about this report that Bartlett-Frazier is going to fail?"

"Son," Frazier told him, "do you see that building across the street? That is going to fall down before we fail."

I do not mean to imply that all the information of the grain trade is accurate. If it was there would be no room for speculation.

There is Broomhall, the British authority on crops. He keeps tab on the whole world, but sometimes he is woefully wrong, as, for example, in 1926, when his estimate of the European requirements was 100,000,000 bushels out of the way.

Sometimes the government crop reports are inaccurate because men's brains are as yet incapable of foretelling the fate of the growing grain. Is it any wonder there are speculators?

You do not speculate about the sum of two and two. You speculate about the uncertainties of the future.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by Mr Patten and Mr. Sparkes. The next will appear in an early issue.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Six Hundred Thousand Weekly)

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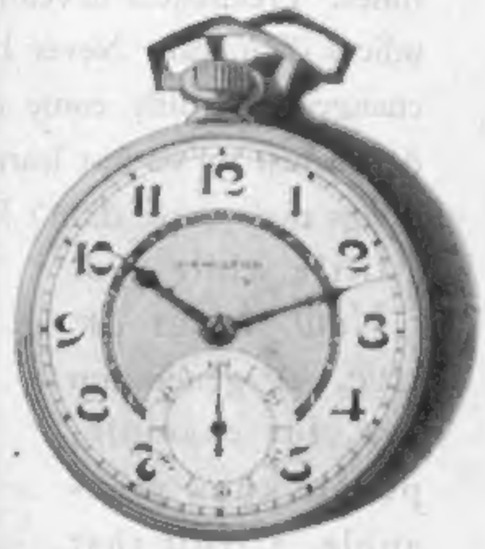
A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.

What Fifty Dollars *will do*

It will give you your choice of these beautiful Hamiltons

The Hamilton Jefferson *is cased in richly chased white or green 14k filled gold, with a 17-jewel adjusted movement that gives true Hamilton accuracy. $50.*

"I'll take this one — it's so beautiful."



The new Hamilton Frodsham model, *exceedingly graceful in design—and offered in either filled or 14k gold, green or white. Price, depending upon movement, $50 to $150.*

The Cleveland model. *A smart new design with rigid bow, fashioned of 14k filled green or white gold, exquisitely chased. 17-jewel movement. $50.*

The Buchanan model. *Fashioned of green or white 14k filled gold, chased in a beautiful design. Fitted with Hamilton 17-jewel movement. $50.*

Hamilton strap model, *square-cut-corner shape, available in 14k, or 14k filled green or white gold. $55 to $87. Other models at $50.*

JEWELERS tell us that many people think of the Hamilton as very high priced.

This page of Hamiltons at Fifty Dollars is our answer. We have made them for years—and for years they have been sold at this price.

The Hamilton's long record for great accuracy probably creates the impression of extra-high price. Only for considerable money, people suppose, could such a valuable and accurate watch be produced.

The Hamilton is offered in many models and, in platinum cases, is sold as high as $685. As guardians of the integrity of the name, we assure you that every Hamilton is a true Hamilton. We have but one standard—the highest—for each Hamilton, no matter what its price.

It is not by chance, but because of its accuracy, that the Hamilton is the watch preferred in American railroad service. To safeguard travel, railroad regulations *demand* that trains be timed by watches of known accuracy.

The "Twentieth Century Limited," the New York Central's famous fast train between New York and Chicago, is run on Hamilton time. So is the "Broadway Limited," the Pennsylvania's splendid New York-Chicago flyer. Each of these celebrated trains recently completed its twenty-fifth year of service.

Men everywhere have found keen satisfaction in the service of this watch—and pleasure in its beauty.

The five thin pocket models shown on this page are presented in beautiful cases of distinguished design. Read the detailed descriptions. Your jeweler is ready to serve you.

For full information and descriptions, send for copies of "The Timekeeper" and "The Care of Your Watch." Hamilton Watch Company, 850 Columbia Avenue, Lancaster, Pa.

The new Hamilton Fillmore *has a touch of elaboration through the gracefully chased bow. In white or green 14k filled gold case with 17-jewel movement. Price $50.*

Hamilton Watch *The Watch of Railroad Accuracy*

Times Change

TASTES change from one generation to another, no less than do other customs and practices of the times. Preferences develop and prejudices disappear. Never before have changes so swiftly come as in these days when we've just learned a lot of things that people didn't know about a little while ago.

New things arrive. A generation ago, for example, people knew pineapple, a fruit that grew only in a few favored localities. But it wasn't the pineapple we know to-day. When we think of pineapple now, we think of the kind that "grows in cans" everywhere. We love the flavor of it. The prejudice we once had against the can is now all gone. We know now that food sterilized in sealed cans is the safest, most wholesome of food.

Because we've learned that we need to be sure that food contains nothing that may harm health, we are coming more and more to use foods which are protected by sterilization in sealed containers. We are coming to like the flavor which is the characteristic mark of food that is surely safe and wholesome. Yesterday that flavor was "queer." To-day it is coming more and more to be preferred. To-morrow we shall wonder at the "queerness" of the preference, in other days, for the flavor of any other kind of food.

Milk that has that flavor. Evaporated Milk has a flavor that is distinctive. Have you thought it was due to some substance added to the milk? That was a mistaken idea. Nothing whatever is added to the pure milk. Nothing is taken from it but some of the water which forms the greater part of all milk. All the food elements of the milk remain in Evaporated Milk. Not one of them is harmed in any way. The taste of Evaporated Milk is the distinctive flavor of pure milk that is kept fresh and sweet and clean by sterilization. You know the "cooked" flavor of boiled milk. The flavor of Evaporated Milk is that same "cooked" flavor intensified because the milk is concentrated and sterilized.

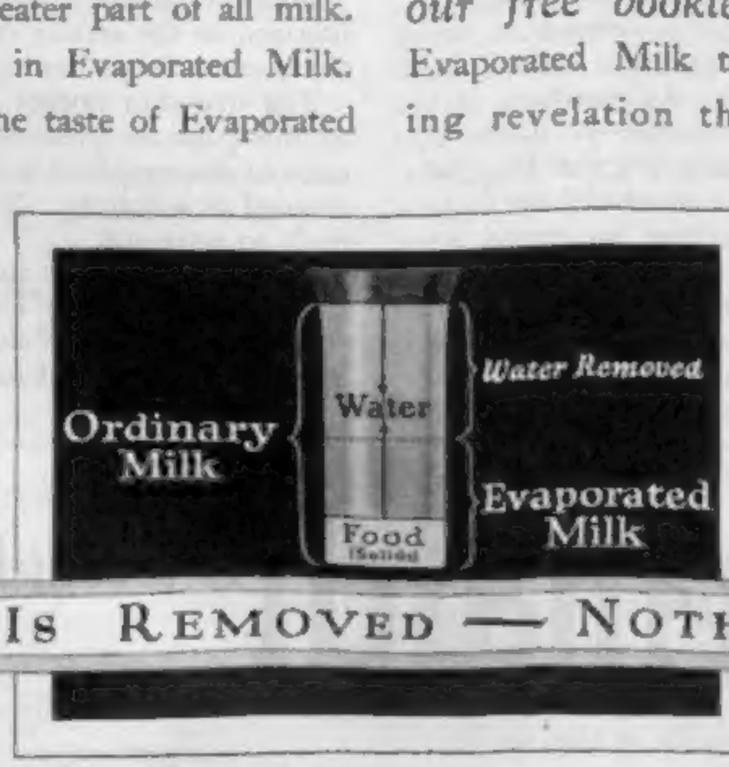
What the flavor adds. Food made with Evaporated Milk has a rich flavor that is definitely due to the flavor of the milk. This is particularly noticeable in cream soups, creamed vegetables, sauces and gravies. In pies, puddings, custards and ice creams, where the recipe calls for milk, Evaporated Milk, diluted with an equal part of water, will give you richer tasting desserts. Candy made with Evaporated Milk is better because of the distinctive flavor of the milk.

The modern cream and milk supply. Produced under the supervision of experts in the best dairying sections of America—received in sanitary plants while it is fresh and sweet—carefully tested for purity and cleanness—the pure, fresh milk is concentrated, put in air-tight containers and sterilized—protected from everything that can impair its freshness and sweetness and purity. Undiluted, Evaporated Milk is rich enough to use in place of cream. It costs less than half as much as cream. It can be diluted to suit any milk need. It costs less than ordinary milk. Every grocer has it.

Have you brought your milk supply up to date? Evaporated Milk is the favored milk and cream supply to-day in millions of American homes. And there the flavor of the milk has become the preferred flavor. *Let us send you our free booklets demonstrating* the adaptability of Evaporated Milk to every cream and milk use—an astonishing revelation that will surprise you and delight you.

Eighty-seven and one-half per cent. of cow's milk is water. . . . Twelve and one-half per cent. is butterfat, milk sugar, proteins and mineral salts (solids).

In ordinary milk the butterfat (cream) begins to separate as soon as the milk comes from the cow.



In Evaporated Milk sixty per cent. of the water is removed. . . . Therefore every drop contains more than twice as much cream and other food substances.

It is never skimmed milk . . . the butterfat never separates . . . the cream is kept in the milk.

ONLY WATER IS REMOVED — NOTHING IS ADDED

EVAPORATED MILK ASSOCIATION 231 So. LASALLE ST. CHICAGO ILLINOIS

WHAT A SURPRISE TO FIND IN SEEDLESS RAISINS THESE QUALITIES OF THE FRESH FRUIT!

Wonderfully grape-like these SUN-MAID NECTARS

... fragrant ... glistening ... their rich juice merely jelled

Women were still talking about Sun-Maid's perfection of seeded raisins when the news of Sun-Maid Nectars came.

The news of seedless raisins deep amber in color and glistening as fresh grapes glisten on the vine. With tender skins bulging—as if the juice in the ripened fruit had suddenly jelled. Raisins with even the fragrance of grapes!

It was as great an improvement as Sun-Maid Puffed, in which the old stickiness of seeded raisins had been completely overcome.

Now women everywhere have turned to these two types of raisins that Sun-Maid alone can supply:

Sun-Maid Nectars—infinitely fresher, finer than ordinary seedless raisins. And Sun-Maid Puffed—the only seeded raisins that pour. Your grocer has both kinds for you. Try them today.

SUN-MAID NECTARS *in the red carton* ' ' ' SUN-MAID PUFFED *in the blue carton*

Movie Directors Wanted

for the New Art of Amateur Cinematography

HAVE you heard about the newest of all dramatic arts . . . *Movie Direction?* No previous experience is necessary. No years of apprenticeship are needed.

Tomorrow you can be "on location." Directing your own movie. Making your own action-shots—close-ups—love scenes. With all the joyous thrills and fun that go with movie making.

How to start

Of course you've read how Eastman Scientists have developed an amazing little camera for Amateur Movie Making. Almost overnight this camera introduced a new art . . . a new opportunity for self-expression.

And, best of all, you too can get these Movie thrills. Today . . . tomorrow. Whenever you want to start making pictures.

The very first thing to do is to get a Ciné-Kodak. Thousands are using it with professional results.

Everything is simplicity itself! No need to focus. No troublesome, grinding crank. Just sight the camera, either from waist height or eye level.

Then press the button. A shutter whirls inside, and the film slides swiftly behind the always-ready lens.

Instantly every action within the scene before you, every changing sequence of light and shadow, is registered for all time on your film.

. . . we do the rest

After pressing the button, *your* work is done. No troublesome developing. No bother or fuss. We finish your films at no extra cost, and return them to you ready to run.

Then, with equal ease your films are shown. Switch on your Kodascope projector and instantly the screen becomes alive with action. Drama . . . adventure . . . romance . . . all are captured on the film and flash into a swift pattern of light and shadow in the quiet of your darkened room.

Ciné-Kodak embodies Eastman's forty years' experience in devising easy picture-making methods for the amateur. Unbiased by the precedents and prejudices of professional cinema camera design, the men who made "still" photography so easy have now made home movie-making equally simple for you.

To supplement your program, Kodak Cinegraphs, 100-foot reels covering a variety of subjects, may be purchased at your dealer's. Price $7.50 per reel. You may also rent full-length films of famous stars from the nearest Kodascope Library.

A complete outfit, Ciné-Kodak, Kodascope Projector and Screen, may be had for as little as $140. Ciné-Kodak weighs only 5 lbs. Loads in daylight with amateur standard (16 m/m) Ciné-Kodak safety film, in the yellow box. See your Kodak dealer.

EASTMAN KODAK CO., Dept. SP-3, Rochester, N. Y.

Please send me, FREE and without obligation, the booklet telling me how I can easily make my own movies.

Name .....

Address .....